

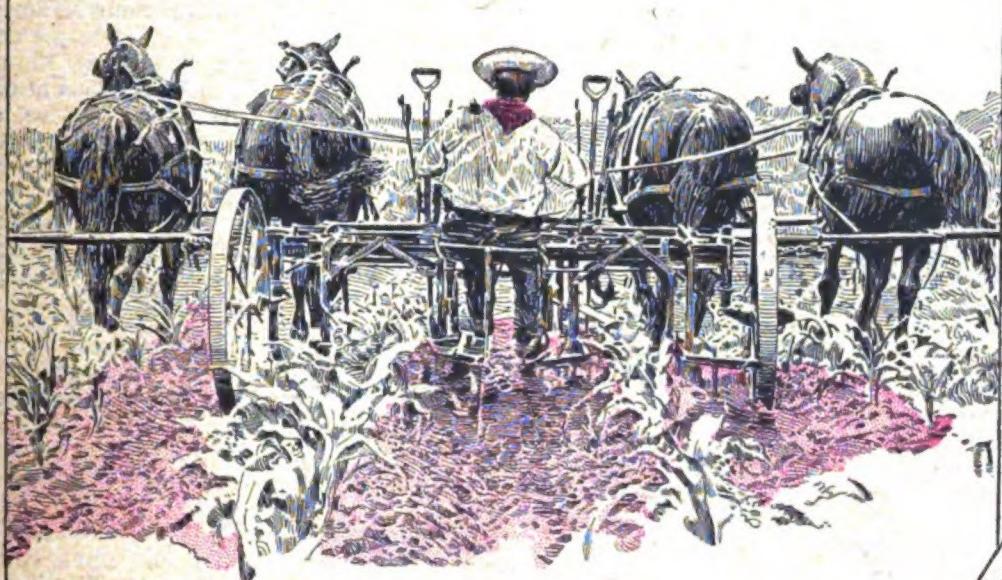
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# FARM IMPROVEMENT NUMBER **COMFORT**

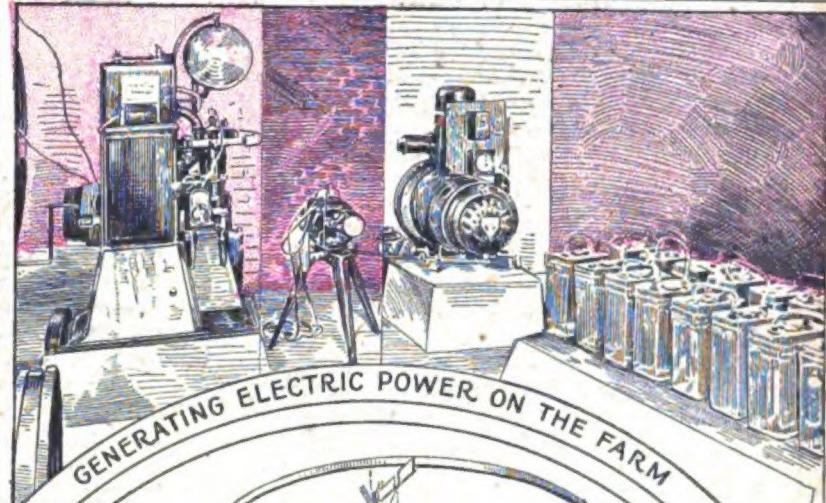
*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

*Published at Augusta Maine*

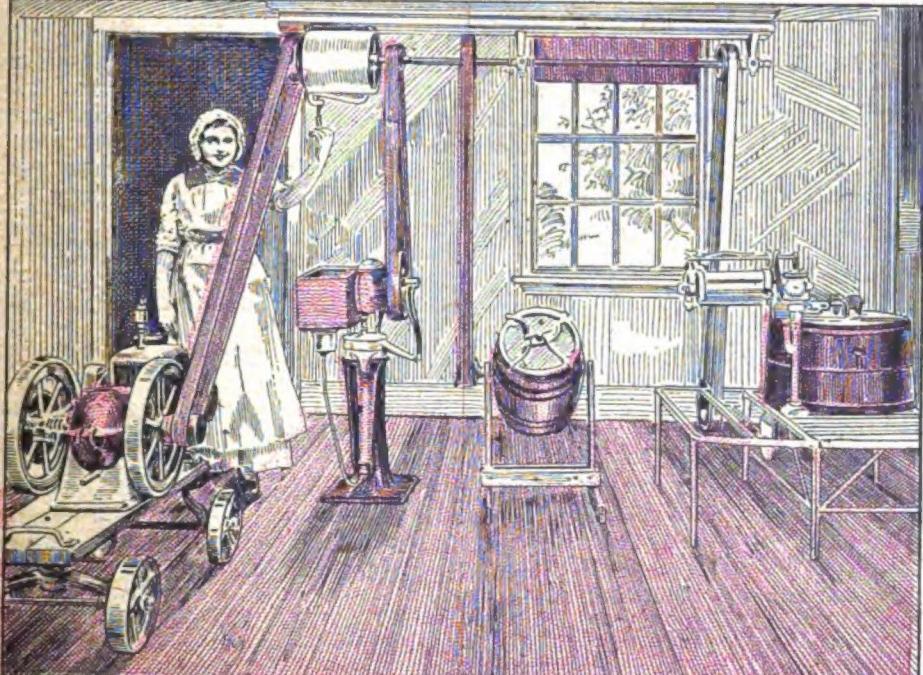
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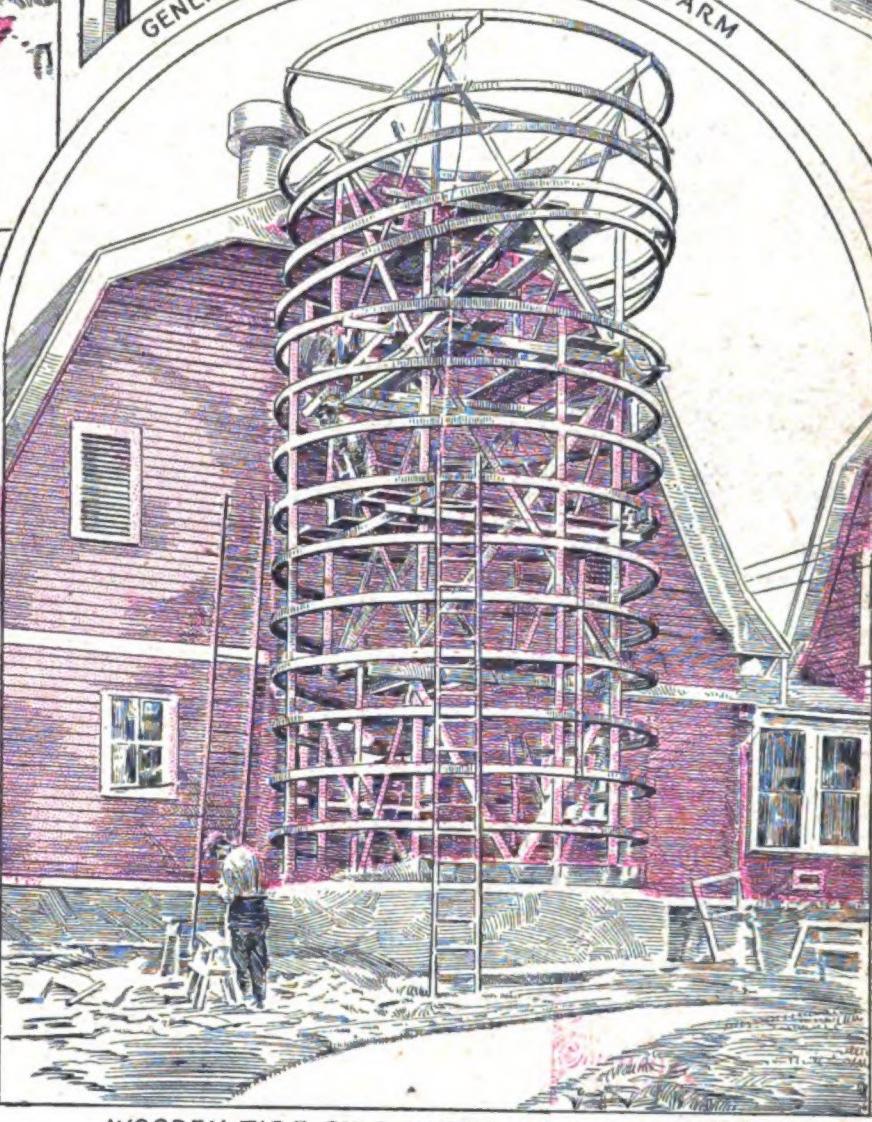
FOUR-HORSE TWO-ROW CULTIVATOR



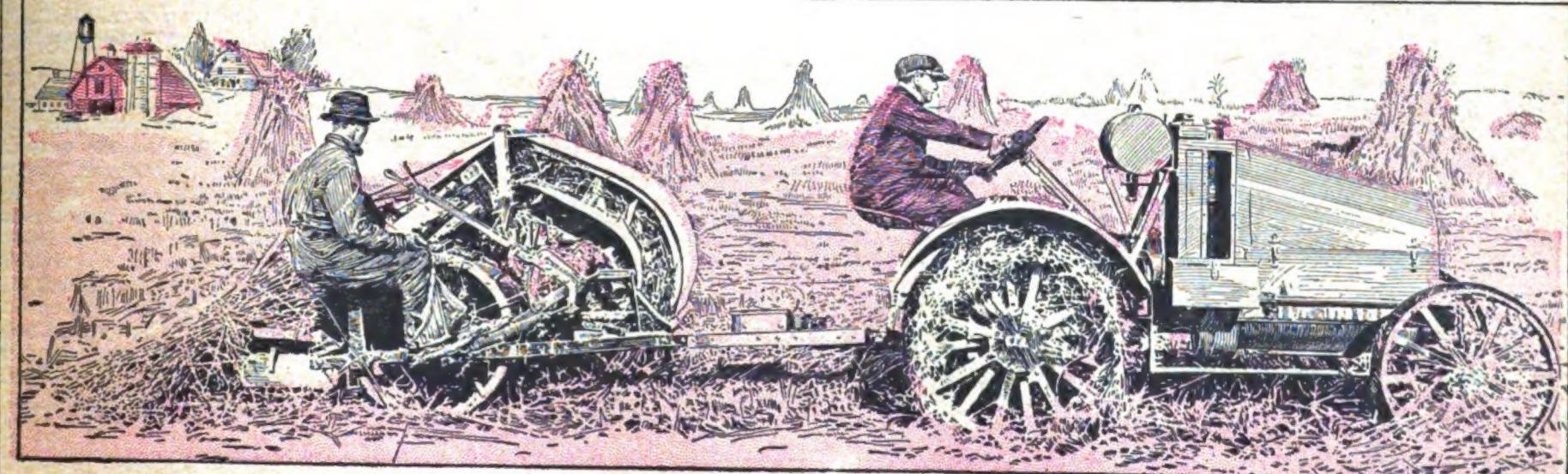
GENERATING ELECTRIC POWER ON THE FARM



PORTABLE GASOLINE ENGINE HELPS THE HOUSEWIFE



WOODEN TIRE SILO UNDER CONSTRUCTION



NEW HEMP BINDER AT WORK

See "Farm Improvement," page 21, and Modern Farmer, page 23.

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## Increasing Demand and Rising Prices for Farm Products Reflect Brighter Prospects for the Farmers

"**I**t is always darkest just before dawn" is an adage notably applicable to times of business depression, a verification of which is seen in the very recent and marked improvement in the conditions affecting agricultural interests that suddenly shone forth and dispelled the shadow of gloom when in its darkest aspect it was weighing most oppressively on the farmers.

Although we have regarded the outlook more hopefully than the crape-hangers have painted it, unquestionably the situation during the past year has been hard and discouraging for the farmers, unjustly and increasingly so until it reached its lowest stage of depression about the beginning of the new year, and then it was that the markets (for their products and for what they had to buy) turned in their favor. Since then their prospects have been continually brightening in consequence of changed conditions resulting from natural causes having a permanent tendency that not only forecasts for them a fair degree of prosperity the coming season but promises, in connection with other movements on foot, a progressive advancement of agricultural interests in the future.

The leading editorial in the March 4 number of *The Literary Digest* in pointing out the hopeful signs of the dawn of general prosperity lays stress on the improved situation and prospects of the farmers, remarking that "Peculiarly significant is the new note of optimism in the agricultural press. A few weeks ago," asserts the editor, "the immediate outlook for the American farmer was generally regarded as desperate. But with the recent upward swing of prices for farm products the clouds that hung so blackly on the rural horizon have begun to lift and scatter." And in support of his assertion he cites opinions editorially expressed in late issues of prominent publications from some of which we quote in part as follows:

"For some seven or eight months now," says *The Michigan Business Farmer*, "the farmers have been passing through a most unpleasant deflation process. The prices of crops produced at the highest cost in the history of the present generation dropped fifty and sixty per cent. That wouldn't have been so bad but prices of other things stayed up, and it has only been during the last sixty days that they have shown any intention of coming down. But now they, too, are dropping and as they fall, prices of farm products are starting up again. Nearly every manufacturer of farm machinery and implements has recently announced drastic price cuts affecting his entire line." \* \* \* "Clothes, dress goods, automobiles, hair-cuts, shoes, candy, et cetera, have succumbed to the forces of deflation, and they're going down!"

"A few months and the leveling process will be complete. Farm prices will be up where they belong and prices of everything else will be down where they belong. Then the farmer can resume his buying and prosperity will be with us again."

As indicating that business men are sensing the fact that their own prosperity is dependent on that of the farmer, the *Nebraska Farmer* remarks that "It is significant to hear business men, when asked nowadays for opinions upon the future prospects, almost invariably point out the recent increase in the price of corn, wheat and live stock to the farmer and give that as a reason for an improvement in the business outlook." \* \* \*

"It is quite true that farm prices have been on the up-grade in recent weeks, and that is of material benefit to farmers and presents a hopeful aspect for agriculture in the coming year."

Among the financial authorities that point to the improved agricultural prospect as a ground for optimism is the Des Moines *Northwestern Banker* which rejoices that "With corn at fifty cents a bushel and hogs at ten dollars a hundred the farmers of Iowa are recovering from the depression in excellent shape. In fact, the advance in corn and hogs in the last thirty days has in-

creased the wealth of Iowa farmers by over forty million dollars. They realize that the tide has turned."

The *Boston News Bureau*, the leading financial journal of New England, prints in its March 6 issue a report from Kansas City on business and financial conditions in the Southwest from which we quote: "Kansas City—For the first time in more than a year, business in the Southwest is climbing forward at a rate which is creating real enthusiasm among bankers and trade interests in general. Improvement in prices of livestock and grain in recent weeks and enlargement in sales of merchandise are surprising to almost all classes. Improvement had been expected, but not at the rate witnessed lately." This authority attributes this business revival chiefly to the rise in prices of farm products and says in explanation that "Rise of \$2.50 a hundredweight on lambs the past month, advance of about \$2.00 on hogs, rise of 75 cents on cattle, upturn of more than 35 cents on wheat, gains in feedstuffs and firmness in refined oil trade are among the developments making for distinct turn for the better in general business.

"Country merchants are reporting collections the best in months, and are beginning to take more merchandise because they see purchasing power of farmers and stockmen rising. Addition of the value of the large reserves of corn and other feedstuffs resulting from the recent upturns in prices is almost sufficient to carry trade forward in a gratifying manner, to say nothing of livestock and other products.

"Lambs never paid better profits than feeders are now earning. Texas is selling an unprecedented number of sheep at this season because of the high market, and proceeds are paying off loans and creating new business. Communities with big corn stocks, steeped in pessimism not long ago are now cheerful."

### Some Obstacles Yet to Be Removed from the Road to Prosperity

**T**HE greater part of the twenty-three billion dollar National debt and of the enormously increased State and municipal debts, under which we are staggering, represents the excessive cost of over-stimulating a sham prosperity by bolstering up highly inflated war prices. Everything was costing twice to four times its value and the Federal Government and the States were running in debt to pay the fiddler for the merry jazz. Of course this could not go on indefinitely, and when, after the war, the Government ceased to "hold the bag" the artificial props went out from under the market and the public began to demand a general lowering of prices to somewhere near normal levels. That should have been, but was not, the course pursued. Farm products were the first to yield to pressure and were forced down too fast and too low, below the cost of production; and this became a twofold hardship to the farmers because meanwhile the prices of other commodities stayed up or dropped comparatively little. This, of course, reduced the farmers' purchasing power and was soon reflected in a general business depression.

The industrial and mechanical laborers in the cities thought it a fine thing to drive food prices as low as possible regardless of disastrous consequences to the farmers, and at the same time demand war-time wages for themselves, thereby keeping up the high cost of manufactured goods. But they reckoned without their host, for the diminished purchasing power of the farmers so curtailed the market for goods that many factories were forced to close or run on half time, thereby augmenting the ranks of the unemployed.

Agriculture is the basic and by far the greatest and most important industry of this country, and on it depends directly or indirectly the prosperity of every other industry and line of business. When the farmers have abundant crops and dispose of them at good prices business is

good throughout the land, and likewise hard times with the farmers always bring on general business depression. Of course there are other factors that exert an influence on business conditions, but it is an accepted axiom that industry and trade cannot thrive when agriculture is struggling with adversity.

As herein explained, the recent upward turn of agriculture has injected new life and hope into business, but there still remain some serious obstacles to be removed or overcome ere the country can make very much progress along the road to prosperity. Among the most noxious of these obstructions may be mentioned strikes and other labor troubles that demoralize industry, lower efficiency and raise the cost of production; also high railroad freight rates and expensive and inefficient means and methods of distribution that exact heavy tolls which cause an excessive spread between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer.

The National Farm Conference on January 27, the closing day of its five days session at Washington, after much discussion and careful consideration set forth its demand for lower freight rates by adopting the report of its Committee on Transportation which concludes with the following resolution:

"In conclusion we insist that the railroad corporations and railroad labor should share in the deflation in charges now affecting all industries. This is essential to the restoration of normal conditions in agriculture, and it is essential to the welfare of the entire community."

Reports of various other committees of the Conference that deal with deflation of war prices and other readjustments proposed for bringing about normal conditions in industry and trade are worthy of thoughtful attention, but we have space for only the two following extracts from the report of the General Committee on Costs, Process and Readjustments.

"There can be no general restoration of national prosperity until both wages and capital which enter into the production of the commodities which the farmer buys bear their mutual and just share in the general process of readjustment.

"Probably the chief source of relief which the farmer may rightfully expect and demand is in readjustment between the prices of the products which he buys and those which he sells. This is prevented at the present time by distributors' spreads far in excess of any income which the farmer is able to secure, and by high industrial wages and freight rates."

Cooperative selling organizations of farmers for marketing their products have been in successful operation for some years in certain sections and the movement is expanding through the medium of the Farm Bureau Federation. The purpose is to eliminate unnecessary middlemen and save their expenses and profits which so largely increase the price paid by the consumer over that received by the farmer for his products. Any achievement in this line will be of mutual benefit to the farmer and the consumer, both of whom are complaining of the inordinate cost of the present inefficient and wasteful system of distribution.

Lack of space does not allow us to discuss here the various legislative measures drafted in the interest of the farmers and now pending in Congress. Some of them, such as the extension of farm credits on security of harvested crops to tide the farmers over hard places and save them from the necessity of dumping their products on a glutted and falling market and others designed to curb the pernicious activities of speculators in farm products, may be of substantial benefit to the farmers and the general public. We believe, however, that irrespective of Government help a brighter era has dawned for the farmers and that it will make for general prosperity.

**COMFORT'S EDITOR.**

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# A Psycho-Illlogical Episode

*By W. W. Hatfield*

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**A** SHORT time ago, at the instigation of a magazine editor, I made a journey to the Windy City for the purpose of gathering some first-hand information for the writing of an article on psychic phenomena. I failed, signally, to obtain any data worthy of recording. But one afternoon, as I was dejectedly supporting a lamp-post in front of a Van Buren Street hotel, a large hand descended suddenly and forcibly upon my shoulder, and the owner of the hand dragged me into the hotel, where he planted me in a cushioned seat opposite him, with a little round table between us.

"Now, Bill," he said, when he had ordered clams and some other things not so dry, "shoot! Tell your Uncle what hurts you! You never looked like this when you and me was ridin' herd together out Cochise way, exceptin' mebbe once or twice when your cayuse put his foot in a gopher hole on the dead run."

It was "Breezy" McInnis, an old pal of mine, who had been in turn miner, cowpuncher and railroader over the greater part of that country lying between Paradise, Montana, and Nogales, Arizona. We "chinned" over old times for a few minutes, and then I confided to him that I had been assigned to write an article on occultism, and that my bluish expression was due to the failure of the immaterial information to materialize.

"Occultism? You mean spooks, don't you?" interrogated "Breezy". "Well, I imagine they would be sort of hard to corral. I never believed in 'em none myself, not bein' a dedicated man, but I once knowed a feller that did. And thereby hangs a tale, as the story-writers say."

And this is the tale that was delivered to me by "Breezy" McInnis, whose reputation was as good as his name, and the diction thereof is also his:

One day last summer I blowed into the town of Lost Angels, New Mexifornia. I had quite a stake at the time, havin' just disposed of a placer mine for a certified check with five figures on it. I hadn't been in town long before I got chummy with one of the main gazabos, a feller they called Doc Kenna. He owned a bank and a hardware store and a few miles of real estate, but he wasn't no doctor. He'd got that moniker on account of his fondness for airin' his book-learnin'.

Doc's favorite brand of knowledge was spookism, psychic phenomena, he called it. He kept read up on spookism and spook doctors, and knew all about the most famous spooks. Doc and me conversed consid'able on this subject, which was a easy matter for me—all I had to do was to say spooks and then keep my mouth shut and my ears open.

But there was one thing that Doc thought more of than his edification, and that was his daughter. He had a right to be proud of her, too, which is by way of sayin' that she was a right nice little party to have around the house. Violet was her name, and so was her eyes. She stood an inch taller than a yardstick and a two-foot rule in her lisse feet, and she weighed about as much as a hundred pounds of sugar. She had a complexion that made the girls on the magazine covers turn green every time she looked at 'em. Her disposition was as different from Doc's as the South poll is from the Republican, and Doc's disposition was as acetic as a dozen lemons. Her bein' the only child and Doc bein' a widower, he fussed around over her like a old he-cluck with one lone chick.

But there was other folks besides Doc and me thought a lot of Violet, among 'em bein' a young chap by the name of Tommy Waller, who was a pal of mine, in a way. Waller was a well-educated and ambitious cuss, but he was a orphan and as poor as Job's gobble. He wanted a job casherin' in Doc's bank, which Doc wouldn't give him, seein' as how the young feller had never accumulated no mazuma and didn't have no rich relatives to back him. Doc said a man goin' into a responsible job like that had to have a few thousands in his jeans. But Violet was real friendly to Tommy, her and him havin' been schoolmates together. Along about that time, too, she took to sighthin' and showin' other indications of a evident desire to commit matrimony, although as yet nothin' definite had been said to Doc on the subject. But she got real peeved 'cause Doc wouldn't give Tommy a job in the bank, and she told him so.

Well, when Doc got wise to the fact that some one was fillin' Violet's cranial attachment with the weddin' bell idea, he was mad. So one night he cut Tommy out of the herd, read the riot ack to him, told him that Violet wouldn't never marry no one but what was a man of edification, refinement and means, called him ignorant and peniless young pup, and kicked him down the front steps. Which was a mistake on Doc's part.

Tommy picked himself up out of the begonia bed, shook his fist at Doc, and called on high Heaven and me to witness that Doc would pay for that ack. Then he turned around and took himself off up a dark street.

The next mornin' Tommy Waller was among the missin'. They was considerable chin-music about his vanishment for a couple weeks, and some of his friends even made half a dozen trips to the morgue, but was disappointed. And then people sort of forgot him. Exceptin', of course, Violet and me, we didn't forget him none. We both thought a lot of Tommy.

One day shortly after that I ast Doc if he didn't think a woman orter have some say in pickin' out her own husband, but Doc immediately boiled over and scalded me with certain remarks tendin' to illustrate the advisability of people mindin' their own business—especially people without any brains or edification, like me and Tommy Waller. Also he reckoned that he could corral a conjugal mate for his daughter without any help from a uneducated cowpuncher. Which was enough to make any man peeved. I didn't talk back none, but I confined my subsequent conversations with Doc to the subject of spookism, which, as I said before, was a easy matter. Also, when Doc wasn't around, I done my best to keep Miss Violet cheered up by tellin' her stories about my wild and woolly life, in which, if I do say it myself, she seemed to take quite a interest.

Well, to make a short story thick, one evenin' Violet Kenna went out for a little stroll and didn't come back. All that night Doc walked the floor and waited for her, and in the mornin' he went out and called up the police and hired detectives an went to see the manager of the morgue. Also he posted notices offerin' a thousand dollars' reward for information leadin' to the whereabouts, etcetera. People went around draggin' ponds and bloodhounds and things, but nobody qualified for that thousand. When a week went by without nobody findin' a lock of her hair or a han'kerchief or nothing, like they allus do in detective stories, Doc made his reward offer five thousand. And when another week went by without her trail bein' picked up he raised it to ten thousand. You can take it from me, half the population of Lost Angels turned Shylock, there

bein' at that time another ten thousand dollar reward offer for the apprehension of a actress known as Marjorie Carmencita, who was also missin', along with a couple hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds not belongin' to her.

One evenin' a few days later, when Doc and I was walkin' down the street together, I called his attention to a old house settin' back from the street quite a ways. It was a big house, with vines and cupolas and towers and things growin' all over it. It looked as spooky as the graveyard at Tombstone, Arizona, by moonlight. There was a brass nameplate on the door, signifyin', in big letters, the fact that the name of the guy what lived there was Kubla Khal.

"Doc," said I, sudden like, "I've heard a lot about this Kubla Khal, guy here lately. They say folks comes to him from all over the country and gives him twenty-dollar bills so's they can talk to the spooks of their great-grandmothers what was scalped in Custer's last charge. Now you know consid'able about spook doctors. Why don't you give this guy a try-out? Mebbe he can get his tellypathic larlat on the horns of Violet's fourth dimension, so to speak."

Doc studied a little bit and then opened the gate and we went in. I rung the door-bell while he give the brass nameplate the once over. They was a lot of little chicken tracks under Kubla Khal's name that looked like they might 'a' been either Chinese or Choctaw.

"What's the hieroglyphics mean, Doc?" I ast him.

Doc wiped his spec's and took another look.

"They're Hindu," he explained, with a show of learnin'. "Translated, they mean 'Professor of Occult Science'."

"Never knew you could read Hindu, Doc," I said, lookin' at him with suspicion. "I believe you're tryin' to put one over on me. They look more like Aztec or Eskimo or Nonconformist to me."

Doc started to flare up, but just then the door was opened by a undersized party dressed in a nightgown or shroud or somethin', with a turban on its head and nothin' on its feet but a pair of perforated slippers. Its complexion was somethin' between a octaroon and a bottle of shoe polish. It put one hand on its stomach and bent

over real respectful while it held the door open.

"What do you reckon it is, Doc?" I whispered in his ear.

"Shut up, you ignoramus," Doc answered. "It's a Hindu boy." Then to the party in the shroud: "Is the Professor in, boy?"

For answer, the boy straightened up and motioned for us to folter. He led us down a dark hall to a little room at the end, where he made more motions to the effect that Doc and me might set down, which we did. Then he took a sneak for himself.

The room he left us in was fitted up like a doctor's waitin' room, with bookcases and a library table full of books and magazines and things on theosophy and astrology and occultism. Doc fussed around till he got hold of a magazine with a lot of big words in it and then started to read me a lecture.

"See here, Doc," I told him, "I didn't come here to be thee-ossified. Anyhow, I'd ruther hear you read Hindu. It ain't so hard to translate."

Just then the Hindu boy stuck his bean through a door and motioned for us to folter him again. He took us through another little passageway into a big room all decorated up with Oriental rugs and hangin's and things, and lit with a spooky light that you couldn't tell where it come from.

At the fur end of this room Professor Kubla Khal was takin' his ease in a Morris chair, readin' a book and smokin' one of them hookies.

He was dressed in a Oriental costume, his robe bein' of silk and speckled with new moons and stars and comets and things. He had on perforated slippers, like the boy, but he didn't wear no turban. His hair was coarse and black. It was parted in the middle and hung down over his ears. His complexion was a shade darker than a cigar store Indian. His eyes was black, and when he turned 'em on you he didn't seem to look at you, but through you. We was led up to him by the Hindu boy, who got down and walloped his nose on the floor three times, after which he took a sneak for himself again.

Kubla Khal amused hisself first by takin' a mental X-ray photograph of me. It only took him two secks to classify me to his apparent dissatisfaction. Then he perforated Doc with his eyes for a couple minutes. Doc seemed to suit him better. Anyhow he smiled agreeable like.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said, or words to that effect. He had a accent somethin' between a Japanese bell-boy and a love-sick bobcat.

Doc and me deposited ourselves in chairs.

"Now," said the Professor, "which was it you wished to consult me about?"

Doc told him all there was to tell about the vanishment of Violet, casually mentionin' the ten thousand dollars reward. Kubla looked interested, especially at the last.

"I have had consid'able success," he said, "in locatin' missin' people by means of psychography."

If you like, we will make an attempt to get into psychic touch with your daughter immedeately."

"The sooner the quicker," answered Doc.

The Professor rung a little bell and the Hindu boy trotted in and massaged the floor with his nose again. Then the two Orientals moved a little cabinet to the middle of the room. They was a depression in the top of this cabinet, into which fitted a doojigger which looked like a schoolboy's slate. The Kubla guy opened up this slate and ast Doc to examine it and load it up himself with a sheet of blank paper and a pencil, so's he could be sure no one was dealin' from the bottom of the deck. Doc looked into things pretty careful, after which he tore a sheet of paper out of his notebook and laid it in the slate, along with one of his own pencils. Then he shut the slate. The Hindu boy brought four chairs and we all set down, holdin' each others' hands so as to form a circle around the cabinet. All at once the light went out. It was darker than Egypt on a rainy night.

We set that way for half an hour before anything happened. Then there was a noise, faint at first, but gradually gettin' louder, like a pencil tappin' on the slate. Doc was beginnin' to get nervous. I could tell that by the way his hand shook, him bein' between me and Kubla Khal. Directly the tappin' stopped and was foltered by a slow scratchin' sound, like a kid learnin' to write. It kept up for several minutes, and then there was a noise like the pencil droppin' on the slate. We set still a little longer, but everything was quiet after that. All at once the light come in. Kubla Khal made motions for Doc to look in the slate.

Doc opened up the slate and took out his sheet of note-paper. It was full of writin'. The words was kind of cramped and the lines run crooked, but it was Violet's handwritin'—I could see that myself with half a eye. This is what it said:

"Dear Father:—Don't you think I ought to be thinkin' of my own husband?"

"Ask her where she is, Professor," he said. "I'll try," answered the Professor, or words to that effect.

Then we all set around the cabinet again, holdin' each others' hands. The

Doc gritted his teeth. Bein' a hard-headed guy, it went consid'able against the grain for him to give in. So he got out his pencil and notebook and concocted a answer in the form of a complex sentence containin' about two hundred and fifty words, mostly ifs and ands and buts.

"Doc," said I, "of course I'm a uneducated cowpuncher and don't know nothin' about this spook business, scientifically speakin'. But I would opine that you got about two hundred and forty-nine words too many there. It's a leetle lengthy for a spook to grasp, so to speak. If you want results you better cut it down to about three letters, unqualified, like this—yes."

Of course Doc wouldn't concede that I knew nothin' about it, so he ast the Professor. The Professor sided with me and Doc had to give in. He told Kubla to tellypath the "yes". Then we held another long spook session, and got another message from Violet. It read:

"Will you give Tommy a position in the bank?"

By this time Doc was lookin' to be a older man than he really was. Also he was gettin' peev'd. He called me over in the corner again and drawed on his vocabulary of cuss words to relieve his feelings.

"Breezy, what do you make of it?" he ast.

"Well," I told him, "bein' a uneducated guy, especially in the ways of spooks, I'm disqualified to speak, so to speak. But, as you ast me, my unprofessional advice is to accede to all proposals."

"I will," said Doc, sort of grim like, "but I'll put more than three letters in my answer."

So he got out his notebook and wrote this answer:

"Yes. I'll do anything you ask. But I won't answer any more questions. Where are you?"

"Can you send her that, Professor?" he ast.

"I'll try," said Kubla Khal, readin' the message aloud.

Then the spook business was institooted again. Inside of half a hour we got this answer:

"I will be at pier 27 at midnight. VIOLET."

Doc looked at his watch and let out a yell. It was 11:30 P. M. then, and pier 27 five miles away.

"Come on," he hollered, and started for the door, with me and the Professor at his heels. Just as the three of us hit the sidewalk a taxicab swung around the corner. Doc hailed it. We all piled in and he told the chauffeur to take us to pier 27 without payin' any particular attention to the speed laws and such.

It was still fifteen minutes till midnight when we unloaded at the pier. There was no one in sight there, exceptin' for a man in a rowboat which was tied to the wharf ladder, who looked at us kind of suspicious. So Doc and me ambushed ourselves like a couple of Injun sentries, while Kubla Khal stood between us, lookin' now at the stars, and again at the dim hulk of a yacht that was loomin' up in the offin'.

In about ten minutes another taxi come tearin' down the waterfront and skidded to a stop in front of pier 27. A woman jumped out, throwed the driver some money and made a bee-line for the pier, lookin' neither to the right nor the left. She looked like she was plumb set to do the high-divin' ack. Anyhow she went straight to the ladder, and had one foot on it when Kubla Khal grabbed her. Doc and me bein' sort of paralyzed at the time.

At this point "Breezy" McInnis smiled so reminisciently, lit a cigar and puffed at it so deliberately that I could not retain my curiosities.

"Well," I asked, "was it Violet?"

"It was not," answered "Breezy," "it was Marjorie Carmencita, the diamond thief. The feller in the boat was waitin' to take her out to the yacht. She was makin' her getaway when Kubla nabbed her. Subsequently he got the ten thousand dollars' reward for that little ack."

"And Violet," I persisted, "what about her?"

"Well," answered "Breezy" grinnin', "that's the part that takes a little explainin'. Of course, bein' blessed with a average intellect, you've already figgered out that this spook business was phony. Them funny scratches on that brass door-plate, for instance, was not Hindu. They was put on there by Sing Ho, my Chinese laundryman. I got Sing to translate 'em for Doc one day after it was all over. Sing said they meant, 'Allee samee catchee plenty big foolie. You can bet your best saddle Doc never spouted to me about his edification after that.'

"But what about Violet?" I reiterated.

"She was," answered "Breezy," "She made a quick change and foltered in another taxi—we had both taxis ordered beforehand. But she went to pier 29. Pier 29 was what she really wrote in her message, but, writin' in the dark that way, she got her fingers so cramped up that the 9 looked more like a 7, and we got balled up. When it was plumb midnight and she hadn't showed up, I got worried and took another peek at the message, and figgered out what was wrong. Then we went over to pier 29 and picked her up. Seelin' as how the triflin' error netted us a extra ten thousand, we didn't kick none. The next day Doc paid the reward, and Professor Kubla Khal disappeared, and Tommy Waller went casherin' in Doc's bank."

"I suppose," I said, still feeling a little in the dark, "that she and Tommy Waller were already married."

"Not by any means," answered "Breezy." You know I told you Doc made a mistake that night in kickin' Tommy down the front steps? Well, Doc got the wrong man. Of course Tommy and Violet was real good friends, havin' gone to school together. But the guy that put the weddin' bug in her ear, and that got matrimonially spliced to her the night she disappeared, was me, and we're spendin' that five thousand right now on our honeymoon."

He that has never changed any of his opinions and was never wise enough to recognize mistakes in himself, cannot be charitable enough to excuse the mistakes of others.



"Breezy," he said, "what do you think of it?"

You must answer my question before I answer yours.

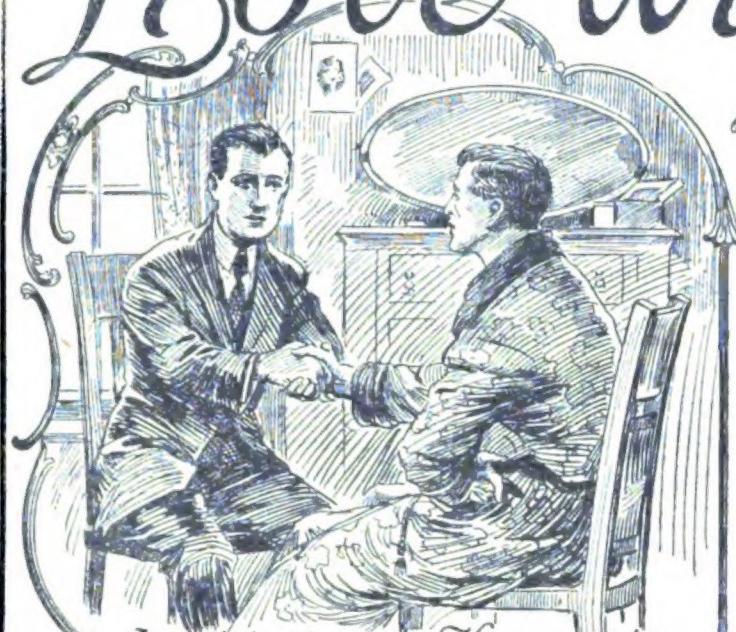
VIOLET.

Doc swallered hard when he read that. Then he called me over to one side.

"Breezy," he said, "what do you think of it?"

# Love Will Find the Way

by Wenona Gilman



*June did not speak. He put out his hand and grasped that of his old friend.*



*She had come to a little rustic gate in the hedge and lifting the latch, she let herself through.*



*"But I tell you it is impossible. You are mistaken!"*

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermoor" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have, Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him, and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith, and for several days Marian remains in her room. Again mingling with her father's guests, she is introduced to Elliott Dwight, a multi-millionaire who, by his words and manner, arouses Marian's suspicions as to his motives. She demands of her father, and before his guests, to deny that she is an inmate of a gambling house, a decoy by his will for his guests, that it is not as Elliott Dwight says. Her father's silence convinces her it is true and in her anguish Marian leaves the house. She is stopped by Fred Underwood who exacts a promise that she will see him before making a decided change. Her heart sinks. June believes her guilty. Underwood admits he is in a most uncomfortable position. June loves Marian, Anne Gordon loves June and I love Anne Gordon. Janet Reade goes to Anne Gordon; she knows her son is not only a gambler but a thief, and has stolen from Anne, detected by his daughter and innocent of the character of the house Marian leaves as soon as the truth comes to her. Fred Underwood takes Marian to Wildhurst where she meets Mrs. King, to whom she is strongly attracted and who tells her that Wildhurst joins Judson's Asylum. June going to see Anne, tells him that Marian is innocent of their suspicions.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**AN EXCHANGE OF OPINIONS.**

UNDERWOOD had just returned from his drive into the country. He was rather tired after his sleepless night and the excitement under which he had labored during that long morning, had gone to his room for a bath and a little rest before he presented himself at the home of Paul Reade for his interview with Marian's grandmother.

He had thrown off his coat, and was about to shed the remainder of his clothing in like manner, when a knock sounded upon the door.

A servant entered in answer to his rather brisk: "Come in."

"Mr. Beckwith is down-stairs, sir," he said. "I told him you had left orders that you were not to be disturbed; but he seems very much upset about something, sir, and insists on seeing you."

"Tell him to come up."

Underwood slipped into his dressing-gown, and stood there waiting. He heard the quick, elastic step on the stairs, and a little flush arose to his brow.

"I wonder if he has heard?" he said mentally; "and I wonder how it is all to end?"

He was still standing there when June entered, forgetting to shake hands, in his excitement.

All restraint was removed from June then, but he was apparently more calm than he had been in the presence of his betrothed wife. He was deathly in his palor, and his eyes showed curiously against the colorless skin; but his voice was strangely quiet as he said:

"Have you heard the news, Fred?"

"What news?"

"Why, about the Reades. Were you there last night?"

Underwood sat down before replying. He looked up at June's white face, and said, with an effort at self-control that proved successful, as it usually did with him:

"Sit down. Who told you? What have you heard?"

"But were you there?" persisted June.

"Yes, I was there."

"Then you must have heard about the scene that occurred. You must—"

"But who told you of it? There is nothing in the papers."

"Anne told me. Mrs. Reade went to her this morning. And you knew?"

"Yes."

"And did not come to me at once?"

Underwood did not reply at once. His gaze wandered for just a moment away from his friend's face, and then came back with a suddenness that was almost startling.

"Hang it all, man!" he exclaimed vehemently, "how could I tell you? If it had not been for the cursed cross-purposes at which we have been playing, I should have gone to you before I slept; but what was I to do? What would you have done? You love Marian Reade, and—What is the good of going over the ground? I could not tell you!"

"Will you tell me just what happened there?"

The scene was rehearsed in its entirety; then, when it had been completed, June exclaimed:

"And you know that she is—as—disappeared?"

The last word was scarcely more than a whisper, but it seemed to tell Underwood something of what his friend feared. He leaned forward and placed his hand upon June's knee.

"Old man," he said gently, "I am under a solemn promise of silence, but I may at least tell you this much in order to relieve your anxiety: Marian is in no danger. She is safe where she is."

"Then you know her whereabouts?"

"Can you think that I would have left her to herself under these circumstances. I waited outside of the house last night until she had left it, and then—I am not at liberty to tell you more until I receive her permission."

June did not speak. He put out his hand and grasped that of his old friend. If Underwood had looked at him, he would have seen that there were tears in his eyes, tears of gratitude for the friendship that had never failed him.

Underwood, too, was silent for a little while; then, he leaned forward and again placed his hand on June's knee.

"Have you thought what you were going to do in this emergency, old fellow?" he asked quietly.

June's great, wistful eyes were fixed on him.

"I seem like an overgrown baby," he said dully, "waiting for some one else to think and plan what I shall do. Had I not been so willing to believe wrong of Marian, this terrible decision might never have been put upon me. However, there is but one course to pursue, Fred. I have thought that out long ago. I thought it the instant the blow fell, and the belief that I was right has not changed. I am the betrothed husband of Anne Gordon. She has sinned in nowise, and I have not the right to break the pledge that has been made. I shall carry out that for me, old man?"

"You know I will."

"And when shall I come for her answer?"

"Tomorrow at this hour. If anything should occur between now and then, I will send you a telegram."

The door closed upon Beckwith, and turning back, Underwood placed his elbows upon the mantel-shelf and propped his cheeks upon his clenched fists.

He had forgotten the children opposite.

**CHAPTER XXVIII.**

**DR. JUDSON'S STATEMENT.**

With bowed head, Marian walked on in the direction that the gardener had indicated.

There was a hard sort of smile on her lips as she walked down the little pathway between the trees, a smile that was not used to dwell there.

"I am only giving to her that which another will not have," she thought bitterly. "Everything else has failed me, and now I turn to the duty for which I should have sacrificed every other desire in life. I should have left all for her sake, and I did not. After all, my punishment has been just. I danced, while she lay there, chained like a dog, in the room in which she has remained for sixteen long years. I have been happy while manacles have cut into the wrists of the woman who gave me birth. And when I saw her misfortune, I turned, sick with repulsion. I begged to be taken away where my eyes could not be tortured with the loathsome sight of the terrible affliction that had fallen upon my mother. Oh, I have deserved to suffer! Do I deserve forgiveness?"

A wild sob arose in her throat. She strove to control her emotions; but tears, the first she had shed, blinded her. She stopped and vigorously applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Now is not the time to weep," she said, aloud. "There is work to do, and with the help of Heaven, I am ready to do it."

She had come to the little rustic gate in the hedge, and lifting the latch, she let herself through.

On the other side of the hedge the lake lay, bordered with trees, but with the clear water visible between, lying with gentle, almost caressing touch against the greensward. A little lower down she saw the boathouse, picturesque as the imagination of an artist. The silence was broken alone by the slow swish of the water, and the peacefulness of the scene calmed her.

She paused a moment and looked about her, a resignation, sweet as religion, coming over her. Then she went on and entered the tiny boat.

A pleasant-looking man turned as she opened the door.

"I was told by the gardener that I should find some one here to row me across the lake," Marian said quietly. "Are you the man?"

"Yes, lady," he said politely. "Is it to the asylum that you want to go?"

"Yes."

"All right, lady. There is a boat all ready at the end of the float. I'll have you over in half a minute. Come along."

She followed him and took her seat opposite him in the end of the boat; and as he dipped his oars into the water he said:

"Have you ever been over?"

"To the asylum—yes; but not across the lake. Can you land me beside the little house where the isolated patient is confined?"

"Oh, yes. But you can't go in there, you know. They never let any one see her."

"Yes, I know," answered Marian faintly.

"You ought to hear her when she gets in one of her violent moods, sometimes. Why, we can hear her scream clear to Wildhurst, and it is set by the scream of a human being, but the strange, unearthly noise that an animal makes. Poor old soul! They have looked for her to die for—the Lord knows how many years, but she don't die. She only grows worse and worse all the time."

Marian did not reply. She was listening, with her eyes bent on the water; and as the man ceased speaking, an awful thought came to her.

"If I remain here, there will be no escape for me. Sooner or later I must share her fate. I, too, must be like the animal. I, too, must live for years and years in a condition that is a thousand times worse than death. But I have not the right to shirk duty in order to save myself. I must do what I can, and trust God for the rest."

The boat was drawn ashore just below the little stone cottage, and she stepped out. With a shiver of horror she saw the place. She remembered her feeling of gratitude to her father when she had first looked on its beauties, and a curious sensation came over her.

"He can't be altogether bad," she said, with her hands pressed closely over her heart, "when he can love as he has loved her."

There was comfort in the thought, and she clasped it more closely to her. She turned to the boatman hastily and said:

"Can you wait for me here to take me back?"

"Unless I am summoned from the other side. If I am not here, you just whistle or call, and I will hear you and come."

"Thank you."

She turned away and walked swiftly. Before the door of the little cottage, which she remembered so well, a man sat. There was a short-stemmed pipe in his mouth, and his chair was tilted back against the cottage, only half-shaded from the glare of the sun. He saw her as she approached, and arose.

"May I—may I see the—lady who is confined in here?" asked Marian timidly.

"I am sorry, miss," he said, taking the pipe from her mouth, "but it is against the rules."

"But I have been in before. I am a relative of hers."

"The orders are just the same, miss. I can't let you go in without permission of one of the doctors; but if you will go up to the office, miss, I've no doubt but they would let you see her, if you are a relative and have been in before."

"Where is the office?"

"Straight up that path, miss, to the right of the entrance."

"Thank you. Do you—do you attend—her?"

"Yes, miss."

"And how has she been of late?"

"Just like she always is. There is never any change. She grew worse for a long time, until it got so bad that it could not be worse, and now it remains just the same. What keeps her alive is a mystery. I don't know what you want to see her for, miss. It is bad enough for us that have to wait on her."

"I will go to the office."

She bowed to him and moved on, unable to whisper to that man that the creature whom he so loathed was her own mother. Another sob arose in her throat; but she strangled it back, and almost ran in the direction of the office, in order that she might keep herself from thinking, and so retain her self-control until she had seen the doctor.

At the foot of the stoop she encountered a female attendant, and asked:

"Is the doctor in his office? May I see him?"

"I think Dr. Judson is in there. Walk right in." She went up the stoop, and stood before the door which she saw open. A man with a sympathetic face, if a trifle stern, and with gray hair, sat beside a desk writing. He glanced up as he heard the footsteps pause.

There were few men who could look upon Marian Reade without a thrill of pleasure, and Doctor Judson arose at once with a smile that muted his countenance perceptibly.

"Won't you come in?" he asked. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

He saw at a glance that she was excited, and placed a chair for her. She entered, but did not sit, placing her hand upon the desk and leaning there for support.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

**Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.**

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**T**O take our minds from housecleaning, gardening, and the thousand and one things that must be done about a home is another travel letter from Mrs. Marsh wherein she describes a visit to San Francisco's Chinatown. The adventurous spirits among us can make the trip by proxy while the homebodies can read it and say, "My I wouldn't go there for all the world." If you like these letters and want more of them, tell me so, for I have several interesting accounts of her travels.—Ed.

SO. BERKELEY, 3025 Adeline St., CALIF.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Much has been said and volumes written about the quaint Orientals in San Francisco's Chinatown, but each and every time one is fortunate enough to visit this Little China, there is always found something new and interesting that has, perhaps, escaped the observation of others.

There are twenty square blocks and over 15,000 of these people in grand restaurants, curio bazaars, fruit and vegetable, herbs and jewelry, with the glorious jade ornaments, not forgetting the doorway cobblers, mostly dressed in Oriental costume and a smile.

Our trip through Chinatown was after dark, when we arrived at the Joss House in the sightseeing autos, with guides, and found the temple on top of the house. This, we were told, is to get as near heaven and to face the East.

The Chinese worshipers always take off their shoes before entering. My husband whispered to me that he was glad it did not refer to us as he was not certain about his socks. No sooner were we seated when a handsome Chinaman came into the Joss House and beat wildly upon a big gong. I don't often pray, but I did that time that it was not a riot or a fire.

The guide then explained that this was done to drive away any evil spirits that may have followed us into the Joss House.

"Toss the Joss sticks and see what luck you have with them," said our guide, and my husband did so and he secured a cross between good and bad luck, but I noticed the next man got the ham bones flat, so he was in better luck.

The carvings and gold were glorious, and we were informed that over a million dollars could not replace it. The wedding canopies were beyond description, and the offerings to the god in a canopied enclosure, were in small Chinese bowls. I tasted some of it but wished I hadn't.

In the next room we were shown the "cookers" which reduced the worn-out Chinks to ashes to be sent back to their native land, for, unless the dust lies there, there is scant chance of heaven.

Then we were introduced to Underground Chinatown. What a creepy feeling came over us as we groped our way through narrow passages with niches or holes in the walls where they lived in a six-foot square compartment, while the only ventilation, said the guide, is got by opening the door. No wonder they wear a smoke-dried appearance and a smile.

Here, underground, was a Chinese family, a mother and nine children, who sang for us in Chinese and American, danced, and passed the basket for good Yankee coin. We bought a pair of chopsticks from the children, but up to the present we have been unable to successfully convey any food of even semi-liquid nature to our eat chamber.

This long underground passage brought us to the gambling joints, where men and women were mixed in

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes

**A**N emergency shelf is a splendid thing at any time of year but particularly valuable at the "in-between" season when the winter supply of vegetables are nearly gone and the fresh ones not large enough to be eaten. A sister, Mrs. Martha Mayfield, Middlebourne, W. Va., tells us of the good things her shelf contains, all of which she canned herself, and any suggestions or additions to this will be welcomed. Perhaps we can form a composite COMFORT Emergency Shelf. Here's Mrs. Mayfield's list: Canned green beans, lima beans, baked beans, pickled beans, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, corn, turnips, mixed vegetables for soup, beets, spare-rib, sausage, fruits."

A box of shredded codfish could be added to this, thus making a combination of salt fish dinner, as shown in illustration.—Ed.

**SPANISH RICE.**—Cook one cup of rice until it begins to get tender. In a frying-pan put two tablespoons of lard (I prefer bacon grease), chop a small onion into fine pieces and fry until light brown. Now add cooked rice, salt and pepper and one cup of catsup or chili sauce; tomatoes will do, but require more seasoning. Let cook.

**SAVORY SCALLOPED POTATOES.**—Peel and slice very thin as many potatoes as required. Put a layer in a baking dish, add a few thin slices of onion, salt, pepper, butter and a pinch of sage; another layer of potatoes, etc., until dish is nearly filled. Add hot milk, not almost cover and bake in a moderate oven until done, to almost one hour.—BETTY'S MAMMA, Kansas City, Mo.

**MOCK OYSTERS OF COLD MEAT.**—Slice cold boiled meat quite thin, dip in rather thick pancake batter and fry in deep fat. Turn so both sides will brown.

**COLD WATER BATTER FOR ABOVE.**—One cup flour, one round teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one round teaspoon sugar, and enough cold water to make a thick batter.

**PARTY CAKE.**—Cream together one half cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar. Beat in one tea-spoon of vanilla and one-half cup of milk. Sift together one and one-half cups of sifted pastry flour, one-half cup of corn-starch, one-half teaspoon of soda and one and one-half teaspoons of cream of tartar and add to butter mixture, beating hard and smooth. Lastly, add the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs. Bake in a round pan in a moderate oven. Just before serving, split and fill with strawberry preserve.

BEATEN WITH WHITES OF EGG. Cut into sections, tie around with narrow white ribbon, and dot with fresh or whole cooked fruit.

**BOLLED PORK PUDDING.**—One cup of chopped salt pork, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, one cup of boiling water, one teaspoon soda and enough flour to make as stiff as soft gingerbread. Steam three hours.

**SAUCE.**—One cup of sugar, one tablespoon flour, two tablespoons of any tart jelly, and one-half pint boiling water. Set on stove, stir often until it boils up clear, then add a small piece of butter and serve hot.—MRS. JULIA BUMFRE, Clinton, Conn.

**ORANGE SPONGE.**—Soften one envelope of fine gelatin in a cup of cold water twenty minutes, add one cup of boiling water and one cup of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved add one cup of orange

**HONEY SYRUP.**—Three cups sugar, one cup water. Stir until sugar is dissolved then let syrup come to boil, take from stove, add one cup of honey and stir until dissolved. We think this is fine and it keeps well and doesn't candy.—ROSE O' JUNE, Myrtle Point, Ore.

**COMBINATION SALT FISH DINNER.**—Take one box of shredded codfish and soak over night, or dessicated fish can be used if you choose. If the former, boil for half an hour, pour off the water, add one pint of milk, two



COMBINATION SALT FISH DINNER.

tablespoons of butter, a tablespoon of flour, rubbed smooth in one egg that has been thoroughly beaten. Let this mixture boil until it thickens. Stir into it mashed potato and place in the center of a platter. Surround this with slices of boiled carrot, boiled beets that have been diced and another row of boiled carrots.

—MARY HARRIS NORTHRIDGE.

**PORK STEAK AND RICE.**—Put one pound of pork steak through meat chopper, add one cup of cooked rice and mix with three-quarters can of tomato soup; salt and pepper to taste, put in buttered baking dish and cook one hour.—MRS. M. Boyne City, Mich.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.**—One-half pound dried beans, one-quarter pound salt pork, one-quarter pound grated cheese, one and one-half cups bread-crums, one egg, one teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Pick over and wash the beans, soak from twelve to twenty-four hours in cold water. Pour off the water. Put the beans into three cups of cold water with one-quarter teaspoon of soda and boil three to five minutes.

Drain off this water. Return the beans to the kettle with three cups of fresh water and the salt pork, which has been washed, scraped and scored. Cover and cook slowly until the beans are soft (from two to three hours). Take out the pork, mash the beans, add the cheese, bread-crums, egg and seasoning. Mix well and put into a buttered dish. Cover with bread-crums and pieces of the pork. Bake one-half hour in a pan of hot water. Canned or baked beans may be used. One-half pound dried beans equal about three cups of mashed beans. This roast may be served hot or cold and is much improved if served with tomato sauce or catsup.—Mrs. M. C. MACKINTOSH, Canton, Ill.

**POTATO PUFF.**—Two cups mashed potatoes, two table-spoons flour, two eggs, one tablespoon butter, pinch of salt and one-half cup sweet milk. Mix well together, put in buttered baking dish, spread with butter and bake.—MRS. K. E. J. Bruce, S. Dak.

**A POT ROAST.**—Trim off the rough parts of a brisket of beef, weighing about four pounds; place it in a kettle over a good fire; brown on one side, then turn and brown on the other; then add one pint of boiling water; cover and cook slowly fifteen minutes to every pound. Add a teaspoon of salt when the meat is half done. After the water evaporates add no more, as there should be sufficient fat to finish cooking the meat. When the meat is done place it on a heated dish. Drain all the fat but two tablespoons from the pot and put it away to be used for frying. To the two tablespoons in the pot add the same quantity of flour. Mix well and add one pint of water; stir until it boils; season and pour around the meat.

**PRESSED MEAT.**—Boil two pounds of good rump steak until done, when cold chop very fine. Boil the water away to a cupful, put the meat in with butter, salt and pepper and cook a few minutes. Pack in a dish and serve hot or cold.

**APPLE CATSUP.**—One quart of apple pulp, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of pepper, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of mustard, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of salt, two grated onions and two cups of cider vinegar. Pare and core twelve apples, cover with water and bring to the boiling point. Let simmer until soft when all the water should be evaporated or nearly so. To each quart of apple pulp add the above ingredients and bring to boiling point and let simmer one hour. Bottle or put in cans while hot.—MRS. E. W. C. West Burke, Vt.

**ORANGE SPONGE.**—When the jelly begins to stiffen, with an egg beater beat in the whites of two eggs that have been previously beaten stiff and dry. When hard, turn onto plate and surround with sections of orange from which all the outer pulp has been removed.

the games, passing through the toughest of alleys, so narrow that sunlight was an absolute stranger at all times.

At another place, underground, we saw an old Chinaman who was said to be over 80 and who played on many instruments, of which his room was covered, said to be 100 kinds. His rendition of Chinese opera was a scream.

The Chinese Notice Board on a side street with a crowd of Chinks reading them, looked to us like a magnified wash ticket, only red.

Some few weeks after, my husband related the following story to a friend of mine:

"While passing one of the families in Underground Chinatown, I touched a Chinese woman, who was holding a baby in her arms, under the chin, and my wife turned around, and seeing her smiling, smiled in return, thinking it was meant for her. It never dawned on her that I, not her, was the cause of the merriment. That was one time I got by and with an Oriental queen at that."

What wonderful art is wrapped up in a packet of water flowers! Who can repress a smile when they watch an animated 12-foot bamboo pole to which is attached often six chairs, and the center a Chinaman entangled in a mass of dessicated cane, on his way home into Chinatown. Poor fellow, he was bent up like a letter 'I.'

Your sincere sister,  
MRS. JAMES C. MARSH.

MISSOURI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of this corner for a long time and have been helped in many ways by the sisters' letters. I believe the usual way to introduce oneself is by a description but I fear if I undertook it would be such a homely one that you would not finish reading my letter, therefore I would not have my questions answered, so I'll give a description of our home. We have three acres of cherry orchard and in the midst of it is our house, just a common, five-room house. I wish you could visit us when the cherries are in blossom, or, better yet, when the cherries are ripe.

We have four babies, three boys and one girl. The oldest is ten years old, the next eight, the girl is six and the baby boy is four years old. Sometimes if I may I will send their pictures to be printed in COMFORT. Our boys are healthy, happy and full of fun but our girl worries us. She has never been a little girl at all but seems about ten years older than her real age. She is never so happy or contented as when talking with some old person and seldom plays with children of her own age and when she does it is always some little girl or boy she thinks is being slighted by the other children. It seems to us that she denies herself all the care-free happiness that should be her own, just to

make others happy. When we ask her if she enjoyed herself playing at school or at a party, she very often answers: "I didn't have much time to play. The children ran away from Little Fred and I had to go back and help him take off his shoe to get some gravel out," and something like that seems to keep her from playing or having a good time like other children. She learns fast at school and her teachers love her. She is now ready for the third grade. I am glad she loves old people and little ones that are slighted but I don't feel that it is right for us to let her go on denying herself, without having more pleasures. I realize, too, that this is a step to be taken with care and I hope that this can help me to do what is right.

Pearl Vesey, I'd like to visit you in your mountain home. We don't have to have a big house, electric lights and hot and cold water and all that to make a house a home. I think sometimes the very best homes to be found are the little log cabins our mothers lived in. It may be nice to live in a fine house but as a general rule the one living in such a house is kept so busy keeping things "shining" that she has very little time to make it a home.

I would like to correspond with some of the sisters in the Western and Northern States. Mrs. Wilkinson has my address.

Love to all.

CHERRY.

Cherry.—You shouldn't have told us about your cherry orchard. We are apt to descend upon you when cherries are ripe and do terrible things to your cherry crop. Your little girl is rather unusual, I'll admit, but if she is healthy and normal in every way, I'd be glad, if I were you, that she was so kind and thoughtful of others and not try to change her.—Ed.

LACONIA, N.H.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

The first thing I'll do will be to ask some of the sisters to write to me. I like to write letters so will be sure to answer.

I am eighteen years young, a high school graduate, at present attending Business College and have hopes that some future day will find me in a University. This hope brings me to the object of this letter—a little appeal on behalf of the daughters and younger sisters of our big family.

First, education. I wonder how many of the sisters (and brothers) still cling to the belief that education is not for girls? Just oddities and oddities of you, aren't there? I knew it. How I wish you would get that narrow, senseless idea out of your heads—for it is absolutely senseless.

I could give you reason upon reason why education is just as much, if not more, necessary for a girl than a boy, but to do so would require at least a page of COMFORT. What if a girl does marry?

Is that any reason why she shouldn't have an education as well as her brother? Why should she just have to sit patiently around and wait for just anyone to come and carry her off to a home of her own, when it is easy to realize that it is only in the atmosphere of the work she loves that she will come into contact with the man whose ideas and tastes are congenial to her own and which congeniality tends to make for marital happiness. Moreover, it is essential for a woman to be independent for who knows when the day may come, when deprived of her chief support, and perhaps with small children dependent upon her, she is suddenly flung upon her own resources. A man may be independent without an education but for a woman it is almost impossible. Lacking the physical strength of a man, she needs must depend more on her brain to help her out. Hence the need of an educated brain. Oh, there are reasons and reasons, but taking not even any of them into consideration, let me tell you that there are no days so happy, no lectures more uplifting, no friends so true, or no dreams and ambitions so lofty as those found in the joyous, earnest hours of our school days. So, sisters and brothers, who are mothers and fathers as well, I plead with you to forget the old prejudice and when the eager eyes of that little daughter of yours grow big and wistful with dreams and ambitions, and she begins to wish for a college education, encourage her and begin laying aside money for her sake as well as "son's" and help her to make those wonderful dreams a splendid reality.

Almost in line with this was the other suggestion I wished to make on behalf of the younger sisters who will probably appreciate the point. That is, let your daughter have a little privacy. By all means, if possible, let her have a room of her own fixed to suit herself. You will be surprised how the room will be an open book of her taste and character. And when she retires to this corner of her own, let her alone. Don't try to enter or to find out what she is doing. What difference does it make whether she has wrapped herself in a bedspread in an effort to imitate Cleopatra or Theda Bara; or whether she is trying "movie expressions" before the mirror, or a new hair dressing or a new dance step, or just sitting by the window and dreaming wonderful dreams? What is that to you? It doesn't gain you anything and it does irritate her terribly. Youth doesn't like to be laughed at for its dreams and fancies. To us they are tremendously real. Give them a chance and your precious understanding will be the sweetest and most appreciated thing on earth when the years fly by and daughter is herself a woman.

That's all.

If any of you should like to know what sort of creature the writer of this is, just picture to yourself a slip of a girl, just a trifle over five feet tall, full of the joy of living, add to this a black satin smock, a black velvet tam, a pair of Irish eyes, a fluff of dusky hair—and you have as accurate a picture as could ever be drawn of A LITTLE DREAMER.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am writing to you for help for I feel that we are near to one another. I have been reading your letters for fourteen years and love all that I have read; that is why I am going to you for help now.

I have been married eight years to a kind husband, in some ways. I always have the pocketbook and spend most of the money and he is always good and kind and seldom says a harsh word to me but early last spring I was told that he was spending much of his time at house he wouldn't have me visit. There was only the husband and wife in this family and I soon learned that the husband was away most of the time and that my husband was with his wife while he was away. I had heard questionable rumors concerning this woman and at first I tried not to believe what I had been told, but later I was forced to think that it was true. This may sound foolish to some of you but will anyone who has been through a similar experience tell me how you felt toward your husband in after years. Don't think I don't love him for I do. If I didn't care for him I would go away and let him do the same; still, it seems to me that I have a different love for him now. Do you think going away from here would help heal the wound? I have met this woman several times but have never spoken to her. He still denies the stories. In my heart I think he is guilty. I have never seen this subject discussed and maybe the sisters can help me.

HEARTBROKEN WIFE.

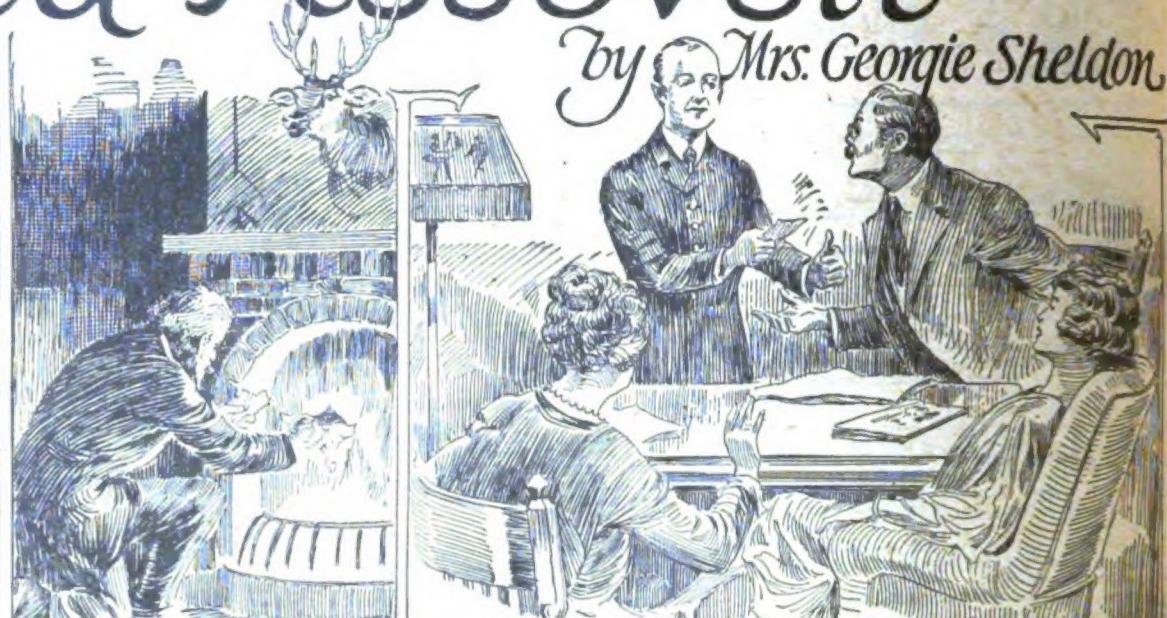
# Stella Roosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



*Did you hear what I said?  
she demanded sharply.*

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28 years from March 20, 1911.  
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*Mr. Richards and family were thrown into  
considerable confusion by the double surprise.*

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Roosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Roosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt, who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself, and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. She asks her aunt if her father, from whom she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards by her instrumental music, essay, and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, suggests she give it to her as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep. Mr. Roosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carlton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carroll cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Roosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Roosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carroll, of Carlton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carroll of Carlton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, sees Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Roosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carroll's attentions and accusing him of unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### STAR'S DETERMINATION.

"STAR, my dear child, what does this mean?" Mr. Roosevelt ejaculated, in a tone of wonder, as his niece concluded.

"It is unnecessary to ask her whether I have spoken the truth or not; her very looks and manner betray that she is guilty of what I have told you," Mrs. Richards said, scornfully. "I did not suppose, however, with her innocent face and apparently quiet, modest manner, that she could be quite so shameless. But it is always so; such cat-like natures always work in the dark."

Star's proud little head came up with a haughty air at this taunting speech, while her blue eyes grew dark and ominous.

"You are accusing me ignorantly and most unjustly," she said, in a hard tone, but with pained and quivering lips.

"How so? Do you presume to deny that you met Lord Carroll in the grounds tonight?" demanded Mrs. Richards, severely.

"No."

"You did meet him?"

"Yes."

*With a stern face, he watched them until they were burnt to ashes.*

reference to your future."

But Star did not move. She remained standing quietly by Mr. Roosevelt's chair, as if she had not heard her command.

"Did you hear what I said?" she demanded, sharply.

"Yes, madam."

"Well, do you intend to obey me?"

"No, madam."

"What?"

"I refuse to recognize your authority over me from this moment. I refuse to obey any longer one who, from the first, has been governed only by feelings of personal spite in all her dealings with me." Star returned, firmly.

Mrs. Richards could scarcely credit her ears. She had not imagined that the usually quiet girl possessed a tinge of this spirit.

"Well, Uncle Jacob, what do you think of your little pattern of excellence now?" demanded the astonished woman, turning with an injured air to her uncle, who was nearly as much amazed himself.

"I think the child has been severely tried," he returned, quietly, whereupon Mrs. Richards flew into another rage.

"I must say, Uncle Jacob, "that I consider it very bad taste in you to take sides with her against me; and let me warn you that you have both got yourself into trouble by the doings of this night."

The arrogant dame did not wait for any reply, but turned abruptly and left the room, retiring, however, with a sense of defeat which it was not pleasant to contemplate.

The moment that the door closed after her, Star dropped again upon the floor by Mr. Roosevelt's side, heart-broken.

"My child, tell me what Ellen means. What cause has she for coming here to accuse you of such dreadful things? Who is this Lord Carroll, and what has he been to you?"

She lifted her white, pained face to him.

"You do not believe what she has told you—you do not believe I would be guilty of anything so shameless as she would try to make me appear?" she questioned, brokenly.

"No; no; I think there is some terrible misunderstanding. I do not believe you would do anything which you knew to be wrong; and yet your own words have mystified me. I cannot comprehend them."

"I will tell you all about it. I would not explain anything to her—I could not after she had told me what he said," Star answered, but her face flushed with shame at the thought of confessing a tale of love and devotion on her part, of deception and treachery on the part of the man whom she had so trusted.

Then she told him all the story of her love for Archibald Sherbrooke, beginning with that day when they had exchanged souvenirs on the steamer, and which, she felt, had been the commencement of their love.

"Oh, Uncle Jacob," Star concluded, hiding her face on the arm of his chair again, "I believe him so true, so honorable, so worthy of my love, and now to find him so unprincipled and treacherous, it crushes me!"

Mr. Roosevelt looked very grave, almost stern.

"This is just as I supposed—as I was led to believe from your appearance last Saturday. I knew well enough, when we returned home from Coney Island, that you had promised to be Sherbrooke's wife. But I don't understand his treachery, as you call it, nor what connection all this has with the young lord who has come to ask for Josephine's hand," he said, coldly.

Star looked up again, at the unfamiliar tone.

"Oh!" she said, weakly: "I am so miserable that I have not made it plain to you—I have not told you; but Lord Carroll is only another name for the man who called himself Archibald Sherbrooke. Under the latter he cheated me into loving him, and he has ruined my life; under the former, which is his real name, I suppose, he has been trying to win the heiress."

Mr. Roosevelt was speechless from amazement at this revelation, and for a full minute could only look down into those piteous, uplifted eyes in mute dismay.

"Impossible!" he cried, at length. "I cannot believe it; I cannot think that young Sherbrooke would be guilty of anything so dastardly. There must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake," Star returned, with despair in her tones. Then she told him all she had heard and seen while sitting at her window.

"Poor child! poor child!" he murmured, softly.

"I meant to bear it alone, and never let any one know how cruelly I had been deceived, or how readily I had given my foolish heart away," she went on, "but after our meeting tonight I seemed to have no strength! I called him a traitor and a coward, and then I ran away and came to you, who are the only friend I have in this wide, weary world."

"You did right, dear, to come to me; but were you not a trifle hasty and rash? I think you should have listened to young Sherbrooke—or whoever he may be—defence," Mr. Roosevelt said, gently.

"What possible defence could he have had to offer?" Star cried, in a voice of scorn. "He has pretended to be Archibald Sherbrooke, a simple artist, to me, while everybody else knows him as Lord Carroll, of Carlton."

"But he may have been traveling incognito under the former name," suggested Mr. Roosevelt.

"Then why did he not keep it to the end? Why did he go to a fashionable watering place and

flourish as a titled Englishman, and devote himself to Josephine? Why did he resume the former name upon meeting me again, and lead me to love him, believing him to be a poor artist? No; there can be nothing said in defence of such double-dealing as this. He has cheated and fooled me. I have found him out, and compelled him to own it. It is enough to make me scorn him; but it has been a bitter lesson, and has taught me never to trust a man again," Star concluded, with vehement bitterness.

"Never, Star! Surely that acrimonious resolve does not include me?" said Mr. Roosevelt, with gentle reproach.

"No; I know that you are kind and true, and you are the only one in the world who cares for me," the suffering girl said, in husky tones.

"Indeed, my child, you have become very dear to me, and my life would be very forlorn without you."

Star bent down and touched his hand with her lips. In her wretchedness it comforted her greatly to know that she had contributed to his happiness.

"But I cannot get over what you have told me. I never was so deceived in my life before; and if this young sprig of English nobility is the villain you represent him, he is not fit to live," Mr. Roosevelt said, sternly, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

Star shivered with pain. Much as she believed she scorned him, she could not endure that another should speak disparagingly of him.

"Never mind, Uncle Jacob," she said. "I have put him out of my life forever; and now I want to talk to you about something else. You say that I have made your life happier since you came here, and that you would be very lonely without me. I am going to tell you a little secret, and then I want you to promise to go away from here with me. I am not going to remain here another day," she concluded, decidedly.

"Is that your secret, Star?"

"Part of it," she said, with a sad smile. "I have a little money, as you know—a hundred pounds—which, at Mr. Richards' suggestion, I put at interest last year. Now I want to take this money and make a cozy little home for you and me somewhere, until I get through school—there will be enough to last till then, I think—and after that I shall be able to take care of us both in fine style, by teaching and giving music lessons."

He smiled skeptically as she planned so hopefully what her poor hundred pounds could do, while a tear started to his eye at her thought for him.

"You do not believe that I shall be able to take care of us both," she said eagerly, "but I know that I can, for I have not yet told you all. Listen."

She bent nearer to him, and putting her lips close to his ear, told him something which even you and I must not know just yet, my patient reader.

He was nearly as much surprised as he had been to learn of Archibald Sherbrooke's treachery.

"My dear," he said, while his face lighted with pride and joy, "you shall have your way, and I will do just as you wish, and I—"

He checked himself suddenly, dropped his head in thought for a moment, then resumed:

"I am not happy here any more than yourself, and have been thinking for some time I must go away; but I could not bear the thought of parting from you. Now we will go together as you wish, unless—"

"Unless what, Uncle Jacob?" Star asked, anxiously.

"Unless you will let me see this young scamp of a lord, and take him to task for his faithlessness to you."

"Never!" Star replied, proudly. "What good would it do to—"

"There may be some mistake; he might be able to explain everything satisfactorily," interrupted Mr. Roosevelt.

Star's beautiful lips curled.

"What would his explanations amount to? He is here as a suitor for Josephine's hand—they all confess it; and did you ever listen to a more monstrous story than Mrs. Richards repeated here tonight? To think that he could say anything so basely false of me is enough to drive me wild," Star cried, excitedly. "No, Uncle Jacob; although he has been guilty of the most cruel treachery, I will not contend with him. If he is such a rascal that he would try to win a young girl's heart for the amusement of breaking it, and then seek to blight her fair fame by charging her with what he has imputed to me tonight, he is too far beneath me to be worthy of anything save my supreme contempt, and I never wish to meet him again. I only want to get away from them all, and never see their faces more."

Her voice broke with such a wail of despair that the old man could not find it in his heart to refuse her anything.

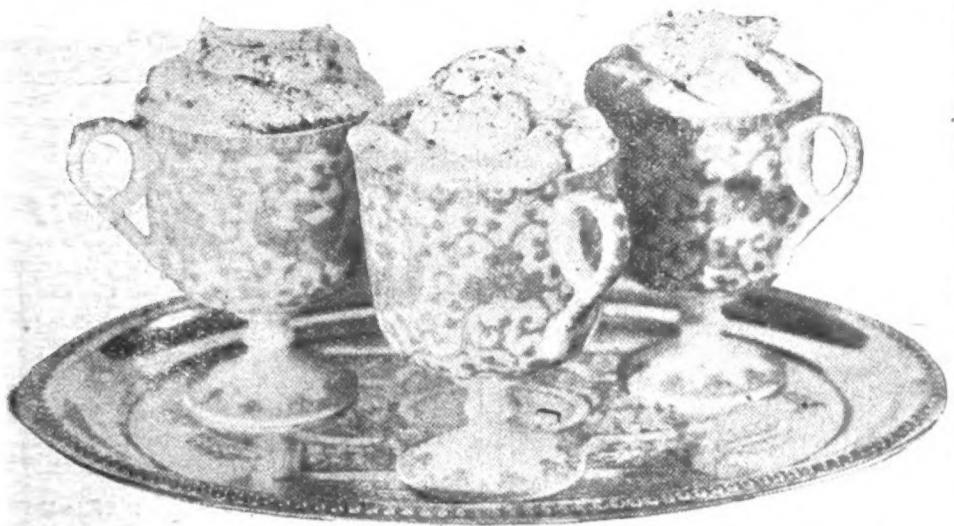
"Very well; we will go away tomorrow," he said, sorrowfully.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Jacob!" the unhappy girl said, eagerly: "and will you go without letting them know? They would never consent, and I do not wish them even to know where I go."

"It shall be just as you wish, my dear: I feel that I am doing you no wrong in gratifying you. You shall be like a young daughter to me, and I—I promise I will be no burden to you, notwithstanding that I am old and feeble," Mr. Roosevelt answered, with a sad smile.

"A burden!" Star repeated, with quivering lips. "Oh, please do not imagine such a thing! It is you who are to take care of me and shield me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



## TONIC IN EARLY SPRING FOODS

By Violet Marsh

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**H**OW many of our readers still adhere to their belief in "spring-tonic" taking time, and can recall being lined up to take their dose of flower of sulphur mixed with good old-fashioned New Orleans molasses, as a preventive against "spring-fever"? Some of you found the decoction not unpleasant as the sulphur flavor was concealed by the molasses, which in those earlier days was rich and delicious, and provided a wholesome sweet that could be eaten without stint.

Years ago "spring-fever" was no myth. The blood became thick and sluggish, causing a languid feeling, for which teas steeped from various early roots and greens, and the ever-ready friend sulphur and molasses, were regarded as unfailing agents in assisting nature to "thin out" the blood. The fresh, aromatic root of the sassafras plant was made into a strong brew and drunk by the whole family, being considered a valuable "blood purifier."

A craving for something bitter or acid was not ignored nor treated as a "notion" in the good old days of root and herb home remedies; and who shall say but they were all sufficient, even in the light of modern knowledge and science, which, besides bewildering us with "cures," has placed the preventives against these "spring conditions" in our very hands by teaching us how to process our fruits and vegetables so that we may daily have them on our table in a variety of ways, and thus enable us better to wait for nature when again she will give out the refreshing products of field and garden.

There is a long list of greens and young vegetables that are highly beneficial for their tonic content when eaten raw, providing time is taken to thoroughly masticate them. They supply our blood with the vital vitamins, and take the place of fruits when they are scarce and expensive. These include lettuce, celery, finely-cut bleached cabbage, watercress, parsley, onions, leek, tomatoes, freshly-picked cucumbers, the tender bud ends of spinach, the hearts of new green cabbage, small carrots, small early white turnips, young peas, and tender dandelion leaves which are highly beneficial eaten raw. A French dressing made from a good quality of oil, or just a sprinkling of salt, is the proper condiment for salads, and is easily digested, while the oil nourishes and acts as a valuable bowel lubricant.

Our citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, and grape-fruit) must not be overlooked as among our highly beneficial spring tonics. This is the season to make a supply of orange and grapefruit marmalade. Its tart, slightly bitter flavor acts as appetizer when the digestive organs become a little slow. Orange juice contains a high vitamin content, and is an excellent tonic taken half an hour before breakfast or between meals. Many find a half glass taken before going to bed an excellent laxative and liver stimulant.

Maple-sugar, probably the most wholesome form of sugar known, is another food that nature gives out in her early spring days in certain Northern States. Taken as a whole, the amount of maple-sugar produced is comparatively small, and fortunate are those who can share in this limited supply of delicious syrup or sugar.

Unless maple syrup is put into tins and sealed at the "sugar camps" when the maple sap is boiled down to the right consistency, it is a safe precaution to bring it just to the boiling point and seal in glass jars. Extended boiling impairs the fine maple flavor, which accounts for the sugar never having quite that rich, delicious quality of flavor found in the syrup.

As the maple-sugar supply is so small in comparison to the demand, many housewives make a very delicious sugar by adding a good grade of brown sugar, together with a little glucose, and thus extend the maple flavor. If the two sugars are combined, melt them slowly with the addition of a

little hot water, cook until a little crisp when tested in cold water, give it a few hard strokes of beating, and pour into tins. The syrup and brown sugar will not require the addition of water.

Maple Pralines are a famous confection said to have originated in New Orleans many years ago. No doubt they were originally made of pure maple, but I suspect that the pralines of today en-

joy little more than a maple flavor, because they are made in such large quantities throughout the country. But they are very nice at that. A very simple recipe calls for one cup of maple syrup, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of medium-weight cream and one and one-half cup of pecan-meats. The half nuts should be unbroken. Cook the sugar, syrup and cream until a little dropped in cold water forms into a soft ball, then remove from fire and beat until creamy, add the nuts and pour onto oiled tins in thin cakes. Be sure not to beat the mixture so long that it will not pour from the sauce-pan.

### Dishes from the Spring Foods

**DANDELION GREENS.**—Before washing the greens carefully pick over and remove all grass and foreign material. Put through several waters slightly warmed as it starts the grit quicker than cold water. If greens of any kind are not to be

cooked the day they are received, do not keep them in water as it greatly injures the flavor. Instead, pick them over if possible, wash, having the last water cold, drain, cover with a cloth and set in a cool place. To cook, put into boiling water, but care should be taken not to use too much, for as soon as they begin to boil, the shrinking process begins, so that only a small quantity of water is necessary.

**GREEN ONIONS.**—Not many realize that the tiny green onions with the crisp tops, which are thinned from the onion patch, make a delicious dish. Cut off the roots but do not cut into the onion. Plunge into boiling water and cook uncovered until tender. Drain and cover with white sauce. Add a little salt to the water just before the onions are done.

**LEEK SOUP.**—Eight leeks cut fine and one small onion sliced, all lightly browned in two table-spoons of clear beef fat. Add one large potato sliced fine, and one pint of boiling water. Cover closely and cook until all is tender, then rub

through a wire strainer. Add one pint of rich milk, salt and pepper, and celery salt to taste. Bring to a boil and serve with sliced toasted biscuits.

**YOUNG CABBAGE FRIED.**—Slice fine, removing the core. Place the cabbage in a frying-pan with boiling water to cover, add a little pepper, one tablespoon of butter and a little salt, cover closely until it is boiling hard then remove the cover and cook

through and cook

twenty minutes. Drain, and season with two table-spoons of vinegar and one table-spoon of butter. Delicious served with fresh pork.

**ASPARAGUS BAKED WITH MEAT.**—One cup of chicken meat put through the food chopper then spread over the bottom of a baking dish. Dot with butter, and lay over it a bunch of asparagus which has been broken into pieces and all the hard part removed. Cover with one cup of white sauce, sprinkle lightly with fine bread-crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five minutes.

**ASPARAGUS OMELET.**—Allow one egg to a person. To four eggs, have ready three-fourths of a cup of asparagus cooked tender and cut into small pieces, and one rounding table-spoon of grated cheese. Beat the eggs a very little, add two table-spoons of cold water, or one if the asparagus is freshly cooked and not drained, a dash of pepper, and a sprinkling of salt. Warm the omelet pan so that a table-spoon of butter will melt and bubble, then pour in the egg, and on top evenly distribute the asparagus, and sprinkle with the cheese. Increase the heat, and as soon as the edges are firm when a knife is slipped around the edge of the omelet, put the omelet into a moderate oven and bake until well puffed and firm. Remove from oven, spread a little softened butter over it, fold once

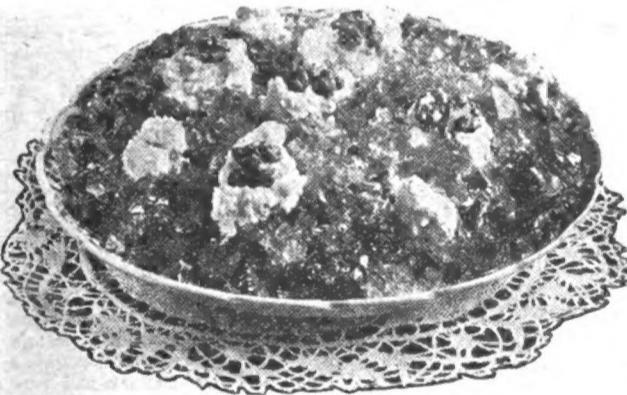
and turn out onto a warm platter.

**RAW VEGETABLE SALAD.**—One cup each of young tender carrots and white turnips, one cup of mixed tender celery and lettuce, and one leek ground all together through the food chopper. Mix with salad dressing.

**STRAWBERRY COMBINATION SALAD.**—Dice four (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



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\*NOTE: A BUDGET is simply a PLAN which regulates the spending and saving of your INCOME, so that you can control your OUTgo and live on less than your EARNINGS. It helps you to accumulate money and open a savings account.

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# Cubby Bear and the Turtles

*By Lena B. Ellingwood*

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**C**UBBY Bear and his playmates had been having a merry game of "ring-around-a-rosy," and were resting in the shade of a great maple tree. Gentle summer breezes were whispering among the maple leaves, and soft white clouds were floating in the blue sky overhead.

"I'm expecting visitors soon," announced Tillie Turtle, with an air of pride.

"You are? How nice!" said Cubby Bear. None of them remembered that Tillie had ever had visitors before.

"Yes," went on Tillie; "two of my relatives are coming to see me. They are much larger than I."

"Why, aren't you grown up yet?" asked Chirpy Chipmunk. "I thought you were quite old!"

"I have been grown up for a long time," answered Tillie, "and shall never be any larger than I am now. Perhaps you do not know much about the Turtle family. They are of various kinds and sizes. Many of them call themselves by the name of Turtle, but some like Tortoise better, thinking it has a grander sound. A few very prudish ones go by the name of Terrapin. For myself, my mother named me Tillie Turtle, and though the name is a plain one, it suits me, and I like it.

"There are many different kinds of Turtles. Some live in the big seas, and never go out on the shore except to bury eggs in the sand. Some live in marshy places, and others by lakes and rivers, spending part of the time in the water, and part on the land, just as they choose. There is one kind, I have heard, whose shell is soft, poor thing! I have never seen any of them, but I pity them with all my heart!"

"But I would not want a hard shell!" said Redtop Woodpecker. "I could not fly, nor hop around!"

"You are not a Turtle!" said Tillie. "Now I like my safe, hard shell, into which I can draw myself and go to sleep, with never a thought of harm! But then, the soft-shelled ones live in the water, I am told, where they are safer, perhaps."

As a family, we live to be very old! One hundred years is a common life for us, and my mother said she had seen one hundred and twenty summers come and go. I have even heard of some Turtles who lived as long as two hundred years!"

"Wh-who?" Who-oo?" asked Wise Owl, and his voice sounded as though he were making sport of Tillie.

"I cannot tell you their names," she said, "but it is well known that we live much longer than owls."

"Pooh, pooh!" puffed Wise Owl. "Your people cannot see in the dark, as mine can. Nor can they fly! And see how small you are! Why, my cousins, the Great Horned Owls, are almost as large as Edrie Eagle!"

"Very likely!" agreed Tillie calmly. "Some time you shall tell us all about your relatives. We shall be glad to have you. But just now I am talking about mine. As to size, some of the Turtles are very, very large—as long as Cubby Bear—yes, even longer. And heavy—why, I wouldn't dare tell you how much some of them weigh, for you would never believe me."

"You were speaking of how old some Turtles live to be," said Wollie Woodchuck. "If you don't mind, Tillie, I would like to know how old you are, yourself!"

"No, no!" refused Tillie Turtle playfully. That I shall not tell! Perhaps some of you young things would not want me for a playmate, if I did.

"Some of my relatives live in desert lands, and can stow away enough water inside them, to last for a long time, like a camel. We are all hard to starve, and if food is not easy to find, we can go without it for weeks. In cold countries we find a snug little winter home and stay in it through the cold weather, but in warmer climates Turtles live an active life the whole year round."

"My, my! does she call a Turtle's life active?" whispered lively Chirpy Chipmunk to Cubby Bear.

"We are very strong," went on Tillie Turtle, "and never sick. We never suffer from toothache, for we have no teeth to ache."

"No teeth?" asked Bunny Rabbit. "Then how can you bite your food as you do?"

"Our jaws are covered with a sharp, horny substance, and the Snapping Turtle's jaws are so

sharp and so strong, he could snap off your paw in a twinkling, if he chose to do so!"

Billy Bluejay was heard to whisper, "Tillie is boasting today!"

"You needn't believe me if you don't want to," said Tillie, "but everything I have told you is true."

"Pooh, pooh!" scoffed Wise Owl again. "It couldn't be!"

"Perhaps Tillie is just fooling us," said Minnie Mink.

"A-all right!" said Tillie. "If you can't believe

get here."

"How large are they?" asked Cubby Bear. "Oh, as large as—how can I tell you? Much, much larger than I. Why, I should think it would take eight of my size to cover one of their shells. And strong—why, they could give you a ride on their backs, Cubby Bear, heavy as you are!"

Whoever met Tillie Turtle in the forest the next few days asked about her visitors, and the party she was to give. But, "Never you mind!" or,

"Wait and see!" was all Tillie would say to them.

A few days afterwards, in the dusk of a sum-



HARRISON EDDY  
TILLIE INTRODUCED THEM TO HER FRIENDS AS MR. AND MRS. TIMOTHY TURTLE.

me just you wait. Perhaps you'll get no invitation to my pick-a-back party!"

"Your—what kind of a party?"

"Never you mind." Tillie started to walk off, and would say no more.

But later in the day she told Cubby Bear:

"These relatives of mine who are coming to see me live many miles away, by a big lake. Redwing Blackbird brought me word last week that they were on the way, but, as you know, all Turtles travel slowly, and I do not know when they will

mer's evening, Cubby Bear and Racky Coon went together to the Big Brook for a drink of cool water. The stars were shining high overhead in a clear sky, and off in the west a thin little new moon was just going down out of sight.

"Look, Cubby Bear! what are those things?" asked Racky Coon, in sudden fright.

"Where asked Cubby."

"Over there!" said Racky, pointing to the shadows near the farther shore of the Big Brook.

"At first I thought they were little islands near

the shore, but they are moving—coming this way!"

"I see them!" said Cubby wonderingly.

The two dark objects were certainly moving. There was no doubt about it.

"We must run!" cried Racky, in terror, seizing hold of Cubby Bear. "If islands in the Big Brook can float, there is no knowing what may happen. The earth may be shaking all apart!"

They ran a little way from the Big Brook, and were glad to find that the ground was as solid and firm as ever.

Going cautiously back toward the brook to make sure if the islands were really floating, so they might tell their friends about it,

"Honest and true,  
Black and blue."

what was their amazement to find that the little islands had crawled out of the water, and were coming toward them, on the land!

Then a voice called to them:

"If you please, can you tell us if Tillie Turtle lives hereabouts?"

Cubby drew a sigh of relief, and both he and Racky Coon began to be ashamed of their fright. Their floating islands were only two great, slowly-moving Turtles! Tillie's relatives had arrived.

"Oh, yes!" answered Cubby Bear. Tillie Turtle is expecting you, and we will be glad to show you where her home is."

And the next day, invitations were sent out for a pick-a-back party.

Of course Tillie could not carry the invitations around herself, for she was so slow it would have kept her away from her relatives for their whole visit. But Redtop Woodpecker kindly offered to do it for her.

"Shall you ask Mr. Wise Owl, Billy Bluejay and Minnie Mink, who did not believe what you told us?" asked Cubby Bear.

"Oh, yes, indeed, poor things!" said Tillie pitifully. "In a few years, I shall be glad to remember that I did not keep a grudge against them, but gave them the pleasure of coming to my party!"

Everybody came, for they were all anxious to see the great Turtles. Tillie introduced them to her friends as Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Turtle.

"Oh, ho, ho!" cried little Chirpy Chipmunk, clapping his tiny paws. "I've guessed what Tillie meant when she said she would have a pick-a-back party! I know, I know!"

"Oh, do you?" asked Tillie, looking a little disappointed. "I didn't think anybody could guess."

"But perhaps he hasn't guessed right!" said Cubby Bear.

"What is it?" asked Tillie. "If you know, you may tell."

"Well, then," said Chirpy, "I guess that Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Turtle are to give us rides on their broad shells."

"That is right!" said Timothy Turtle, "and the one who guessed it shall have the first ride. Hop on my back! Why, you weigh nothing at all! I could carry forty Chipmunks and never mind their weight!"

They all had rides, even Cubby Bear, who felt rather foolish to be carried about like that, when he had four strong paws of his own to walk on and could go so much faster—and Wise Owl, who was continually losing his balance and falling off.

They had a jolly afternoon at Tillie's party, and all were sorry that the visitors were to stay only a few days longer.

"Oh, Cubby Bear! what do you think?" cried Racky Coon in delight, meeting Cubby Bear the day before Tillie's relatives were to leave the Pleasant Forest and start for their home by the lake. "Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Turtle have invited Tillie and me to go home with them for a visit, and to ride all the way there pick-a-back! Of course I shall walk most of the way, but it will be nice for poor, slow Tillie to ride. I shall have such a good time going out on the great lake!"

"That will be fine," said Cubby. "I am glad you can go. But do you suppose," he added slyly, "that there will be any floating islands in the lake?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Racky Coon, laughing, "for many, many large Turtles the size of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy live there, and may be seen out for a swim any day, so Tillie tells me."

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R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ April, 1922.

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**N**OW that the rays of the sun are lengthening and deepening, often shining with prophetic warmth, Billy's winter discontent, I am glad to say, is fading like the last snowbanks left in fence corners. He is even cheerful at times, and allows a gleam of facetiousness to replace the consistent grouchy cynicism with which winter and rheumatism have been afflicting him. I have found the change agreeable and have done my best to foster it, you may be sure. But today Bill came into the house with gloom darkening his countenance and disarranging his whiskers: "It's an outrage, Uncle Lisha!" he exclaimed, flinging himself and his legful of library books into a paper-heaped chair where I had just sorted out 672 letters that, in various ways and voices, assailed Cousin Jack Wheeox of Allston, Massachusetts.

"What's all the fuss about, Bill?" I asked. "Who's been rubbing you the wrong way now? The only outrage I know about is the way you bounce in here mixing up my letters."

"I mean it's a shame people should have to live in such crowded ways as they do in this city today," said Billy, in quiet tones of annoyance and rustling peevishly the fallen letters piled about his feet. "I was caught in this rush-hour jam in the subway and it is disgraceful! Why, I had my game leg stepped on four times coming up from De Kalb Avenue—once by a man I'll be weighed three hundred pounds! The cars can't move the people, and out in the packed streets the people can hardly move themselves. Surely you have noticed how the city's congestion has increased in the past five years, Uncle? Why don't some of 'em move out in the country where there is more room?"

"Of course I've noticed it, Bill," I said. "I don't love it any more than you do—either for myself or for the millions who are huddled in here with us. It's since 1910 that the population shift has so increased that town dwellers are now in the majority. Your friends, the statisticians, tell us that only about 48 per cent. of our people now live in the country, Bill. In 1890 the percentage was almost 64 per cent.; and it was over 70 per cent. in 1870. So you see the likelihood of your getting your toes stepped on, Billy, my boy, is increasing with every decade."

"Well, what do they do it for?" exclaimed Bill crossly, scowling prodigiously and looking as if he were quite capable of reducing the surplus city population by means of his pivot teeth. "Goodness knows it is bad enough to live here, with rents sky high, and food at prices hardly to be imagined by any farmer that raised the stuff. Why do people keep pushing in, making things always worse and wages constantly lower?"

"Bill," I replied, "you mention the wages of the city worker—what do you know about the wage cut of the farmers? Cities would be less crowded, I believe, and the tide of population might turn fieldward, if the farmer were sufficiently paid for what he produces and his financial prospects stabilized and encouraged. No wonder there is a 'Farm bloc' in Congress today! In the inevitable deflation of the past few years, Bill, our nation's farmers have been the first and heaviest sufferers and now they are fighting for the aid they need. It is a serious fact to face that the agriculturists of our land received in 1921 eight billions of dollars less for their products than was theirs in 1919. Of course, all industry and trade have suffered. Deflation is not easy in its adjustments for either business or labor. But the farmer, always inadequately protected and hopelessly unorganized, has lost at both ends and most of all. With the prices received for his crops fallen as low or lower than before the war while he has to pay twenty-five to one hundred per cent. more than pre-war prices for nearly everything he buys, he is doubly a victim and is impelled to seek reasons and remedies for his troubles."

The farmer knows he is insufficiently paid for what he produces. I don't think I make too broad a statement, Bill, when I say that farmers have thus wrongfully suffered from the time when increase in our nation's agricultural production meant the establishment of markets for our surplus from the soil. But now, with the coming to the farm of rural surveys and statistics, the farmer's trade disadvantage has become glaringly evident. No matter how high in the market may be the products of the soil when they reach the consumer, the farmer is sure never to have received his rightful proportion of the price. About a year ago, I remember, Chicago consumers were shown to be paying ten cents a pound for onions. Now what did the Texas grower—perhaps one of our big family, Bill!—get out of these \$200 per ton perfume-makers? Exactly \$42 a ton at his Texas farm. The high freight charge of \$20.64 on a ton of onions from Texas to the pork-packing metropolis does not account for the price discrepancy. Deducting the freight charges, some people were dividing \$128, or over three times what the grower received. Such a case as this, Bill, is typical. The situation, in plain words, is that the farmer has been and is consistently and systematically robbed, through many channels, of the rightful reward of his toil. And a farmer's toil is real toil. As a firsthand producer of wealth the dweller on the land can never gain his labor return as easily as those taking part in banking, commerce or the various professions where money is passed from hand to hand—leaving a share stuck to each palm in passing. And yet it is from the soil only that this stream has its headwaters; where the flowing flood must go, which only a trickle is left finally to moisten the farmer's calloused palm.

"Rightly realizing that his help can only come through organization in the same way that both capital and labor, through which he deals, are organized today, the farmer is organizing, and the movement, already well started in several Western States, is spreading. The farmer means to cease being the only worker who must accept whatever may be offered him for his product by those who plan to profit largely from his toil. When the farmer has won his fight, Bill—for he is certain to win it—life upon the land, in addition to its many natural advantages, will offer its proper commercial return, and the drift cityward will be stayed. In the meantime, Bill, you mustn't be too hard on these huddled humans that jostle you and step on your one sore foot and your three sound ones. For remember, these city-crowded, unfortunate masses are shut away from the primal con-

dition of human happiness: namely, that the tie between man and the earth shall not be severed, and that he shall dwell on the land and till it under the open sky."

"Uncle," said Billy, looking at me curiously, "you were a farmer once, weren't you?"

"Yes, Bill, I am proud to say I was," I replied.

"Huh," grunted Billy meditatively: "I thought you were talking rather enthusiastically. Well, why don't you and I get a farm, Uncle Lisha, and leave these crowds and stop paying so much good money to landlords?"

"I'm afraid you'd make a pretty poor sort of farmer, Billy," I answered. "Your particular agricultural ability lies in making one blade of grass grow where two grew before—and this would be rather bad for our hay crop!"

At which little joke of mine, Bill vouchsafed a wide grin and ambled, most amiably for him, out of the room. At the end of another four weeks Bill's disposition will be positively cherubic—particularly if we have a warm April and early dandelions.

And now for the letters...

SOMEWHERE IN MINNESOTA

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

What a perfect darling you are anyway, Uncle! After so nobly refuted Friend Jack's arguments against the "cross, ugly" American girl, I cannot refrain from sending you a thank you. My fingers ached for a pencil as I read Jack's refreshingly frank criticism of all of us who belong to the feminine portion of the youth of our country. Jack, old top, where art thou? Ah! I see your cynically smiling face gazing around COMFORT's group of "hopelessly plain" girl cousins. I seem to read in the depths of your honest gray (are they gray?) eyes a desire to be back in France among those rare violet sky-blue-eyed beauties who adorn the bourgeoisie! (My French dictionary, James, quick!). It is to smile! Oh, by the way, pray explain the exquisite color "violet sky blue." Do you mean one eye is violet and the other sky blue? Ah, unique idea, what? Why don't you go, and leave behind you that type of girlhood which so offends your discriminating type? We're all plain? "Mais oui," comes in Jack's slow musical drawl, as he gestures quite Frenchly with his hands and shrugs daintily. Don't you like us at all?—and we wait breathlessly for his answer: "Non, non, Mademoiselle or Madam; I could not like anyone who lacks beauty." Oh! oh! Now listen, mon cher homme, we don't care whether you like us or not. There are plenty of ex-service men who do, Jack, old laddie. Ta' fa' boy, see you at the next dance. I'll save "Sunny Tennessee" for you. Perhaps the next fox-trot hit will be "The Ugly American Girl Blues." Quite probable!

Ted Carmichael (isn't that a delicious name?) is an ex-soldier who sounds good to me. Tall and dark and curly-headed and twenty-three. Oh, girls! I'd write to him, but I know he must be swamped with pink, blue, buff and orchid-tinted (and perhaps scented with a chic French "parfum") letters, so that I wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance of recognition. If Teddy ever wrote to me, I'd answer or break a guy wire. But alas and alack! There's no chance for I'm not having my full name and address in COMFORT. But if any of the cousins from any part of the country except Minnesota care to write to me, my address can be secured from Uncle Lisha. You'll oblige them, won't you, Uncle? There's a dear!

I have been in a rather subdued frame of mind ever since I read Augustus' second letter which appeared in the same issue as mine. It was so noble and clean and courageous that one cannot but admire him. If there is one quality in men I admire above all others it is courage, and Augustus possesses it to the nth degree. While I cannot agree with him on a few subjects, I respect his opinions, for I know he is honest in them. Augustus, I have gone half way in making peace, so let's be friends. I know you would be a wonderful pal, if you could get over your idea of the general uselessness of girls. Can't you?

It's getting frightfully late and my thoughts are running riot. My brain is fairly teeming with ideas I'd express if I could. I realize how weak and futile are my words to express what I really mean, but you will all overlook my failings, won't you? Love to Uncle and all the cousins, and a big piece for Billy with whom I have not yet had a row.

Your niece and cousin, RUTH.

Just as you did last July, Ruth, when you came forward as spokesgirl for those of your sex whom Cousin Augustus Trick had grievously treated, so you now step valiantly and merrily into print to curb Cousin Jack Wilcox's Parisian yearnings with a little Minnesota common sense. But, Ruth, poor Jack has been well scourged already, as you will see from his apologetic letter which appears in this issue. For my part, I haven't the heart to give him any more verbal hammering, so I am going to let your letter speak for itself without much comment concerning your successful efforts in kidding Jack, the Terror of the Boulevards. But you want to be careful, Ruth: your letter has so much French in it that Jack may be mistaking you for one of those slyly-brown-eyed sky-blue-eyed bourgeois. Perhaps it is just as well you left the secret of your address with me.

Ruthie, you say you admire courage in men more than all else. If so, you ought to just worship Jack, for his courage, it seems to me, is as sublime as his adjectives. Why as a stirrer-up of trouble Jack has Cousin Gus of Powder Puff fame beaten a mile! You and the doughty defenders of your sex seem to have effectively silenced bold Augustus. As for Jack, we will probably hear from him again. If he is still alive, I am sure that he has already taken passage for France—in a letter-proof cabin!

BIG CREEK, Camp 23 Hospital, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Your Billy is some boy; I hope that he is as fine a gentleman as my boss Nanny is a lady. Guess I had better tell you about her: I was sent to the Shaver Lake hospital to take charge during the attendant's absence. Upon my arrival there I found that he had already gone but left the following message: "I guess you will find everything O. K. Be sure and take good care of my friend Nanny." I immediately proceeded to become acquainted with the young lady, and, believe me, she is some lady is "Miss Nannie Goat." She is not at all like ordinary goats; oh, no! Nanny hails from aristocracy; her mother being the winner of a blue ribbon as queen of a tribe of mountain goats. Early last spring Nanny's mother met her fate by trespassing on the right of way of a 30-30 bullet which was intended to reach a deer—thus leaving Nanny an orphan while in her early infancy. Doc Mason (whom I relieved here) was one of the party of sportsmen. Being kind-hearted, he adopted the baby Nanny, grew to be fond of her, and as a result she is a very much spoiled child. No old tin cans or paper for her! I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



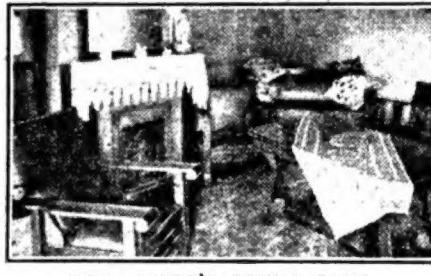
MRS. BAUER AND HER BOYS.

## How I Made Home Cozy For My Loved Ones

By Mrs. Louis Bauer

Surely there is no place in the world that means so much to all of us who read Comfort Magazine as "Home Sweet Home". How we long to make it cozy and homelike! How eager we are that our boys and girls in after years shall look back upon it as the dearest spot on earth! And truly how important it is for the future of our children that we keep up their interest in home and make the home circle more attractive to them than any other place in the world.

Our dear little home in Louisville, Kentucky, spells hospitality itself, with its tidy green hedges and spotless white paint. But to be truly inviting, the home must reflect *within*, as well, real comforts in the way of tasteful furnishings. How I used to long for restful easy chairs, artistic rugs and other handsome



MRS. BAUER'S LIVING ROOM.

parlor and dining-room pieces, so that my boys as they grew up would be proud of the home in which they lived.

How was I to make these dreams of a mother's heart come true, and at the same time give to my growing boys all the motherly care that they deserved? Suddenly, as though a fairy had waved her magic wand, there came to me an opportunity beyond my wildest hopes, to bring comfort, coziness and beauty into our home.

Today as I look around our home, its transformation amazes me. I wish that the camera might do justice to the attractiveness of parlor, living rooms and bedrooms, beautifully furnished as they are through what I consider the ideal womanly work for women—running a Larkin Club.

And yet, today this transformation seems like a play, so easily and naturally, and entirely in my spare moments, has my Larkin Club work fitted into my daily life. And as I think of the many new friends it has brought me, I realize in how many different ways my Larkin Club has increased life's happiness for me.

Ours, I may well say, is a Larkin Premium home, containing more than 200 beautiful Larkin Premiums, of which I am very proud. Besides being furnished almost completely with Larkin furniture, even the paper on the walls, and the paint and varnish inside and out, were all given to me by my Larkin Club work.

Do you wonder then that I smile, when I am asked "Does it pay to be a Larkin Sec-



MRS. BAUER'S COZY HOME.

piration to many of the readers of Comfort Magazine. It will pay any home-loving woman to learn more about what a delightful opportunity is open to her in her spare time, to earn not only beautiful furniture but even clothing for herself, without sacrificing a single minute from home and social and business duties.

Whether you are a mother and home-maker as I am, or are teaching or in business every day, you can still find the little time necessary to conduct a congenial neighborly Larkin Club in your neighborhood.

If you would know more about Larkin Premiums and how easily they are earned, write now while you have this page before you. Just fill out and mail the coupon below; Larkin Co. will gladly send you their fascinating Catalog and full information about how you can make home cozy for your loved ones as I have for mine.

This Coupon brings you FREE the book that spelled opportunity for Mrs. Bauer.



Larkin Co., Peoria, Buffalo, Chicago.

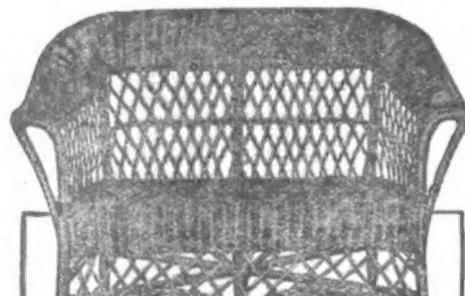
Please send me the beautiful new Larkin Spring Catalog No. 76 telling me how I, too, can easily start a Larkin Club among my friends and neighbors and earn handsome home furnishings and stylish apparel just as Mrs. Bauer did.

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## Tonic in Early Spring Foods

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

large slices of canned pineapple, cut the soft part of one orange into small pieces, slightly mash two cups of ripe sweet strawberries, and break apart, wash and drain dry the white leaves of a head of lettuce. Arrange the lettuce on a platter and fill each leaf to overflowing with the fruit mixed together, and then pour over it a sweet salad dressing made as follows: Beat the yolks of two eggs until light yellow and creamy, gradually beat in one cup of powdered sugar and a pinch of salt. Lastly, gradually beat in one-half cup of pineapple juice.

VEGETABLE COMBINATION SALADS.—Usually these salads are chiefly made from left-over vegetables with the addition of uncooked celery, diced apple, fresh ripe tomatoes, a little raw onion, lettuce, nuts, shredded cabbage, or chopped crisp cucumber. The following will suggest combinations: Cold dandelion greens cut fine with freshly boiled potato, cold asparagus, finely-sliced radishes and lettuce. Cold chopped spinach, a grating of onion, and hard-boiled egg. Cold boiled beet, potato, carrot and scraped onion. Cold string beans, peas, celery and a little green pepper. Lettuce, tomato and cucumber. Apple, celery, nuts and lettuce. Shredded cabbage, shredded green peppers with seeds removed and thinly-sliced radishes. These vegetable salads are mixed with mayonnaise, Thousand Island dressing and French dressing.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Three level tablespoons of butter melted in a porcelain-lined stewpan until it bubbles. Gradually work in one and a half tablespoons of dry flour and let it slowly cook about two minutes, while continually stirring. Remove pan to back of stove. Have ready one cup of boiling hot milk, and very slowly stir it into the butter and flour. Return to fire, stir until the mixture boils, then cover closely and slowly simmer ten minutes. Remove from fire, and beat in the well-beaten yolk of one egg, season with salt and cayenne pepper, and cover again. When partly cool add the juice of one lemon. When cold add the eggwhite beaten very stiff and dry.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING.—One tablespoon each of sour pickle, onion, boiled beet, hard-boiled egg, stuffed olives, parsley, all minced or grated fine. Add two tablespoons of some kind of sharp sauce; chili sauce is the best. Stir together and add to mayonnaise dressing as above described, with one-half teaspoon of salt, and pepper if needed.

FRENCH DRESSING.—In a cup put one-fourth teaspoon of salt, a small pinch of mustard, a little black and cayenne pepper, and one teaspoon of vinegar. Some like the addition of a few drops of onion juice. Beat well and add five teaspoons of salad oil. Beat hard and pour it over the salad before it settles.

MARBLE CUSTARD.—One and one-half cup of milk, and one-half cup each of maple and brown sugar heated in a double boiler until the milk is scalding hot and the sugar is thoroughly melted. Mix to a smooth cream one-fourth cup of sifted flour and one-half cup of cold whole milk, and add to it the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, beating all together with the eggbeater. Into this mixture slowly pour the hot milk and sugar, stirring continually. Return to the double boiler and continue stirring until the custard has thickened and is smooth, then cook five minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Just before serving, beat the egg-white stiff and dry, and fold into the custard. Fill custard cups and sprinkle each with roasted almonds chopped fine.

RHUBARB CUSTARD PATTIES.—Cover an inverted gen-tin with pastry, as shown in illustration. Pick tiny holes for a steam escape and bake in a quick oven. Make the filling by stewing two cups of rhubarb cut into short lengths, one-half cup of sugar mixed with one tablespoon of flour, a small piece of orange rind and one-half cup of seedless raisins together until tender, and then pouring the boiling hot mixture over two well-beaten egg-yolks that have been mixed with one-half cup of sugar. Beat smooth, return to fire and cook three minutes, adding one tablespoon of butter. When both shells and filling are cool, put them together and top with a meringue made by beating very stiff and dry the two egg-whites and gradually adding two tablespoons of granulated or powdered sugar. Spread over the patties and brown in a moderate oven. Care must be taken to stir the rhubarb frequently while cooking, and if slowly brought to a boil it will be unnecessary to add water.

STEWED RHUBARB.—While rhubarb is delicious and refreshing, it contains oxalic acid, which is likely to make trouble for those who have a tendency to gout or gravel. For this reason many prefer to pour boiling water over the cut-up rhubarb, let it stand ten minutes and then drain. It will be found that the water drained from the rhubarb will be highly acid. Add sugar to the rhubarb and stew. Addition of orange marmalade gives a fine flavor.

PUFFS WITH STRAWBERRY FILLING.—Bring to a boil half a cup of water with one-fourth of a cup of butter, and add all at once one scant cup of sifted flour. Stir rapidly until it is smooth and leaves the sides of the stew-pan clean. Remove from the fire and continue stirring until the mixture has partly cooled, then stir in two whole unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Drop by spoonfuls onto a biscuit-tin quite a distance apart. Bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Do not open the oven door during the first twenty minutes. Cut a round from the top of each when cold, fill with mashed and sweetened strawberries stirred up with whipped cream, and then cut the round into several pieces and lay it into the filling. This is a very attractive dessert.

CITRUS MARMALADE.—Cut into very thin slices and remove the seeds from one lemon, one grapefruit and one orange. Carefully measure the fruit, and add twice the amount of cold water, putting the whole into a porcelain-lined preserving kettle and letting it stand over night. In the morning the mixture is boiled until the peels are tender, which will take several hours. Let it again stand over night, then measure an equal amount of sugar. Bring the fruit to a boil, gradually add the sugar, and cook hard until thick enough to fall from a spoon in thick drops. Pour into hot glasses. It is ready for use. If to be kept any length of time, cover with melted paraffin.

ORANGE JELLY.—This is an old-time Jacksonville, Florida, recipe, made from the natural bitter orange, but very nearly the same results are attained by using the early, freshly-picked oranges before the peels have begun to shrink. In this state they contain a large amount of pectin. Use

seven bitter oranges if obtainable (otherwise those as above described), two sweet oranges, and two lemons. Wash the fruit clean with a vegetable brush in cold water. Cover with cold water, bring to a boil, drain, and throw away the water. Slice the fruit into a preserving kettle, add three quarts of cold water, boil hard and keep the fruit stirred and mashed with a wooden pestle. Cook about forty-five minutes, stirring very frequently. Work through a wire sieve. The hard part of peel will not go through and is thrown away. Measure an equal amount of sugar. Boil the strained fruit ten minutes, gradually add the sugar, cook two minutes longer, and pour into glasses.

## Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"I have come to ask a favor," she said huskily. "It is to see—one of your patients."

"Which one?"

There was a moment before she could reply. A great lump seemed to be swelling in her throat, and she was compelled to gulp it down before she could force herself to reply.

"The one—down by the lake," she said hoarsely.

"I am sorry," he said gently, "but I cannot consent to that, my child. The gentleman who placed her here has forbidden that any one shall see her without his permission."

Marian was growing excited. She took a step forward, pleading expressed in tone and voice. She was scarcely conscious of what she was saying:

"But he has not the right to refuse me, nor have you!" she cried out miserably. "You have not the right to prevent a most unhappy child from seeing the face of—her mother!"

Doctor Judson stared.

"Your mother!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean that the woman confined in the cottage down by the lake is your mother?"

"Yes."

"But I tell you it is impossible. You are mistaken!"

"There is no mistake. I have seen her. I know."

"But it can't be!" exclaimed the doctor, his countenance expressive of utter bewilderment. "You are scarcely more than a child, and poor old Mrs. Morris has been under the care of myself and my father for more than thirty years!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE DOCTOR'S THEORY.

Marian stood there silent, bewildered, stunned under the effect of the words that had been spoken by Dr. Judson. Her mentality had received a terrible blow, from which it seemed impossible that she could recover.

Her eyes were fixed on his, the pupils dilating with each second. A curious, greenish color crept into her cheeks, and about her nose, that strange, pinched look grew that precedes death. Doctor Judson watched her for some moments as if fascinated, then fearing for her intellect, he stepped forward and caught her by the arm.

The physical pain which the sharpness of his touch caused seemed to bring back some semblance of life, for she started as if recovering from a dream, and passed her hand across her face in a dazed way. Then she sat down suddenly and again lifted her eyes to his.

He was about to speak, but she put up her hand and stopped him.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, so hoarsely that it sounded like no human voice. "Wait! I—I don't seem to have—heard you—right. What did you call—the woman down by the lake?"

"Mrs. Morris."

"Are you—sure that is her name?"

"Why, certainly. She is the mother of old Ezra Morris, the gambler."

"And she has been here——"

"For thirty years or more."

"It can't be!" cried Marian desperately. "There must be some mistake. In all the world there could not live so vile a scoundrel as that would make of him. Oh, sir, think! Only a few days ago a man came here bringing with him a girl. She was admitted to that house and permitted to see the woman whom you have called Mrs. Morris. Do you remember that?"

"Perfectly. Ezra Morris sent out word early in the morning of the same day that a gentleman would call, bringing a lady to see her. They were friends of his. He notified us that we were to allow them to see his mother without questioning. They were driven to the cottage and admitted by one of the attendants. I think his note is here."

Dr. Judson went to the desk by which Marian sat, and opening a drawer, ran through a pile of letters. He selected one at last, and opening it, spread it before Marian. She had recovered herself in those few moments with wonderful rapidity, and with eager eyes she read breathlessly:

"DEAR DOCTOR JUDSON: A friend of mine, accompanied by a lady, will call on you today to see my mother. Will you kindly have them admitted without questioning, and have the attendant speak as little in their presence as possible. I hope that all is still as well as we can ever hope for."

"Yours, with gratitude for past favors,  
EZRAS MORRIS."

It was not her father's writing. It was not her mother that had been entered there under a false name, to prevent the world from guessing the misfortune that had fallen upon the family. There was no mistake. The poor creature down there in the cottage beside the lake was Ezra Morris' mother—not hers!

And Marian felt too strangely to understand her own sensations. She did not know which was greatest, her horror of the lie that her father had told her, her loathing for this additional sin that he had committed against her, or her relief at discovering that her mother was not that helpless thing that had lost every element of the human in the utter destruction of all intelligence.

She sat there silently, striving to think it all out, but too much confused in thought to be able to do it, weak, trembling, half-exhausted, and Doctor Judson stood watching her.

"Are you convinced?" he asked at last, with a smile.

"I am afraid to allow myself to be," she faltered. "I can scarcely bring myself to think that it can be true. If that woman is not my mother then where is she?"

Doctor Judson did not reply at once. He stood there for another moment, looking down upon her, then he took a chair and drew it in front of her, seating himself quietly where no expression of her face would escape him.

"It would be impossible for me even to hazard an answer to your question without knowing more of the reason for your asking it. I would help you if I could, but I know nothing whatever about you. I am not airing my curiosity, I am asking you no questions, but if there is anything that you care to tell me of the situation, I may be able to at least advance an opinion. Now I am mute through compulsion."

Swiftly some of the incidents of her past life had surged through Marian's brain. She remembered how she had believed her mother dead all those years; she remembered how her father had acted upon the day that she had mentioned her mother's misfortune to him; she recalled how he had refused to allow her to see her mother until she had threatened him with the courts; how he had then reluctantly yielded. And then she recalled his ability to rob, his ability to make his own daughter the thing that he had tried to make

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of her, and a shiver passed over her. Where was her mother? Was she living or dead? If dead, why was her grandmother in ignorance of it? If living—where?

She saw that no secrets could be kept now. The disgrace that shadowed her must be made known to all the world, if she would discover the fate of her mother; and realizing that there was no time to be lost, she bent forward eagerly toward the first assistance that was held out to her.

"I don't know how to tell you," she exclaimed, striving to speak calmly under her excitement. "It is all so strange, so unreal. My father told me that it was mother who occupied that house; that she had been there for sixteen years,

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Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonsfuls of Mulsified will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

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## The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

### Our Internal Complexions

HERE is no girl or woman who does not long for a beautiful complexion. I believe this one desire has more devotees than even the desire for a lovely figure. And we all know what women think about lovely figures!

Yet few of us are very intelligent in the methods we pursue to obtain what we desire. Most women seem to think that complexions can be bought in jars—at least that the remedies for a poor complexion are those to be applied externally. Nothing is farther from the truth. Good cold creams, pure powders, even a little rouge where one is naturally pale, are valuable adjuncts of the dressing-table and help to preserve a good complexion and aid a poor one, but they cannot overcome serious defects of complexion.

"And why?" ask the Bettys, and the Pattys, and the Elizabeths, and the Mabels. Well, my listening audience, just because the complexion is the outer advertisement of the condition of our interiors. And if we want a good complexion it is absolutely imperative that we should begin our campaign where complexions begin—inside our bodies. If our blood is poor and thin, we will never have a lovely bit of red in our cheeks—

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Mrs. A. B. C.—Is that the name you wanted me to use? To get rid of pimples you have to regulate the diet and the bowel action. No application from outside will cure them. Read what I say this month about "internal complexions"—there is where you have to begin at the stomach.

DOTTY DIMPLES.—Just one sickness after another, wasn't it? No wonder your hair fell out. You were right to bob it. If it grows thick on top but not on sides and back, massage the scalp nightly. Of course, first look after your general health, appetite, bowels, lots of water, plenty of exercise and fresh air. Your circulation has to be in good working order to make the various parts of the body healthy—including the hair. To massage the scalp, slip the flat of the fingers of one hand next the scalp on one side of the head, and those of the other hand on the other side of the head, and pressing firmly against the scalp move it back and forward on the skull, then round and round. Move the fingers from one spot to another, giving each a thorough massage. This will bring the blood to the scalp and help to nourish the little hair roots. "Mange Cure" is supposed to be good for growth of the hair. It is rubbed into the scalp thoroughly, and left on for an hour or two. Then you will need a very thorough shampoo, and be sure that you keep away from the public while you have the mange cure on, for it smells to high heaven and does not tend to make you beloved! Eat plenty of nourishing foods, my dear, and get lots of sleep—these are two of the essentials in giving your strength enough to nourish your hair properly.

A NINETY-SIX GIRL.—I certainly do think you underweight, my dear—one hundred and six pounds for five feet, six inches. You should weigh, at your age, at least one hundred and twenty-five so get to work to remedy the lack. Eating properly, regularly, sleeping all you can, drinking lots of water, exercising and breathing in good fresh air, all help. See what I say this month to "Jewel" and follow the directions. Don't eat between your complexion will at once be noticeable.

Foods that aid elimination are figs, prunes, apples, oranges, spinach, lettuce, bran bread and bran biscuits. Foods that, eaten to excess, are apt to cause constipation are starchy foods, such as potatoes, white bread, hot biscuits, griddle cakes, too much pastry. The woman who wants a good complexion should eat plenty of fruit, because of its eliminative effect and because it supplies certain mineral salts which the body needs. Prunes in the morning, an apple at noon, an orange at night, is a very good schedule to follow, but any and all fruits except bananas are excellent foods to put on the diet list. Melons are fine, also the berries in their season. Figs and prunes are more effective than most other fruits, so should be eaten as generously as possible. I am always recommending a dish of prunes for breakfast, soaked over night after being washed, then cooked in the water in which they have soaked, very gently until soft. It is better than a gallon of medicine.

Eight to ten glasses of water should be taken in the course of the day, but do not take too much liquid at one time. A glass of water is as much as you should have at one session, unless you sip it slowly.

For exercise, choose abdominal and waist exercises, that the stomach and intestines may be stimulated to action. A good exercise for a "sluggish liver" is a waist-twisting exercise. Standing with heels together, hands on hips, fingers forward and thumbs back, chin up, spine straight, turn the upper half of the body as far to the left as it will go, then as far to the right. Let the head go with the upper half of the body, without altering its relative position, just as if it were of one piece with the torso and was moved with it. Practice this exercise fifteen or twenty times, twice a day. Then practice it with the arms outspread in a curve. The object is to twist the waist as far around as possible.

Body-bathing daily is of course another essential of a good complexion, because unless the skin is kept perfectly clean the pores cannot operate to throw off impurities. Even though there is no question of the body being soiled, it nevertheless throws off daily tiny particles of scarf skin which unless removed will clog the pores as effectually as dirt. Where one has no bathtub in the house, and a bath is therefore more trouble to prepare, one can keep one's entire body perfectly clean with nothing more than a pitcher of warm or hot water, and good Turkish wash-cloth. Standing on a folded towel, one can give the body a good cleansing rub and rinse. This is the first requisite of not only a good complexion but of good health, and nothing gives one such a sense of well-being as the feeling of perfect cleanliness.

Exercise, fresh air, lots of bathing, attention to foods—and there is no reason in the world why any of us may not have a perfectly good complexion, even a lovely one.

### Answers to Questions

JEWEL.—Read what I say this month about health and beauty, and follow those suggestions. All of this is of use, in either gaining flesh if one is too thin, or losing flesh if one is too heavy. In other words, it starts the digestive and eliminative organs working properly and they prevent too much fat forming while at the same time getting every ounce of nourishment out of the food eaten. I imagine what you need to do is to be very careful indeed about your food. Proper food will do much to restore health, and it will certainly make flesh. The first thing is to cut out foods which are not good for you. This would mean, for you, pies, cake, fried foods of all kinds, which include fried potatoes, fried meat, doughnuts, griddle-cakes, etc. And it would mean cutting out hot breads, since hot breads are difficult of digestion; which is also true of pork and veal. You can, of course, gain quickly and substantially by taking the milk diet, and going without solid food; but if you wish to gain on ordinary foods you must eat plenty of fruits and green vegetables in

order to keep the eliminative functions in order, then must choose your other foods for their fat-building qualities. Potatoes are great fat-builders, as is rice, white bread, butter, milk, cream, cereals. But none of these will do you any good if your digestive organs do not assimilate them, or if the eliminative functions are not active. Exercise daily, morning and evening, in your room, and get as much outdoor exercise as you can, but not to the point of fatigue. Eat three times a day heartily, chewing your food thoroughly, and without drinking while eating. Most people who drink while eating use the liquid to wash down their food, thus saving themselves the trouble of chewing properly. But the saliva is needed for digestive purposes and it makes no difference how softened the food is with liquid when it is swallowed, if that liquid is not the one placed in our bodies for digestive purposes. Starches, such as potatoes and white bread are almost entirely digested in the mouth that is with the mouth secretions, and if they are swallowed without being properly chewed they do not digest as they should. Just remember that. In fried foods, the coating of fat which covers the food makes it very hard for the stomach juices to get at the food to digest it; therefore it overworks the stomach, which in time fails in its function. Do not eat many different foods at one meal. A breakfast consisting of fruit, a great bowl of well-cooked cereal with plenty of cream or milk, and a soft-boiled egg, is a healthful one and will make you gain. If for dinner you eat a moderate helping of broiled or roasted meat, not too well done, with a little of the fat, some potato and another vegetable such as string beans, spinach, carrots, white bread and butter, and a simple dessert—such as fruit, blanc mange, custard, rice pudding, floating island—you will have another good meal. Bread and milk, and plenty of it, would be perfectly all right for lunch, with an apple to follow; or a dish of hot rice with milk and sugar—cream, when you can—with hot buttered toast. With this you could take a glass of milk, sipping it, and never drinking it when food was in the mouth, or a cup of hot cocoa, taken in the same way. Cut out coffee and tea altogether for awhile, if you want to gain in health and weight. Pork and veal are hard to digest, taking much more time than beef, lamb and mutton, or fowl; so choose your food accordingly. Bacon is perfectly all right for you to take, and broiled bacon with a poached egg—soft—or a soft-boiled egg, one or two, would be a good meal with a baked potato and bread and butter. Good luck to you!

Mrs. A. B. C.—Is that the name you wanted me to use? To get rid of pimples you have to regulate the diet and the bowel action. No application from outside will cure them. Read what I say this month about "internal complexions"—there is where you have to begin at the stomach.

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D.—If you have dandruff, you need more frequent shampooing, I am inclined to think. With short hair this should be easy. Shampoo once in two weeks, and rinse thoroughly. Give the scalp massage nightly, as per directions in this issue to "Dotty Dimples." Your hair doesn't need to curl to be quite the fashion. Many of the girls who bob their hair wear it perfectly straight, parted on one side, and brushed over to the other side. Sometimes they catch a portion of this combed-over hair in one thick strand, with a flat large hair-clasp, of gold or tortoiseshell, etc., but often the hair hangs perfectly straight all about the head, with this one side part. You say you are an "ugly girl." Oh, I wonder, my dear! I don't really believe it. What may be the case, however, is that you do not make the most of yourself. See that your hair is always well shampooed, and that it is brushed daily with many strokes of the brush, until it is live and glossy;

and see that you take a complete body bath every day, and give yourself a good toweling afterward so that the skin glows with health; brush your teeth in the morning with a good tooth paste, then after each meal, and before you go to bed. You will soon have pretty teeth, and nothing adds so much to one's good looks. See that your finger-nails are well taken care of and always perfectly clean and well-shaped. And be trim about your clothes, stockings put on smoothly, shoes kept in good condition, everything fresh and clean. About the freckles, I wouldn't worry about them, just now. Freckles aren't really unattractive, unless they come in a tremendous crop! Just put your time on getting your complexion beautiful and clear, your teeth white and shining, your eyes clear, your hair smooth and glossy and clean as can be, and your clothes well put on and well taken care of. Read all I say each month about proper eating, about bathing, about exercise, about keeping the bowels in good condition without cathartics. The first thing is the hair, my dear, so get to work. I expect to hear before long that you haven't any more dandruff. Before your first shampoo, I should oil my scalp by running a medicine dropper first down one part and then another, then tie my head up in a towel until morning, then give the hair a thorough shampoo, following the directions given so many times in these columns. The oil will loosen the dandruff and make it easy to remove. Do not comb the scalp, when you are dressing the hair, but only the hair; you can scratch the scalp with a comb so that you will produce dandruff.

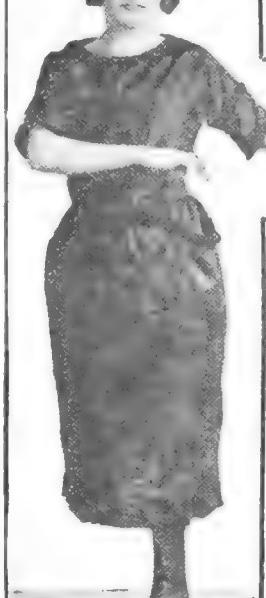
JESSIE.—A brunette does not use as light colored a powder as a blonde. She should choose a flesh tint or a pink. A flesh tint has a little more color to it than white, while the pink powder when applied to the face seems just a flesh color. Don't use much powder in any case. If you are a young girl, I shouldn't use more than the merest dust of it—just so that my nose doesn't look greasy.

MABELLE.—I quite understand the state of mind that makes one feel almost "wild" at times when there are a number of clamoring children around. You do not weigh nearly enough for your height, and need building up. You ought to weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. You are probably not getting all the nourishment out of the food you eat, because of your nervous condition. It is also imperative that you learn to control the bowels without cathartics. Food will do this, even though you are unable to obtain fresh fruits, as you say. You can obtain prunes, and there is nothing better. Keep cooked prunes on hand all the time, and eat a dish for breakfast every morning. Do not add sugar to them in cooking, but after washing well, soak in plenty of water overnight, then cook slowly until perfectly soft. These as a daily food will be just as beneficial for the children as for you. But you should not omit them from your diet one day. Canned fruits—but not rich preserves—are better than none, if you cannot obtain fresh fruits. You may not be able to get green vegetables at all times, but you can bake bran bread, bran muffins, bran biscuits, and eat those occasionally. It may be that you should eat them altogether instead of any white bread. White bread is about as constipating as any food you could choose. So make up your mind, every day, to have bran bread or muffins and prunes. Take plenty of liquid. As you go about your work, stop to drink a glass or half a glass of water, at short intervals. See that you get eight or ten glasses every day. Taking laxatives only aggravates your troubles, for you "wear them out" and have to keep taking stronger and stronger laxatives as time goes on. Drop them for the time being, and try the prune and bran bread regime. If you must, for a short time, resort to other aids, take an enema instead of a cathartic. Though the enema habit is said, by physicians, to be as bad as the cathartic habit. Of course exercise would help—like lying on the back and raising the right leg at right angles with the body without bending the knee; then slowly letting it sink to the bed again. The more slowly you can do this, the better the results, as it exercises the abdominal muscles, and this is what you need. After practicing with the right leg, the exercise should be repeated many times with the left and finally with both, remembering always not to bend the knee and to let the downward motion be as slow as possible. However, you may be too tired with your daily duties to have the strength to exercise. It might be more to the point if you could take the time an exercise would take and spend it just lying still in your own room with the door shut and getting hold of your nerves. For getting flesh, read what I say to "Dotty Dimples" and "Jewel." These foods provide all the "fuel" anybody needs. In fact they are fuel foods. Fried foods use up your energy, as do pork and veal and dried meats. Bacon, eggs, milk, cream, sugar, butter, white bread (except for its constipating tendencies), cereal, custards, rice, are all the sort of foods that will give you "energy" as well as fat. You couldn't do better than eat the breakfast I have recommended to "Dotty Dimples," nor better than to eat that kind of dinner or supper. Remember you get no "energy" or "fuel" from food which you do not properly digest. More is obtained from the smallest amount of food properly digested. But, in any case, the regime I have laid down for you is full of "fuel" qualities and is sufficient nourishment for any amount of work you have to do. Your big job is to get over your constipation. Start right in drinking lots of water, eating apples if you have them on hand, one following breakfast or preceding it, and one at night before going to bed. Have your big dish of properly cooked prunes in the morning, followed by your cereal and cream or cereal and milk—letting it be thoroughly cooed—and adding a soft-boiled egg if you want it. Omit bread from your breakfast. Remember about chewing your food until each mouthful is liquid before swallowing it. You can see for yourself how the process of digestion must be simplified by this precaution, and it is your job to make things as easy for your stomach and bowels as possible. You have been taking cathartics for so long that just at first your bowels will probably refuse to act but, if so, take an enema to start them, and persist in the prunes, the water, the bran bread or biscuit, and it won't be any time until they behave as they should. Form regular habits. Attend to this at regular hours daily—at least twice a day. And keep on trying to form such habits, no matter if it seems at first entirely impossible.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



FIGS HELP THE ELIMINATIVE ORGANS OF THE BODY.



LOWER HALF OF BODY TURNED IN ONE DIRECTION; UPPER HALF IN ANOTHER.



## You Needn't Have Gray Hair At Any Age

# The Bread of Idleness

By Maud Mary Brown

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**S**

IDNEY!" Mrs. Blair's voice was sharply impatient. "Aren't you dressed yet?"

Sidney closed her book and looked up at her mother from the depths of an easy chair.

"I'm not going to that stodgy reception, mother. Monty has to drive into the country this afternoon and has asked me to go along."

"Monty! Don't tell me that you are mad enough to go off with that cheap soda fountain clerk when Oakhedge's favorite sons are gathering in the library."

"Oakhedge's old-home week is nothing in my young life," Sidney retorted flippantly. "I saw a few of those favorite sons leave the train last night. They're no favorites of mine, mother. Frankly, I prefer Monty. He belongs to my generation, at least."

Mrs. Blair was on the verge of despairing tears. "You are like your father in never seeing an opportunity," she accused.

Sidney's tawny eyes softened. "I wish I were more like him," she said simply.

"Sidney, you may as well be told that we are nearly down to our last dollar. I have done the best I could. I moved out to this dull town because we could live cheaply here. I have made our clothes. I have economized desperately—under cover. At that, we're pretty nearly done."

Sidney straightened, startled. She was very lovely with her tawny eyes quickened out of their habitual drowsiness and her tawny hair framing her oval face whose purity of coloring was intensified by the scarlet of her beautifully-modeled lips.

"Well," she demanded sharply, "what do you want me to do, mother?"

"I want you to make an advantageous marriage," was the candid reply.

"I think Monty is getting ready to propose," mused Sidney.

"Don't be a little fool, Sidney. There are several rich and distinguished men in town this week. Saxon Deane, the lawyer, is here, as well as John Randolph, the sculptor. I want you to stop playing around with Monty Brown and attend the old-home week ceremonies."

"And try to land a husband? It's revolting, mother."

"Fastidiousness is very well, within limits, my dear, but your face happens to be all the capital we have left. I haven't relished speaking so plainly, but I want you to realize that the situation is grave."

She left Sidney and went up to her room to make herself look as prosperous as possible before presenting herself before Oakhedge's guests. She was on the reception committee, and she meant to make the most of that. If only Sidney would play up! But Sidney's reactions were as unpredictable as her father's had been.

Left alone, Sidney sank back in her chair, her brows drawn together in unpleasant reflection. This was the first intimation she had had that their circumstances were desperate. Well, she could work. She stretched her shapely limbs and admitted that she was deceiving herself. She hated the thought of work.

And her mother was right—Monty was out of the question. Her shrewd business sense acknowledged that.

She sat up finally, and threw her book aside. "I suppose I do owe mother something," she said. "But trying to trap a man is so humiliating. Daddy, if you couldn't leave us money, why couldn't you have left us some of your staunch courage?"

She rose and went slowly up to her mother's room. "What shall I wear?" she asked simply.

Mrs. Blair wheeled and they exchanged significant glances.

"Your brown Swiss with the yellow sash and your brown suede pumps will do nicely," she said. "Precisely what I thought. Mother, we are really very much alike."

"We understand each other, I think Sidney," she said.

"Perfectly. We are mild adventuresses, aren't we, mother? Only, we're strictly moral. We demand the wedding ring with a man's money, don't we? Well, I'm off to don war paint and beads! Bye, mother. See you later."

Mrs. Blair easily brought about the meeting of Saxon Deane and Sidney that afternoon and as easily found an excuse for leaving them alone.

"This must bore you frightfully," Deane said, his interested eyes on Sidney's face.

"Oh, no, indeed!" prevaricated Sidney. "We haven't lived here very long, but we love Oakhedge and we are proud of you today as is the oldest inhabitant who used to spank you when you stole her cherries."

"See here, Miss Blair," laughed Deane, "have you been getting acquainted with village legends?"

She shook her tawny head. "I know human nature," she said, "and you have an acquisitive eye."

"I suppose I ought to be grateful for having been called a thief so pleasantly," he grinned as they sauntered out into the spring air.

"Your mother asked me to call," he said shyly as he saw Mrs. Blair majestically approaching.

Sidney flashed him a warm glance. "Do come," she urged.

He shook hands with both women and watched them as they disappeared down the street.

"Jove!" He shook his shoulders as though ridging himself of a burden. "I feel younger than I have in years. I like those women and the girl's a beauty. Hello, Ranny!" He wheeled to greet John Randolph.

"Old man, isn't Oakhedge top hole? I expected to find it shabby and boresome."

"It is. Why do they drag us back, Saxon? What's that? You like it? Then you've seen a woman, man. That's the signs."

Deane had planned to hurry back to Harchester after doing duty as chief speechmaker, but he found himself inventing plausible excuses to remain over the week-end.

On Sunday evening he was invited to the Blairs for supper and when Sidney, flushed and triumphant, came out to the piazza to announce it, he was enchanted afresh with her beauty.

"I cooked everything that you're about to devour," she informed him, "and you are expected to put personal prejudices aside and eat it expertly."

He followed the women into the dining-room and as he glanced at the daintily-set table, gleaming with silver and crystal and its garnished dishes of food, his eyes brightened.

"Oh, you country girls!" he exclaimed. "They don't breed home makers in the city."

After supper Deane invited them both to go for a drive in the best car which the town afforded, but Mrs. Blair pleaded fatigue and Sidney and he started out alone, he at the wheel.

They wandered over the peaceful, half-forgotten roads of Deane's boyhood. They were for the most part silent, but finally Deane roused himself and placed a long-fingered hand over hers.

"You will think I'm mad, Sidney, for being sure so soon, but you are the girl I've waited for. Have I a chance? Or am I too old?"

"Old?" Her laugh was tremulous. "I don't believe you're thirty-five."

"Thirty-four, though, dear."

"Do you call that old—dear?"

He headed the car up a lane. "Just wait a minute," he said, "and I'll dare you to call me old again."

It was late when they reached the Blairs to see, but Sidney found her mother waiting in her room for news.

"Well, mother, you can't say I'm not a fast worker. I've landed him."

"Don't be vulgar, Sidney. And kindly stop intimating that there was a conspiracy between us. I am sure that nothing was farther from my mind."

Sidney laughed shrilly. "So that's your system, mother! Well, I can't deceive myself quite so easily. I wish I could. It might be easier. Saxon Deane is sincere and I hate cheating him. He thinks I'm a simple country girl who should expect me to keep it up?"

"If you can't manage him," replied Mrs. Blair calmly, "you're no daughter of mine. I'm tired now, Sidney, and relieved enough to sleep well. Good night."

Deane spent as much time in Oakhedge that summer as his law practice would permit. He drove his car up and taught Sidney to drive it, leaving it there for her use. On each of his visits, Mrs. Blair talked to him confidentially about her daughter. She was not over-strong and she was highly-organized. She was so glad that her child was falling into his strong, protective hands.

His chief object in life, he readily promised, should be to safeguard Sidney from every shock and to make her the happiest, as she would be the loveliest, woman in Harchester.

He found himself advising Mrs. Blair not to spend any time on Sidney's trousseau. He planned to take her to Paris on their honeymoon and she could get all that she required then.

"But the expense, dear boy!" remonstrated Mrs. Blair.

"Mother Blair, I'm rather a rich man. Shall I tell you about my finances? You have a right to know."

A little later Mrs. Blair sought Sidney. "My dear," she said in restrained exultation, "Saxon Deane is richer than I dreamed."

"It's nice to know that I haven't become a rotter for nothing, mother," Sidney replied coolly.

"My dear!" Tears of vexation and offended pride filled Mrs. Blair's eyes. "I don't understand you at all."

They were married in early autumn and sailed on an ocean liner at once. Sidney spent a delicious season, spending money freely for the first time in her cramped life, while Deane looked on, tolerantly amused at the greedy dissipations of a lovely child.

Returning in December, they found Mrs. Blair waiting for them in New York. Deane had sounded Sidney on her preference, a house or an apartment de luxe in Harchester, but he had succeeded in getting no definite response. Now Mrs. Blair took a hand.

"Aren't there any good hotels in Harchester?" she asked casually.

"Why, of course. There's nothing better than the Ardmore outside of New York."

"Then why not take a suite there for the winter?"

"I'm tired of hotel life, Mother Blair."

"Of course, dear boy. But Sidney is so young to assume so many responsibilities all at once. Wouldn't it be wise to give her time to get accustomed to her new environment before burdening her with housekeeping?"

Deane had been an eligible bachelor too long to have his bride regarded with indifference and as soon as they were established in their luxurious suite at the Ardmore—chosen by Mrs. Blair—Harchester began to call and Sidney found herself the intoxicating center of local interest.

For the first time in her twenty-one years she was thrown upon her own social resources. She could spend money without a qualm and select her friends without thought of policy. Her choice, Deane soon observed, was not his own, but he set that down to her youth.

He accompanied her to the Carrs to dinner one night, hopeful that she and Edith Carr would be companionable. Sidney was exquisite but disappointingly silent and before the evening was over, sulky lines had settled about her mouth.

"That's over," she observed when they were in their car. "Hereafter let me manage the invitations. Saxon. We missed an evening of bridge with the Baxters for that."

"I hoped you would like the Carrs," he said simply.

"Professor Carr makes me nervous. He asked me my opinion of Lord Dunsany's latest play and wanted to know if I detected a touch of Barrie in it."

She laughed on a nervous key. "I told him I preferred jazz in music and literature," she added defiantly.

He turned to her, a rebuke on his lips, but at that moment they passed under an arc light and his sternness melted into an uprush of adoration at her beauty.

"It's early," she said. "Let's get the Baxters up for a rubber to take the taste of the Carrs from our lips."

"I have a brief to go over before I sleep," he said stiffly, his moment of rapture past.

"That's all right," she returned cheerfully. "Colonel Mantle is always ready to fill in. You can read in the bedroom, Saxon."

At one o'clock she went into the bedroom, her eyes shining with excitement.

"See, Saxon!" She tossed a roll of bank-notes on his bed. "Little I won all that."

He frowned at the greenbacks. "I don't like you to play for money, Sidney."

"Don't be prehistoric, old dear! Merciful heaven, but I'm tired! Didn't waken me in the morning, Saxon, there's a lamb."

During the winter Deane frequently spoke of taking a house, but Sidney, already the center of the gayest set in Harchester, pouted charmingly at the suggestions and stopped them with caresses. Finally, however, he became so insistent that Sidney sent for her mother.

Mrs. Deane wasted no time in getting to Harchester and a natural gift for strategy warned her that it would be better to approach the subject herself.

"You must have a home, dear boy."

His eyes brightened. "If only we might. Mother Blair!"

"But you must be patient with your young wife."

"That isn't nearly enough. I have rebelled, Sidney, a just being merely a banker for a silly wife. You are going out to Four Winds with me and take care of my house and be my woman. Get that, Sidney?"

"If you think," she began scornfully, "that I am the sort of woman to be tamed with cave-man methods, you are mistaken."

"Well," he returned cheerfully, "it does no harm to try."

She buried her face in her handkerchief and fired the final shot of the defeated woman. "Then you don't love me any more, Saxon?"

"I don't think I do," he said pleasantly.

He drew a memorandum book from the pocket of his dinner coat. "The first year of our marriage you cost me slightly over eighteen thousand dollars. So far in this third year you have spent thirty-one thousand. The price of wives, it would seem, is rising. Now, I pause to ask, what have I had in return?"

"You have the most popular and best dressed woman in Harchester for your wife."

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In a storm of sobs she retreated to her room.

Once in bed, she whimpered softly but her shrewd brain had never worked harder. Public opinion, she decided, must, at all hazards, be considered. Even Four Winds till she could work out a plan, was preferable to open scandal. But once there, she would make her husband so uncomfortable that he would be glad to ship her back to town and her friends. She might have to play a waiting game, but its result was certain. Toward dawn she slept.

It was on a mild, sunny day that Deane chose to ride up the hill. Deane had a fire in the living-room and Deane had to fight the enchantment of the miracle of the budding season.

When their car had labored up the hill, Deane ushered Sidney into the house with a grave courtesy.

"It's furnished uncommonly well," he said, "and I'm sure you will like it."

"I'm sure I shall hate it," Sidney retorted evenly.

"This is living-room and library and dining-room combined," he explained on the threshold of a huge room.

Sidney glanced curiously at the mammoth fireplace, the books and easy chairs, with lights cunningly placed for comfort in reading. A low rug of dull green held a mass of daffodils and she wondered idly who had placed it on the table.

"We make our own electric current," her husband was explaining.

"Indeed!"

"Would you care to see the kitchen now? No?

Well, take your time. Above are two rooms connected by bath. We will use only this wing at present. Like it?"

"No."

They both showed the strain of the life they were living. Deep lines etched their way into Deane's cheeks and Sidney was forced to rely upon cosmetics to cover the ravages of excitement and loss of sleep.

One evening after nearly three years at the Ardmore, Deane and his wife made perfunctory conversation at dinner so long as the serving man remained.

When he had left, Sidney began in an aggrieved voice. "I knew you would return from John Randolph's funeral bringing its atmosphere with you. I wish we had dined down stairs. It's stupid eating up here, anyway."

"It is the one semblance we have of a home, Sidney."

"A home! Are you wishing for that again?"

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

would peek out through the lace curtains and see who it was and then not go to the door. The parson's salary was so small that the wife's brother had to clothe the family and help them in other ways. Some of the church people were wealthy but the church was too poor to hire a sexton and the parson had to do the sexton's work and then people called him crazy. I can tell you some more if you want, worse yet, but, nevertheless, gospel truth.

Don't be too hard on Mother of Seven. There are such mothers as she had. I know for I had one. You who have a good mother have a treasure that is priceless. I never knew what a mother's love was although the woman who gave me birth lived until I was fourteen years old. When I have seen good mothers and their children together I have often said, "Why could not my mother have been like that?"

Irish, I don't believe you are spoiling your boy. I think when he gets older and understands such things better he will outgrow his fear of the dark. If you punish him you may make a wreck of his nervous system. Do not mind what the neighbors think. You cannot suit them all anyway.

Sometime ago someone asked what the sisters thought about women wearing overalls while at work on the farm, referring to a certain Bible passage. Even from Christ's teachings we learn that circumstances alter cases. I see no harm in wearing them when work can be done safer and easier but I don't believe in a girl wearing boys' or men's clothes in public places as many do nowadays. However, I think bloomers are better and they are a woman's garment anyway, so if your conscience troubles you when you wear overalls, try the bloomers.

I wish the Stuffing Blue Chums would tell us where they got that name and what it means. We have a mountain in this state called Ginger Blue and I wondered if they lived in a place known as Stuffing Blue. Anyway, the toys they made are cute and I would like the fat, woolly lamb.

I planned to write something last summer and tell of some things I made for Christmas but time flew along and it was too late but I'll try to do better next later on, after I see what luck I have with this.

I don't think there is much new telling anyone how to keep her house. I say keep it as you like and can be happiest and never think what someone else thinks. They know better than to say much to me for they know I will tell them to go to work and do it for me if they don't like my methods.

VERMONT

Vermonter,—and Others.—Don't wait until December to write about Christmas gifts for your letter could not be printed before February or March, and that's rather late. Next time, don't put it off for such letters are a great help to the majority of us.—Ed.

PITTSFIELD, 427 North Monroe St., Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading my third copy of COMFORT. No, I live in good old Illinois. The fact is I just never happened to get hold of a copy of COMFORT before. Our reading table is covered with weekly and monthly magazines on the most scientific subjects as friend Husband likes that kind of reading and I have been too busy with my home affairs and little girls to devote much time to magazine reading but one day a small girl stopped at my door and wanted my subscription for COMFORT and now that day goes down as a Perfect Day. I thoroughly enjoy all departments but the Sisters' Corner interests me the most. After reading letters from all parts of the globe, I wondered if I were the only reader interested in astrology or the influence of the planets on the human family. I have been a student in that science for years and find it invaluable in determining the character and temperament of newcomers into the home or neighborhood, by just finding out their birthday you can tell whether they will be congenial or whether you will care to become intimate with them. The knowledge helps you to keep from "rubbing people the wrong way" and hence preserves harmony. I find the study of great help in bringing up my girls. I understand them better and can be of more help to them. Many mothers have come to me in despair because they were at their "wit's end" how to manage their children. I do not mean to boast as these mothers were scoffers at first but came as a last resort and found out that they did not understand their children at all. This is not fortune telling or a new religion, but a science as old as time. The wise men of ancient times made all their deductions by means of the stars. I would be glad to correspond with any who are interested in this subject and I believe it is the custom to enclose stamp.

It seems proper to introduce myself. I am the wife of a photographer and we live in an inland city in Illinois. We have two little girls, a freshman, age 14, and one 12, and we are "pals." We are all lovers of the great out of doors and spend every available hour in the car or tent beside a stream or river absorbing all that Mother Nature has to spare when the weather permits. Hoping I have not bored you with this lecture.

Most sincerely, MRS. EVA SHINN.

WHETSTONE, Ky.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

COMFORT has been a regular visitor to our home for several years and a most welcome one indeed. The small children and the older ones love it and I feel just all right when I have it to read. My husband doesn't read very much but he likes the editorials and I read them to him if he is too tired to feel inclined to read.

I enjoy reading such letters as Dr. Dofolar's. Why can't we have more like them?

Mrs. Gardner, I do not believe in Sunday baseball games but as you said about your place, it was quite the rage in our vicinity last summer. My little boy, ten years old, has watched them play on Saturdays and he seemed to think he must attend the games on Sunday too, but I told him the Sabbath was God's day and he was easily persuaded to give up the idea of going

## The April Wedding

By Andre Dupont

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**M**ASCULINE and feminine tastes differ greatly in regard to weddings. The average man agrees in his heart with that old English author who summed up the subject pithily when he wrote,

"Wedding is destiny and hanging likewise" so the bridegroom wants the ordeal quickly over, but the bride thoroughly enjoys being the center of attraction, and the more elaborate the wedding the better she likes it.

If one reads the signs of the times aright a reaction is beginning to set in against the over-elaborate wedding with its many bridesmaids and ushers, its pages and its flower girls in fancy costume and its throng of curious guests. Many of the most fashionable weddings of the past year have taken place in the home where the solemn ceremony was performed with but a small audience of intimate friends and relatives and all the "circus features", as one old lady of my acquaintance will insist on calling the pageantry of a fashionable wedding, were omitted. But this simplicity does not appeal to all young women for many look back all their lives with great pleasure and pride in the brilliancy of their church wedding and crowded reception.

With the bride and her family rests the decision as to whether the wedding shall be simple or elaborate. Next comes the choice of bridesmaids and ushers, the color scheme of the occasion, the list of guests, etc. Invitations should always be sent out not later than two weeks, or earlier than a month, before the date set for the ceremony. To be correct they must be engraved on heavy unglazed paper, folded once in the center to fit in its envelope. On this envelope only the name of the person for whom it is intended is written. This is left unsealed and put into a second envelope which is sealed, properly directed and sent through the mail or by messenger. One of the newest forms of invitations uses but one envelope but this innovation is but slowly making its way.

The woman who does the correct thing never economizes on invitations. To group the names of parents and one or more unmarried daughters on the same envelope, or to address an invitation to "Mr. and Mrs. West and family" is considered to be in very questionable taste.

Husband and wife need but one invitation which can be addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. West." If there are two or more unmarried daughters they can be grouped together and the envelope addressed to "The Misses West;" if there is more than one son old enough to be invited, they also need have but one invitation and the envelope can be addressed to "The Messrs. West."

Most of the burdens of a fashionable wedding rest upon the family of the bride. The prospective groom has very little to worry about after he has asked his ushers and best man. The only expenses that he should assume in connection with the ceremony are the check he sends to the officiating clergyman, another to the organist and a substantial tip to the sexton for opening the church. He sends the bride her bouquet and pays for the flowers carried by the bridesmaids and often gives souvenirs to his ushers in the shape of cuff-links or scarf-pins.

The bride's family pay for the floral decorations used in the church and if special soloists are engaged or an elaborate musical program given they should also pay for that. It is unnecessary to add that they also pay for the wedding invitations and announcement cards, the wedding breakfast, the motor cars used by the bridal party and the souvenirs given by the bride to her bridesmaids.

A few years ago at the conventional wedding breakfast all the guests were seated at small tables with a larger one for the bridal party, but this made a great deal of trouble and was impossible except in very large rooms so that now in the majority of cases the refreshments are served from a buffet, with perhaps a single table where sit the bridal party, the minister and the bride and groom's parents. To the other guests the refreshments are passed by waiters assisted by some of the men guests. Aside from the presence of the bride and groom, a wedding reception is very like an afternoon reception except

We have Sunday School near our home during the spring, summer and fall months but the winter is usually too cold.

If the sisters who have nervous trouble like to ride horseback I think they will find this a great help, or at least, I did. I have had a nervous trouble for several years but ride a good deal during the summer and I feel almost cured of nervousness, but when winter comes and the roads are bad and the weather cold, I don't ride very much and I am troubled with nervousness again.

If I could write as interesting a letter as some of the sisters I know Mrs. Wilkinson would not throw it in the waste-basket, but she seems like such a lovable, motherly soul—I always think of my own dear mother now goes to live with God, when I think of her—I know she will read it with a kindly smile and do with it whatever she thinks is best.

Mothers who have several children in school know what a lot of work it takes to keep them there. I know I overdo almost every day as I am not very strong and it takes a lot of work to keep six children in school. Our school closes in a few days but they will only rest one week then take up their studies again as I always teach them through the winter months. I don't think we should let them lay their books aside when school is over as it is a help to them to study during the winter.

Sincest wishes for all. MRS. J. S. GUINN.

Mrs. Guinn.—Thank you for saying such delightful things about me. You couldn't have paid me a greater compliment than saying I reminded you of your own mother. I wish you would get into the habit of going out in the winter as well as in the summer and believe you would be less nervous if you would. Dress warmly and go out for a walk, regardless of cold weather, and take the children with you.—Ed.

DUNDEE, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please admit a mother from the Far West. I live near Portland, Oregon, the city of roses. However, I am a devoted reader of dear old COMFORT.

In the August number I read a letter written by a young man of Texas, who signed his name "Home Lover." His letter was in reply to "B" of Goshen, Calif., and as I read and re-read it I said to myself, if America could just have one hundred thousand homes such as I imagine he has, what a change would come over our dear country. I am sure that "Home Lover" has the right kind of a home, and a mother that has influenced him for high ideals and when the time comes for him to choose a wife and the mother of his children, it will be some good girl who has been raised by a sensible mother. Then her children can rise up and call her blessed. He too will praise her.

"Home Lover" has repeated what one great man has said, "Without home and home training our very institutions would crumble and soon decay." And as the days go by and the number of business women and motor cars increase, the number of real homes decrease. I can see from my own windows the signs of decreasing pleasures of the home and fire-side. As I sit in my pleasant country home with electric lights, telephone, warm fires, good books, magazines, the daily paper to read, and last but no means least, my family around the library table, contented and happy, my neighbors are staring out with their ears, going, going, any place to get away from home. Even the small children are not contented to stay at home, but begin by saying, "Where are we going tonight?" or, "Mamma let's ask daddy to take us to the show."

So I believe the very heart of the home is being torn

that there are always more men present than any hostess can succeed in capturing for the ordinary daylight "At Home."

As soon as the bridal party returns from the church, or if the ceremony is performed in the home as soon as the religious service is over, the newly-made husband and wife should station themselves at one end of the drawing-room, while the bridesmaids and maid of honor, if there is one, should take their stand near the happy couple. The bride's mother, being the hostess of the affair, should stand somewhere near the door to greet the guests as soon as they enter the room. With her may stand the bridegroom's father who should introduce her to all the friends of his family that she does not know, while she performs a like ceremony in regard to her daughter's friends who are unknown to him. Sometimes the bridegroom's mother and the bride's father stand near the bridal party at the other end of the room, while the ushers busy themselves in escorting guests to offer their congratulations to the bride and groom.

If the wedding is to be at all large and there are to be as many as four bridesmaids, it is well to think out a scheme so that there may be harmony in the bridesmaids' frocks and also the decorations of the church and the house. Flower schemes are lovely when they are well carried out. A daffodil wedding with the bridesmaids all dressed in palest yellow is charming, and so is a pink and white wedding with pink and white tulips or sweet peas. A rose wedding with the bridesmaids' frocks shading from a rich American Beauty tint to the palest cloth of gold and each girl carrying a matching bunch of roses, or a sweet peas' wedding where the frocks are made in the different shades of those attractive flowers. The rainbow color scheme for the bridesmaids is not new, but it is always successful. In this case each frock is of the palest shades of the colors of the spectrum so arranged that they shade down to the white dress of the bride.

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Rice is seldom thrown nowadays at the happy pair as they depart on their wedding trip for there have been so many accidents to the eyes of both bride and groom due to a blow from a carelessly aimed particle of the grain. When the newly-married couple retire to change their clothes the ushers, the bridesmaids and a few intimate friends cluster at the foot of the stairs, and confetti or bags of paper rose leaves or trays heaped with the real petals of the fragrant flower are passed to them with which to shower the new-made husband and wife as they descend the stairs and run through the hall to the waiting motor.

As the bride comes down the stairs with her husband she sometimes drops her wedding bouquet towards the bridesmaids and if she is thoughtful she divides it into two or three portions so as to give more than one girl the bit of luck it is said to bring. And the bridegroom has even been known to fling his boutonniere towards one of the ushers who, if he is wedded to his bachelor existence, is sometimes ungallant enough to dodge it, as the superstition is that the person who catches the bridal flowers will wed within the year.

When a widow or divorcee marries again the invitations are very much the same as those sent out for the first ceremony except that her married name prefixed by her Christian name is used on the invitation in exactly the same way as in an ordinary wedding invitation. Sometimes only her first name is used with her married name in brackets beneath it, but this is not often done. If the bride is young, such invitations are issued in the name of her parents, but if she has no immediate relatives, or has passed her first youth she sends out invitations in her own name.

At a second marriage no woman, of course, wears a veil or the conventional white satin wedding gown, or should she have bridesmaids, but she can, if she likes, have a single maid of honor. A man on making a second marriage follows precisely the same etiquette as that which he observed at his first marriage.

A prospective bride should always send a note of thanks for all wedding presents within a day or two after she has received them. It is not considered at all courteous to wait until after the return from the wedding trip to send these notes of thanks.

away by the automobile and shows, and the attraction the business world has for the mothers.

I say that the four walls of a home is the biggest place in the world if it has little children in it and a queen mother to reign and rule over all. I have felt many times that I did not know enough to train my children as I should but I can in my declining years thank God that I always did the best I knew and now that I have lived many years and have seen eight sons and daughters grow to manhood and womanhood, I say of a surety that I have but few regrets and have done what I could.

With best wishes to all.

MRS. ELLEN DILLINGER.

BERGOLS, OHIO.

Mrs. Wilkinson:

If the more critical sisters will not bother asking me if my work is done I will venture in for I am not afraid of the waste-basket since it has no voice. As a general rule I am not very lucky so if this gets into print I shall consider myself fortunate for once. They say fat people are not often troubled with melancholy and I don't intend to shed any tears if my luck fails again. We surely enjoy COMFORT. You will think so when we have three years paid in advance. I look at the crochet patterns first of all, then the Sisters' Corner. How often I have wished there was another letter in the space that was filled with a baby's picture. Although I think all babies are nice, yet no one thinks so much so as their own mothers.

I can't remember names but I want to agree with the ones that are swatting the movies. Has not this awful crime wave come upon this country since the people went movie mad? I have seen my own boys playing highway robbery after attending plays of that kind, and trying to do some of the daring acts the heroes performed. We have done what we could to discourage them until they seldom attend any more and seldom play pictures at home either. All children might not take them that way but why not try to save some other boy from the reform school? In speaking of the half-dressed women, we don't have to go to the movies to see that. It is a common sight on the street. I am not condemning georgette and other thin material for waists, if a proper amount of underclothing is worn underneath. You know Adam and Eve did not realize they were naked until they had eaten the forbidden fruit but as soon as they came in the presence of God they realized they needed clothes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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No



## Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

until I graduate, for without you to help me bear the responsibility, I should not dare to take such a step."

Mr. Roosevelt smiled again.

"You try to make the obligation appear all your own; but I share it, nevertheless; and I think you and I will be far happier away from the unpleasant influences which have surrounded us during the past year. I am quite anticipating the change, I assure you. Now you must go to rest. You look more like a ghost than a star just now; and my heart has been deeply pained tonight for the suffering that you have had to endure; but I believe it will yet be made up to you in some way."

He bent suddenly down and touched her forehead with his lips; and Star, with a low-spoken "good night," went away with a sorely aching heart, indeed, but greatly comforted by his sympathy.

Jacob Roosevelt locked the door after her, and went back to the table where he had been sitting when she came to him.

Opening the drawer, he took out a package of papers and letters, which he carefully looked over. When he had read them all, he selected a portion, tore them into atoms, and throwing them into the grate where there was a slow fire, watched them until they had burned to ashes, with a white, stern face. Then he sat down again, and wrote far into the night.

The next morning when Mrs. Blunt went up to see how Star was feeling she found her room empty.

A little note lying upon the bed now attracted her attention, and she eagerly pounced upon it.

It was directed to her, and with trembling fingers she opened it, and read:

"DEAR MRS. BLUNT: Something has occurred which makes it impossible for me to remain here any longer, and I am going away to take care of myself. You have always been very kind to me, and I thank you very much for it, and shall never forget it. Some time I hope to see you again, and I trust you will always think kindly of

"STELLA GLADSTONE."

The good woman sat down and wept bitter tears over this brief note; then she went down to tell the news to her master. She met John Mellen in the hall, who had come with the intelligence that Mr. Roosevelt left the lodge early that morning, and he handed Mr. Richards a note which the old gentleman had left for him.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### FRUITLESS EFFORTS.

Mr. Richards and his family were thrown into considerable confusion by the double surprise which this morning revealed to them.

Mrs. Richards, however, found it difficult to conceal her satisfaction at the turn events had taken. She kept her own counsel regarding her knowledge of what had transpired during the interview between her husband and the young lord; neither did she consider it necessary to mention the stormy scene which had occurred at the Lodge the previous evening, in which she was so prominent an actor.

"Josephine shall have everything her own way now," she thought, exultantly; "at all events, that girl shall never triumph over my daughter by becoming Lady Carroll."

Mr. Richards declared that he should go immediately in search of the fugitives. He could not endure the thought that the delicate young girl and feeble old man should go out into the world to earn their own living, for this he supposed they would be obliged to do, since what little money he knew Star to be possessed of could not support them both a great while.

But Mrs. Richards indignantly objected to this proceeding.

"Let them alone," she said, angrily; "they will not thank you for your trouble, and doubtless would refuse to return if you should succeed in finding them. I am sure they have shown precious little gratitude for what we have already done for them. Uncle Jacob says in his note that it has been very unpleasant for him here, and if such is the case, let him go where he will fare better if he can find such a place. As for that proud-spirited, independent girl, I never want to see her again; I am glad to be rid of her."

Mr. Richards did not reply to this tirade, but he felt very sorrowful, for every day only seemed to reveal some new trait of selfishness and heartlessness in his wife, which served to detract from his respect for her.

Nothing of all this, however, was mentioned before their guests, and when after breakfast Lord Carroll sought his host in the library to make further arrangements for an interview with Star, he was astonished and dismayed by the intelligence which he received regarding her secret departure with Mr. Roosevelt.

"Have you any idea where they can have gone?" he asked, with a very pale, anxious face.

"Not the slightest," Mr. Richards answered, "and I am deeply concerned about the affair. You will believe me, I am sure, when I tell you that I admire Miss Gladstone exceedingly, although I am obliged to confess with shame that her sojourn with us has not been made as pleasant as it might have been."

Mr. Richards made this confession with a lowering brow and in a stern tone.

"I judged that she was not happy here from something that she dropped last night," Lord Carroll said, gravely. "And," he added, with evident embarrassment, "it is a delicate topic to touch upon, but I believe plain dealing is best—she also stated that it is generally believed in your household that I am here as a suitor for Miss Gladstone's hand. I trust, however, that there has been no such misunderstanding as this. I enjoyed a very pleasant month at Long Branch with both your wife and daughter. Perhaps I sought their society more than might have been deemed proper unless I had serious intentions; but this was owing to the fact that I discovered Mrs. Richards to be of English birth, and knowing something of her friends abroad, it seemed to become a bond between us, out of which a friendship naturally sprang. Mrs. Richards very kindly invited me to make one of her party here, and I accepted her invitation—I give you my word of honor upon it—with only thoughts of friendship and the pleasure of meeting congenial company, and with the intention, if she ever came abroad, of returning her hospitality in the same spirit. I hope—I trust, my dear sir, that my coming here thus has not been misconstrued, or placed Miss Gladstone in an awkward position."

"It is all right, my young friend," he responded, heartily. "I am satisfied you have been perfectly honorable, although I must confess that I was greatly astonished last night to learn that Star was the object of your affections. I regret sincerely the misunderstanding that has arisen between you, but we will do what we can to find the missing girl, and I trust that then it will not take long to effect a reconciliation."

"Thank you," the young lord said, but he looked very grave, for he did not feel as if it would be a very easy matter to find Star.

However, he resolved to devote all his time before the day set for his return should arrive in searching for her; and acting at once upon this decision, he sought Mrs. Richards and Josephine, telling them that, much as he regretted doing so, he should be obliged to cut his visit short, as business of importance called him unexpectedly away.

Josephine was bitterly disappointed and chagrined, for she was as yet in total ignorance as

to the cause of his departure, and Mrs. Richards for the moment was rendered speechless from indignation. She had not once thought that he would go away before the expiration of his week. "What under the sun is the matter with Lord Carroll this morning, mamma? He does not appear like himself at all; and what has possessed him to go away so soon?" Josephine cried, nearly ready to weep as the door closed upon the man she loved, and she was left alone with her mother.

Mrs. Richards then related what she had overheard the previous evening, and told her, also, of her subsequent interview with Star and Mr. Roosevelt, and the news that had come to them that morning of their flight.

Josephine listened to her in dumb amazement, hardly able to comprehend the romantic story.

"That girl has done nothing but set everybody by the ears ever since she entered this house," she burst forth, at length, quivering in every nerve with anger. "Lord Carroll in love with her! I cannot comprehend it, and I think it is scandalous for him to confess it, after the marked attention that he paid me at Long Branch."

"I think so, too," Mrs. Richards echoed, but rather faintly for she knew how Josephine had almost been thrown at him, so to speak.

"Well, I am glad she is gone," the excited girl continued. "I hope now that we shall be able to take some comfort. She bewitched papa with her pretty face, her music, and pretended love of study. She was an artful thing, making herself so conspicuous at school that even the newspapers took it up, and was so puffed up on account of it that her airs were insufferable. It is a mercy that Uncle Jacob lost his fortune before he came to us, or she would have been likely to wheedle him out of it."

"She has been as sly as a fox," commented Mrs. Richards wrathfully, her ire against poor, unoffending Star waxing hotter and hotter, for she was as bitterly disappointed to lose his lordship as a son-in-law as Josephine was to lose him as a husband.

"I never heard anything like it. To think of his being engaged to her, and we never suspecting such a thing!" I'll bet," the refined young lady continued, as a bright idea struck her, "that she went away to meet him last Saturday, and that was why she was rigged out so. That must be the secret of her insolence to me. She knew she was soon to become Lady Carroll, and she was trying how it would seem to lord it over me."

"You forget, Josephine," interposed her mother, "that she did not know anything about his title, and so you are all wrong in your surmises."

"True," she replied, somewhat crestfallen; "but when do you suppose he engaged himself to her?" "I am sure I do not know—very recently, he said. I tried to make her tell me about it last night, but I couldn't get a word out of her. One would have thought, by the way that she faced me, that she was already my Lady Somebody. But I reckon I fixed it so that she will not be at present. I made her think that his lordship had told the story in a way to make her appear as ridiculous as possible, and she has gone away, believing him to be as faithless as it is in the power of man to be;" and the hard-hearted woman threw herself back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction at the thought.

"It is a shame, anyhow. Everything has gone wrong, and I—I really was fond of him," Josephine confessed, with a passion of tears.

Mrs. Richards' face darkened. She never could tolerate anything which interfered with the desires and whims of her only child.

At this moment a servant entered the room and handed Josephine a note.

She opened it eagerly and read it.

Her face flushed a deep crimson, and, with a passionate gesture, she instantly tore it in two.

"What is it?" questioned her mother.

"It is too dreadful!" the spoiled beauty cried, stamping her foot; "and I believe that girl will be the death of me yet."

"Tell me what it is," persisted Mrs. Richards, growing pale.

"It is a note from Lord Carroll himself," Josephine answered, her cheeks still hot from mortification and anger. "When we were at Long Branch, he noticed this cameo ring that I wear—I happened to put it on the last night that we were there, unfortunately—and he said that it was very much like one which belonged to a friend of his. He appeared rather strangely when he said it, and told me that his friend's name was Archibald Sherbrooke. Of course, I can understand now why he would not say that it had belonged to him. I told him that it was given to me by a relative, and he did not appear like himself after that."

"But how came you by it—who gave it to you?" interrupted her mother, who had never noticed the ring until now, for Josephine had so many trinkets that she could not keep track of them all.

The girl flushed again, guiltily.

"To tell you the truth, it belonged to Stella," she confessed, reluctantly, "and it was such an exquisite little thing that I took notion to have it. I offered to buy it of her, but she wouldn't hear a word of it, saying she 'prized it too highly as the gift of a friend.' But I was bound to have it, and went to her room one day and took it, and had it made into a ring, for it was in the shape of a pin. Of course I intended to return it some time, but I meant her to understand that a girl in her dependent position had no business to refuse so simple a request. The initials A. S., with two strawberry leaves, their stems crossed, are engraved on it, and I knew, when he described it to me, that it was 'his friend'—or rather himself. As it appears now—who had given it to her. I heartily wish now that I had let it alone. But just listen to this."

Mrs. Richards took the pieces of the note, which she had held crumpled in her hand, and putting them together, read the following:

"Oct. 10th, 188—

"MISS RICHARDS: Doubtless before you receive this you will have learned that Archibald Sherbrooke—whom I represented to you as my friend, for reasons which you cannot now fail to understand—and Lord Carroll are one and the same person. Under the former name, which was the only one which belonged to me at that time, I became acquainted with Miss Gladstone on shipboard, and was so pleased with her that, at parting, I exchanged souvenirs with her, giving her a little cameo which I prized very highly. It is the same one which you have had made into a ring. When I met Miss Gladstone a short time since she remarked that she had 'lost' my gift; last night she told me how she had 'lost' it, and I would respectfully ask you to send it to the enclosed address, that I may return it to the owner, should I be so happy as to find her."

"Very respectfully,

"ARCHIBALD SHERBROOKE, Bart., and

"LORD CARROL, of Carrollton."

"Why on earth can't you let other folks' things alone, Josephine?" cried Mrs. Richards, when her daughter had finished reading this formal note, and feeling almost faint from mortification upon learning of this disgraceful episode in her life.

"I'm sure," she added, reproachfully, "you have trinkets enough without taking the only thing a poor girl had."

"Isn't your commiseration somewhat ill-timed, mamma, for the 'poor girl,' now that she is not here to reap the benefit of it?" sneered the dutiful young lady. "I don't care; it is an elegant trifling, anyhow, and I've half a mind to keep it, in spite of his lordship's demand," she added, defiantly, as she held up her hand, on which the ring gleamed, and regarded it covetously.

But she did return it, nevertheless; she did not quite dare to retain it, particularly as she could not relinquish all hope of winning the young lord even yet.

Mr. Richards, accompanied by Lord Carroll, proceeded with all possible dispatch to New York,



## A War on Film

### On the film that ruins teeth

Dental science has declared a war on film. Millions of people, half the world over, have joined it. And leading dentists everywhere are securing new recruits.

This ten-day test will show you the results. Make it and note the change that comes in cleaner, prettier teeth.

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Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It makes white teeth look dingy. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

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Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

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Every application brings these five desired effects. All of them are

They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious troubles are now traced to them.

#### Failed to end it

Old teeth cleaning methods have failed to end film. Much was left to night and day threaten serious damage. That's why well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found, and able authorities have well proved their efficiency.

Now those methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on modern dental knowledge. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

## Pepsodent

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All drugists supply the large tubes.

deemed essential. But old methods never brought them.

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week the results will surprise and delight you. And your home, we believe, will adopt this new method. Don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 858, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

and thence to Brooklyn, where they went directly to the seminary which Star attended, and inquired for her.

It was only half-past ten when they arrived there, but early as it was, Professor Roberts told them that she had come at the usual hour and severed her connection with the school, and very much to his regret, he added, as he considered her one of the most promising members of the senior class.

Both gentlemen looked blank on this information; they did not suppose Star would be so energetic to cover all traces of her flight.

She had asked, the professor said, for a recommendation, that she might more easily enter some other, as she hoped to be able to complete her course, although she did not tell him where she was going.

"And I did," he continued; "I gave her the very best one that could be put into words, for she deserved it."

Lord Carroll's eyes glowed at these praises of his darling; but Mr. Richards winced under them, having allowed Star to occupy so questionable a position in his family.

"You will oblige me if you will account for her absence in some casual way, if you are questioned about it," he said. "I should be sorry to have anything unpleasant said of her."

"Certainly; you may rely upon my being very discreet, for her sake," Professor Roberts returned, somewhat stiffly.

He bowed his visitors out, and then returned to his duties.

As for Mr. Richards and Lord Carroll, their way seemed suddenly hedged up; they did not know which way to turn next.

# MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" is Best Laxative for Child



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle.

Ask your Druggist for "California Syrup of Figs"

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The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

Simple to use; you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

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Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 24, THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Mil. & Bidg., Montreal, Canada.

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EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE THIS BOOK

Tells just what to do the instant baby is sick, before the doctor arrives. Take no chances losing baby. Every year thousands of little children suffer or die because the mother didn't know what to do. 500 pages. Fully illustrated, beautifully bound. Only \$1.00. Entirely new. Advice for expectant mothers and midwives. Send for it to-day. Money back if not satisfied. World's Medical Press, No. 651½ Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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We will send this needle to you postpaid upon receipt of \$1 and will send regularly each month for two years designs, illustrations and instructions that are of interest to all needle women. Send your order today.

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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

## Indigestion of Babies—Continued

**H**ABITUAL indigestion of babies is a serious condition and the parents and physician have reason to be alarmed, for although it is a simple functional disturbance of the stomach, it is apt to become chronic and you get a catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membranes, which is in itself serious, and it also lays the system open to other diseases, rendering it less fit to withstand them should they happen to occur. The symptoms of occasional indigestion are not likely to be mistaken for any other complaint. The suddenness of the attack, the vomiting and absence of symptoms indicating the invasion of any other disorder, the short duration of symptoms, and the rapid recovery. In older children it may not be quite so easy to tell, as often the invasion of some diseases, like scarlet fever, is ushered in by an attack of indigestion, vomiting, but of course if it is simply indigestion there is the absence of the fine characteristic rash. I wish to say right here as an aid to parents in taking care of babies, if baby vomits or has any symptom that is not normal, just stop and try and figure out if you can what might have caused it, and you will often get to the cause of the trouble. If it is a nursing baby, the mother must think of what she herself is eating, consider whether the baby has been nursed too fast, or that she is feeding her more often than its little stomach can digest.

People often say that they can never tell what ails the baby, as it cannot talk and tell you where it feels badly, but to me this is an advantage for it is a well-known fact that about half of what an adult tells you when sick does not help you at all in making a diagnosis, but is misleading. A baby at least does not do this, and a careful examination will enable you to discover the cause of its trouble. The treatment of simple indigestion of babies is simple, in fact the child may be entirely relieved by vomiting, nature's way of getting rid of what was causing the discomfort. If the baby continues pale and the vomiting continues after the stomach is emptied, you must do something to calm the irritability of this organ. This can be done most always with teaspoonful doses of lime-water and milk, every ten or fifteen minutes, made up as follows: milk, one-third; lime-water, two-thirds. If baby vomits this, try giving teaspoonful doses of lime-water and cinnamon-water every ten or fifteen minutes.

A small mustard plaster weakened with wheat flour, or Indian mush poultice may be applied over abdomen, these things usually relieve the vomiting. If they do not, try giving ten drops of paregoric. Continued fretting and crying would indicate that some of the disturbing food has gone down into the intestines, and if this is so you will find abdomen is swollen and hard. For this condition you should give teaspoonful doses of castor oil, or if the vomited matter indicates an acid condition, give one-fourth teaspoonful dose of magnesia. Treatment of habitual indigestion of babies or older children is very different from that required for the occasional or accidental form, for in case of the habitual form you have to meet something radically wrong, and have to regulate the diet, correct the constipation or the opposite relaxed condition causing diarrhea, and have to see that baby has the proper exercise and the proper exposure to air. Speaking of proper exposure to air, volumes are being written every day showing the beneficial results in the treatment of certain diseases out in the open air, even in the coldest weather in cold climates. We do not question but what these reports are correct, and wish to impress upon the minds of parents the wonderful good you can do your baby by keeping it out in the open air all that is possible.

We most certainly respect anything that successfully eliminates disease, especially when it is as free as pure, fresh air, but how much more important it is for your baby and my baby that we give them this fresh air as a preventive to these diseases. I know of a baby who has been sleeping out several hours a day, even in the coldest of the weather we have had this winter, the picture of health and has not had even the slightest sign of cold, when a neighboring family carefully keep their baby in an overheated room with the result of its having almost a continual head cold and irritating cough. We must not keep from our babies the fresh, pure air that they need so much in this wonderful stage of their development. In choosing food for a baby, bear in mind these two essential things—choose food they can digest, choose food that is nourishing and enables them to carry on their growth. If baby is constipated, give either the castor oil or magnesia often enough to relieve, if troubled with diarrhea, give them crushed, two or three times a day, a tablet containing bismuth subnitrate, three grains, pepin saech, two grains, aromatic chalk powder, one grain.

The subject for next month, *Danger Signals of Babyhood*.

## Questions and Answers

**FONTANELLES, NEURASTHENIA, LEG SORES.**—I am a young mother and writing for help. (a) Is my baby all right mentally, for in the back of his head there was a soft spot nearly an inch wide that is gradually closing? (b) Ever since my baby came, several months ago, there has been a buzzing noise around my heart, and when doing my work I hear my heart beat as if it were in my ears or head, then it goes so rapidly I can hardly count it. (c) Should I nurse my baby, four months old, as I have two sores on my leg that are spreading and painful?

MRS. E. B., Manassas, Va.

A.—The soft spot you mention in back of baby's head is the posterior fontanelle, which gradually closes within a few months after birth, and your baby will be all right mentally. (b) From your letter I think you have neurasthenia, a nervous disorder, and would suggest your taking valerianates of iron, quinine and zinc, one grain each, every three hours; also take elixir of lactated peptin in two teaspoonful doses after each meal, keep bowels regular and get out in the open air all that is possible. (c) Do not see how these sores on your leg can affect the baby's nursing, but think you ought to have them treated and healed up if they are painful.

**INDIGESTION.**—What can I do for my four-months-old baby, whose bowels will not move without medicine, and she vomits up her milk as soon as she stops nursing?

MRS. M., Hampton, Ky.

A.—Your baby has indigestion, and the proper treat-

ment for it is for you to get your own digestion and bowels regulated, then the baby's will be normal. Take five-grain doses of Extract of Cascara Sagrada often enough to get one or two movements from your bowels a day; after meals take Elix. Lactated Pepsin, in two teaspoonful doses.

**URIC ACID GRAVEL.**—What will cure uric acid gravel in the urine, which I have had ever since baby came several months ago?

MRS. C. A. S., Toquerville, Utah.

A.—Take twenty-grain doses of Acetate of Potassium in water three times a day, also tablespoonful doses of lime-water in one-half glass of milk, three times a day; keep bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of Phosphate of Sodium, as often as needed.

**BED-WETTING.**—I have a boy seven years old who wets the bed every night and I have given him physician's medicine, also hear-say remedies, without results.

MRS. D. H. C., West Frankfort, Ill.

A.—Should have the urine examined, and if acid should give him ten-grain doses of Acetate of Potassium in water, three times a day, examine throat for diseased tonsils, nose for adenoids, and it may be that circumcision is indicated.

**CONSTITUTION OF PREGNANCY.**—Can you give me some advice, as I am two months pregnant and badly constipated?

MRS. S. H. L., Luray, Va.

A.—Try to relieve constipation by diet, eating such foods as oatmeal porridge, bran bread, brown bread; eat fruit and drink glass of water first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; eat figs, dates and prunes. If diet does not relieve, take teaspoonful doses of compound licorice powder at night, or a selditum powder occasionally.

**FEEDING BABY.**—My four-months-old baby fusses all the time, seems discontented. I nurse him, also give him cow's milk and Dextri Maltose. He now weighs fourteen pounds, weighing six and three-fourths pounds at birth. He is badly constipated, for which I have tried castor oil and prune juice.

MRS. W. F. B., Harmony, Pa.

A.—Your baby cries because it is not being properly fed. Wean him and put him on modified cow's milk, adding teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, night and morning, if needed to relieve constipation.

**DEFICIENT MILK FLUORIDE; BLOTTCHES ON FACE; NIGHT SWEATS.**—I am an expectant mother and wish to know what to do to increase the amount of milk as I could not nurse my last baby. (b) Will you please print the prescription for blotches on face? (c) Will you tell me the cause and cure of night sweats?

MRS. C. A. M., Las Palomas, N. Mex.

A.—There is nothing you can do before the baby comes to increase the flow of milk, only to get your general health in the best possible condition; after the baby comes, drink lots of milk, broths, soups and other liquids, and eat vegetables, especially boiled beets without vinegar. (b) The prescription for blotches or brown spots on face was reprinted in the February COMFORT. (c) Night sweats may be caused by nervous exhaustion, but are most commonly caused by some general disease, like tuberculosis. I cannot give a suggestion for treatment unless I know the cause in the special case.

**ADENOIDS, DIET.**—I am a young mother, twenty-two years old, and my baby girl, one month old, has a snuffling or rattling noise in her nose, although it does not hinder her from breathing and nursing. (b) What can I do to regulate my own bowels, and what foods should I avoid to keep my baby from having colic?

MRS. C. A., Atascadero, Calif.

A.—I should suspect a cold in the head with the mucus thrown off causing the rattling, but possibly there may be some slight obstruction, and if this continues should advise an examination by a physician who specializes on nose and throat. (b) Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada in one-half teaspoonful doses night and morning will relieve your constipation. Foods containing acids, such as apples, grapes, grapefruit and tomatoes, cause gas, especially if secretions are inclined to be very acid. I would suggest choosing foods that separate into small particles easily, for example, baked potato instead of boiled or fried, stale wheat bread toasted or dried out instead of fresh bread or rolls; crisp bacon is preferable to boiled or baked pork.

**CONSTIPATED BABY.**—My two-months-old son's bowels will not move unless I use a glycerine suppository, although I take a laxative every day. Should my sixteen-months-old daughter eat solid food? She eats practically nothing, but drinks cocoa.

MRS. R. V. K., Egeland, N. Dak.

A.—Take some laxative strong enough, night and morning, to move your bowels once or twice a day, and your nursing baby's bowels will become normal. A suppository, like an enema, is to be used as an emergency aid, not as a regular routine treatment. (b) Should give your sixteen-months-old daughter milk instead of cocoa, also some other foods, oatmeal gruel, custards, baked potato, stale wheat bread toasted, soft-boiled eggs, or any simple soup or broths not greasy.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

I think this is a good place to exchange the ideas we think are the most helpful to us so I will tell you that I save many dollars every year by refuting stockings. I have a very simple pattern that I will send to those who send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Before planting cucumber seeds, soak them in spirits of turpentine for twenty-four hours and the bugs will not bother them. If you are planting corn in new ground the same treatment will save the corn from cutworms.

There are many subjects up for discussion but I'm not going to write any more. I have no advice to give on the care of children. The older I get and the more of it I have to do, the more I realize I need all my own advice and all others can give.

I like to get letters so if any sisters care to write I will be glad to hear from you. I might be able to answer sometime but cannot promise to answer all.

Best wishes.

MRS. GEORGE PETTIT.

Mrs. Pettit.—Yours is the first letter in thousands to disapprove of babies' pictures in COMFORT. All the others like them. I do not agree with you in that the movies are all bad and that they are responsible for all the evil in the world. However, you can think as you choose and I'll do the same and we'll remain the best of friends.—Ed.

COLLINS, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I hope this will be printed as I want my brother to see it for he says there are no such people as Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Lisha.

COMFORT has helped me while away lonely hours. I live in a small village where there aren't many young people and I get lonesome sometimes. I wish I could have some of my COMFORT friends to chat with during the long evenings, like tonight, for instance. We'd go into the kitchen and make some candy. Mrs. Wilkinson, I would be the happiest girl if only I could see you stick your head in my door sometime. I just know I would enjoy your company. It has been my ambition to be a writer or do work like yours and Uncle Charlie to help people in need, but you know how far I am from that, for I am only a housekeeper and feel that I am not doing anything to help.

I am twenty-seven years of age, have brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I would like to hear from the young people.

MATTIE ROGERS.

Mattie.—Speaking of candy, here's a recipe that I like, though you may know all about it and doubtless can tell me lots about candy making. Two cups sugar, three-fourths cup of milk, four tablespoons peanut butter, few grains of salt and one teaspoon of vanilla. Put sugar and milk in a saucepan, let cook until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and let cool considerably before adding salt, peanut butter and vanilla. Beat with spoon until creamy, turn into buttered tin—and you know the rest.—Ed.

CHANUTE, R. R. 4, KAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please admit a farmer's daughter? I enjoy the paper, but more especially the sisters' letters, the needlework page and the stories. I like to crochet and do quite a bit in my spare time.

I live with my parents, brothers and sisters on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, which we recently bought, moving here from Wabunee County, Kansas, where we lived on one of the oldest farms known for many, many miles, being settled in 1856, and which had the distinction of having the old Santa Fe trail cross it. Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody), now dead, car-

ried mail, when pony express rider, to it and deposited that belonging to neighboring people in an old house, now standing, where he kept his relief horses. We enjoyed many good times there. We have lived here about a year but are not acquainted with many people, so spend my evenings at home reading. I'd like very much to get the book, "Judy of Rogue's Harbor," by Grace Miller White.

I would like to correspond with girls of my own age, twenty-five. I have golden brown hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion and am five feet, seven inches tall and weigh about 130 pounds.

Sincerely,

IRENE BEACHE.

Irene.—What a paradise your farm must have been to your brothers and their boy friends. I just know they played "Buffalo Bill," and did they rescue you from the Indians?—Ed.

KAMPSTVILLE, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
May I step in long enough to tell you how I make my linoleum?

My kitchen floor was wearing out and we couldn't afford to buy linoleum for it. I had an old rag carpet that was too old and worn to be of any use so I washed and dried it. Then I spread it out on a smooth surface and patched all the holes with thick pieces of cloth, pasted into place. I cooked a flour paste, thick, and smeared it all over the carpet, rubbing it in well. This I let dry, then I smeared another coat over it and after it was dry, I gave it a coat of light grey paint and after that was dry, a second coat of paint. Before I laid it on the floor, I padded the floor with several thicknesses of newspaper. This is a good way to utilize your old rag rags. I have a large one which I painted and use it by the kitchen stove. My kitchen didn't have any baseboards around the wall, so I cut strips and pasted them to the wall and painted them the same color as the woodwork.

I like house plants and have quite a number.

Undecided Mother, I think your husband is right.

With best wishes to all.

MRS. IDA BECKER.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.</p

# Montgomery Ward & Co.

*The Oldest Mail Order House is to-day the most progressive —*

1872

THE first little one-page mail order leaflets were sent out by Montgomery Ward & Co. in 1872. The first catalogue, pictured above, was issued in 1874. It contained eight pages, about three by five inches in size. This was the beginning of the mail order business—of selling goods direct by mail at one small profit.



1922

FIFTY years of fair dealing, of prices that always offered a saving, and today this big Golden Jubilee Catalogue contains everything for the Home, the Farm and the Family—everything at money-saving prices.

## 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

*This big Golden Jubilee Catalogue pictured above is priced to match the spirit of the times. Some things are priced at no profit, many things at very little profit. It is your best guide to the lowest prices.*



HIS is the Golden Anniversary of Montgomery Ward & Co. We have completed Fifty Years in the service of the American Public.

In 1872 this business was begun in one small room, twelve by fourteen feet.

Today, millions buy from us on faith in the name: "Montgomery Ward." Upon what is that faith founded?

Upon Fifty Years of fair dealing, upon Fifty Years devoted to selling only goods of standard quality at the lowest possible prices.

This 50th Anniversary Catalogue keeps faith with our customers. It is priced to meet present-day conditions. It is filled with new, fresh merchandise with every price based upon the new low costs of production.

*If you have a copy of our 50th Anniversary Catalogue, lend it to your friends.*

### Some things at No Profit Many things at Little Profit

At Montgomery Ward & Co. we believe we owe a duty to our customers—that it is our duty to sell everything today at the lowest possible prices.

We believe we owe a duty to the American Farmer. Therefore, we are selling *all our Tillage Tools absolutely without profit to us.*

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Everything needed in the home—everything to make the home more attractive—everything priced at a big saving for you.

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We are entering our second half century of business existence. And we step forward with the spirit of youth, of progress in Service and Saving for you.

To give you bigger and bigger values, to give you better and still better service, to quote always lower and lower prices—that is our work and our accomplishment today.

Buy from this 50th Anniversary Catalogue. Know that the price you pay is the right price for whatever you buy. Know that every order you send, every letter you write, will be handled in the full spirit of the Golden Rule.

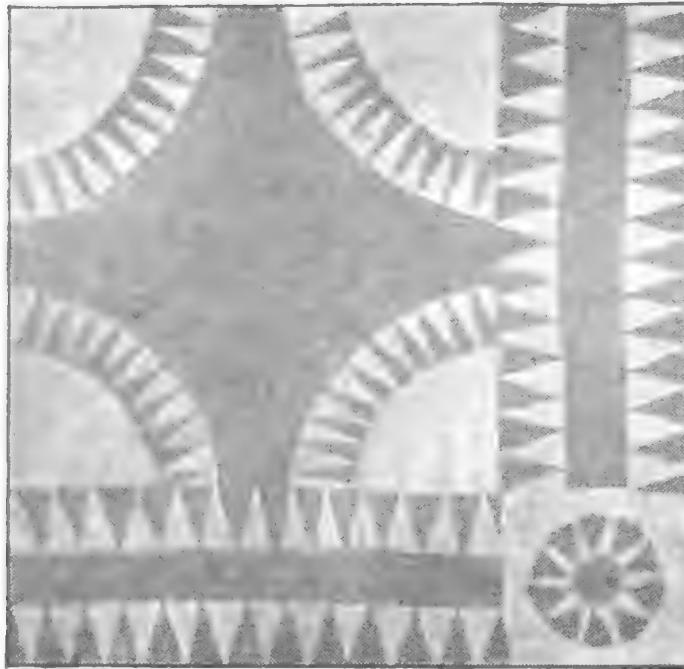
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*If you haven't our 50th Anniversary Catalogue, borrow one from a neighbor or write to us for one.*



Handsome all-over pattern and border for quilts which can be made of small bits of contrasting colors. Submitted by Mrs. J. W. Dowling, Ga.

#### The Useful Art of Smocking

**A**S in our childhood days smocking is again the style. It is used plentifully on children's little dresses and rompers and on waists and blouses for grown-ups.

Nothing is daintier for the little tots than simple garments with a touch of this old-fashioned stitchery. All garments which are to be trimmed in this way should be of material, whether of cotton or silk, which is very soft and naturally folds prettily such as voile or crepe de chine.

Kimonos of cotton crepe or house dresses finished with a little smocking are most attractive

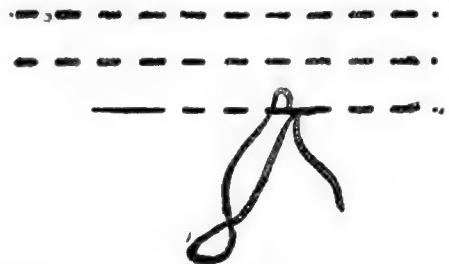


FIG. 1.

and also serviceable. But as fancy work or the actual way to do smocking is our subject rather than dressmaking, we will proceed at once to the manner of starting to do this work and the various stitches which are employed.

As with every kind of fancy work, evenness and perfection are the first requisites.

To secure this in smocking it is most necessary to have some means of keeping the lines

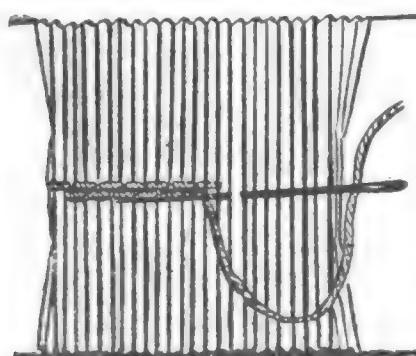


FIG. 2.

of gathering threads absolutely straight. One should also have plenty of material in width, as smocking will allow of no skimping.

For this reason it is best to do this work first and afterwards cut out the garment.

To give the smocking the proper elasticity it is also necessary to take the stitches sufficiently deep into each fold, so that when the gathering threads are taken out, one will get the honeycomb appearance characteristic of good work.

A beginner will find cotton voile a very good material to try her hand on, it is much easier

to work than silk, and when gathered, it sets in even ridges, which are easily worked over. With this, some crewel needles and some mercerized colored cottons one is ready to commence work.

First of all the gathering has to be prepared. This must not be too fine or too coarse—five stitches to the inch would be about right. Gather the whole width of the space to be smocked.

The second row of the gathering should be about half an inch below the first; be careful to take each stitch exactly under those of the first row, as shown in Fig. 1. One will see the necessity of this when the threads are drawn up tight, as the material must run in straight little ridges on which the fancy stitches are worked.

Continue the rows of gathering, still keeping the stitches exactly under each other, until one has done the depth that is to be worked; then draw the threads up tight as shown in Fig. 2 and fasten them securely.

If one has not a very straight eye and feels the need of a guide to keep those gathering stitches straight, one may be made in this way. Put a coarse needle in the sewing machine, take a piece of white paper about the weight of ordinary stationery or writing paper.

Rule a line from top to bottom about an inch from the edge. Run over this with the unthreaded needle making a line of holes. Leave about a quarter inch space and using the machine foot for a guide stitch again, repeat until a good-sized sheet of paper is covered in this way.

Next take a large darning needle and run through a hole in the first row. Count five or more holes and run through the next according to the space one wishes to have between the rows.

Make these holes just opposite each other in each row.

Repeat this punching over the width of the paper, when one will be ready to begin work.

Lay this pattern upon the material, first pulling and pinning it out so that it will be perfectly straight and smooth. With a pencil make a dot on the goods through every large hole.

If the material is dark mark with needle and white thread, afterwards cutting between the holes.

The pattern can be lifted and replaced till the entire space to be worked is dotted, but care must be taken to always place the pattern evenly and also to prevent the pattern from slipping when marking.

It is best to do both the marking and gathering on the wrong side, so that the right side of the material will be fresh when the garment is finished.

#### To Gather

Thread a needle with cotton No. 30 or 40 according to quality of the goods, and commence gathering by inserting the needle in the top right-hand dot and bring the point out half way between this and the next dot in the same line, then in through the second dot and up half way between this and the third and so on to the end of the line or space to be gathered.

Gather each row of dots in the same manner, stitch under stitch as shown in Fig. 1.

When this is completed, draw up the threads, keeping the gathers in place by twisting the end of the thread around pins. Pull the work now until the gathers are arranged and lie perfectly flat and even, as shown in Fig. 2.

#### The Stitches Used in Smocking

Outlining is one of the simplest stitches used in smocking. This is especially good for working a straight row of stitches. It is done in the usual way.

Commence work at the top left-hand corner of the gathers, and bring the needle out in the first plait; take a stitch on next plait, keeping the thread on the left side of the needle, and do not pull up too tight.

The plaits must be taken up separately, one stitch into each, taking care to keep a perfectly straight line.

Another very good stitch for working a straight line is illustrated in Fig. 2.

To do this take a stitch through each plait in a straight line as in outlining but change the thread from side to side. Take the first stitch through first two plaits and be careful to keep thread on the left side of the needle; take a stitch on the third plait, in line with last stitch, but with the thread on the right side of the needle.

Work on like this, with the thread alternately on the left and then the right side of the needle to the end of the row.

Two rows of this stitch

form a sort of cable stitch. To do this, work the first row as just described; for the second one, commence on the first plait as directed quite close up to the first row, then take up the second plait, but where thread was kept on the left side of the needle before, in the last row, in this second row keep it on the right side and vice versa.

#### Honeycomb Stitch

Now we come to the most popular and of the prettiest of the fancy stitches used in smocking. This is the Honeycomb pattern illustrated in Fig. 3.

Commence work in the upper left-hand corner by bringing needle out toward the left, taking a stitch through the first plait, take up the second in a line with this, keeping the thread on the left side of the needle.

Take a stitch on the third plait a quarter of an inch below, as shown in the sketch, still keeping the thread on the left side.

Work on the fourth plait on a line with the last stitch, but with the thread on the right side of the needle; work on the fifth plait a quarter of an inch above or on a line with the first stitch, keeping the thread on the

3rd row—Honeycomb the top stitches touching last row.

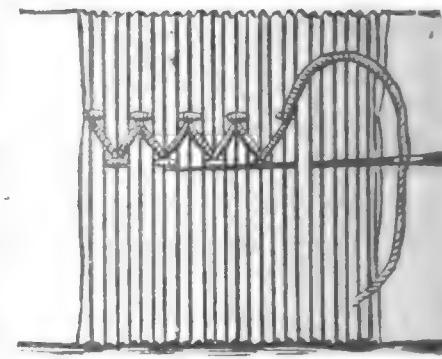
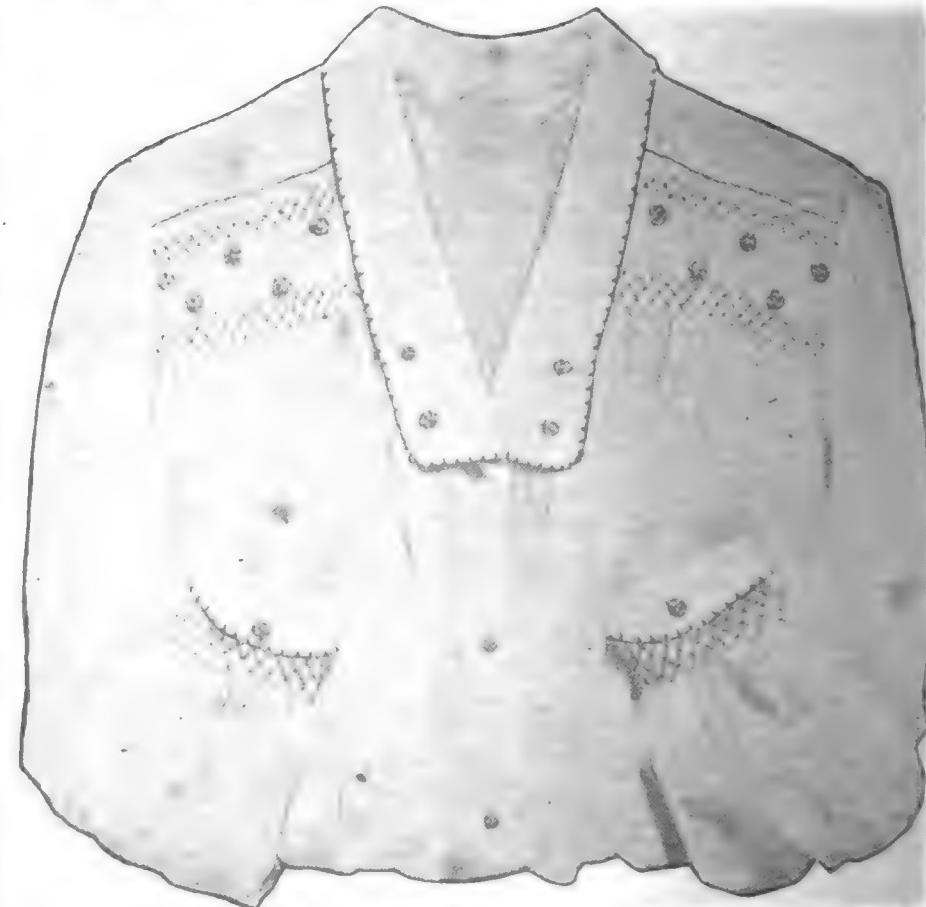


FIG. 3.

4th row—Once across of outline.

5th row—Honeycomb.

Two more rows of outlining.



A SMOKED VOILE WAIST.

right side. Repeat this to the end of the row.

#### A Smocked Voile Waist

This is the stitch used in the white voile waist here illustrated. Two bands of four rows each of honeycomb stitch in black boil proof mercerized cotton are used on the front and also on the bottom of the sleeves.

In the space between the smocking on the waist are groups of roll-stitch or French knot embroidery—delicate pinks, blues and lavenders being used with yellow for centers and a bit of green.

These little groups of charming color combination also appear on the cuffs and collar, the edges of which are finished with one row of black crocheting. To do this make 1 single, ch 3, 1 single into the edge of the cloth about one quarter inch from the first stitch.

Fig. 4 shows clearly the manner of working two honeycombing.

To do this bring up your needle in the first plait, half an inch lower than where the first row was commenced. Take up the second plait on a straight line, and have the thread on the right side of the needle; the third plait is taken up a quarter of an inch higher, as shown in Fig. 4, it ought to meet the lower stitch in the last row, and the thread should be on the right side of the needle.

The fourth plait is taken up in a straight line with this last, but with the thread on the left-hand side.

The fifth is taken a quarter of an inch lower again, with the thread still on the left-hand side, and so on to the end.

#### Combination Stitches

In smocking combinations of stitches, as well as colors, are used in groups very effectively.

After a little practice of the different stitches this can be done very easily.

One of the simplest combinations is that of outline and honeycomb stitch. (See top of Fig. 5.)

#### Suggestions for Combinations of Colors in Stitches

Suggestion No. 1.—Of two colors and black, commence as directed for Fig. 2 with the lighter shade, then one row of outlining in black, next one row honeycomb in darker shade, one row outlining in black. Now repeat, making alternate rows of honeycomb of the two shades with black outlining between for the desired depth, then finish to match the beginning.

This is a very pretty combination for children's simple little dresses.

Suggestion No. 2.—First two rows of outline stitch, worked as closely as possible together.

In above use black for the outline rows. Dark old blue for the first row of honeycomb and a lighter shade for second row.

Next, a quarter of an inch apart, work three rows of feather stitching. The first of light blue, second of gold and third of light blue, then finish with a band of outline and honeycomb stitches, using the second and then the darkest shade of blue. This combination is very pretty on either blue or white goods.

Suggestion No. 3.—This is a pretty combination of stitches which can be used if one wishes to do piece of work all in one color.

First three rows of outlining, one row of feather stitching, three more rows of outlining. About a quarter-inch space should be left on either side of the feather stitching.

Next work four rows of stitches as follows: Commencing on the first plait take up one stitch close to the last row. Take up the second plait in a line with this, with the thread on the left side of the needle. Take up the third plait a little lower, thread still to the left. Take up

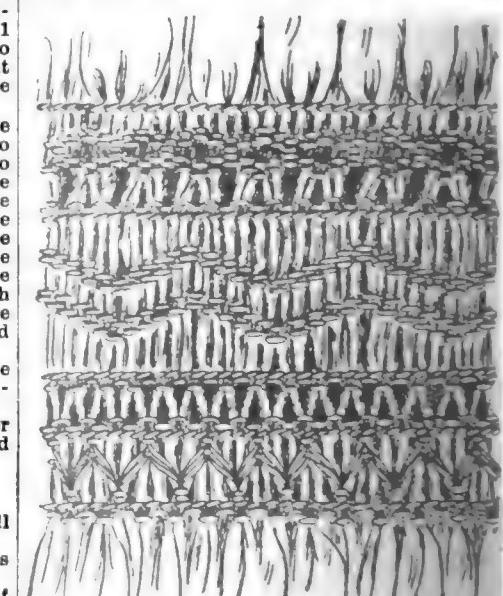


FIG. 5.

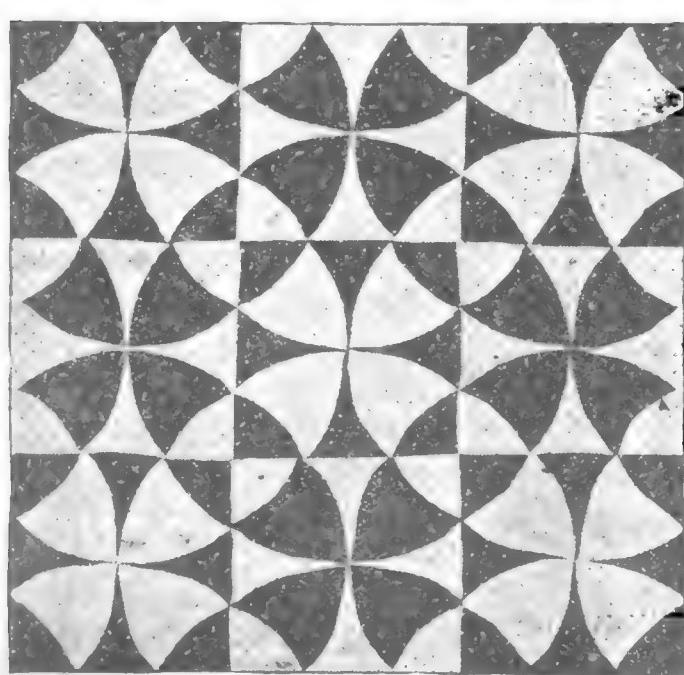
the fourth and fifth plaits, each a little lower than the last, with the thread to the left.

The sixth, take in line with the last but with the thread to the right of the needle.

The seventh, eighth and ninth are each a little higher than the last, and with the thread on the right side.

The tenth is taken up even with the last and with the thread on the left. Working in this way one makes a wavy line of stitches which touches the outline stitches at regular intervals. Make the next row in the same way touching the preceding row as it waves across.

Work two more rows following with a band



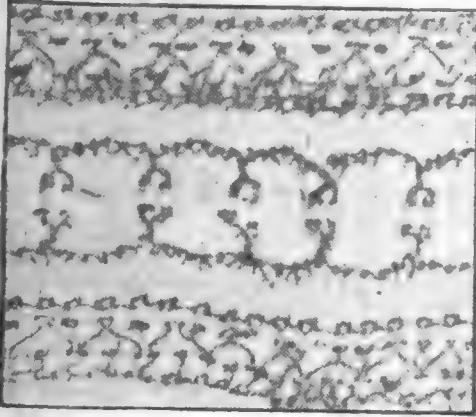
Sunshine and Shadow Submitted by Mrs. Blanche L. Owensby, Okla.

# Shown in Easy Stitches

of outline and feather stitch to match the beginning.

Wavy lines can also be worked across running parallel with each other.

Our illustration on this page shows how



DETAIL OF SMOCKING ON CHILD'S DRESS. FIG. 6.

charming a bit of smocking makes the simple comfortable little frock for either a tiny girl or boy.

This little model, which is of white dimity, has the sleeves and the top of the pocket smocked with a band of honeycomb stitch between two rows of outlining all in yellow.

The fronts have a deeper band of a combination of stitches, which one should not find difficult after a little practice on the simpler stitches which have been described.

The first band consists of honeycomb between cable stitches (Fig. 6), then two rows of a fancy stitch which forms two broken or half circles, as shown.

Commence work a little over half an inch lower than the last row. Take up the second plait in a line with the first, keeping the thread to the right.

Take up the third and fourth a little higher each than the last. The fifth on a line with the last.

Then three each a trifle lower, the fourth on a line with the last. Now to take the two stitches which appear in the center of this pattern, run the needle back to the first of the last stitch, then the point in the opposite direction and on the plait previous to that over which the last stitch is worked, take one stitch a quarter of an inch lower than the last stitch.

Put the needle in again just where you brought it out for the last stitch and then take another stitch on a line with the last one. This makes the two center stitches.

After this row is complete, repeat, but work from the opposite end or turn your piece of work just upside down, then these two rows will come together just reversed, as shown in the detail of the pattern above.

## Pillow Slip Insertion and Edging Lace

### Insertion

Begin with ch 7 for center of wheel, join in ring, into this work 3 d c, ch 10 sts, \* form last 3 into ring with sl st, ch 6, form 3 sts into picot, 1 d c in small or end of ch, ch 5, 1 p, 1 d c in same ring, repeat, making 5 picots in all, 7 s c on ch 7, 3 d c in 1st ring, ch 10, repeat from \*, joining 1st picot of 2nd spoke to last picot of 1st. Then in joining the wheels together, as one works, join center picot of two side spokes.

To form insertion join thread in 1st free p of a spoke, ch 3, 1 s c in next p, ch 3, 1 s c in next p, ch 5, work over 2nd spoke, ch 10, 1 d c in p of 3rd spoke of same wheel, 1 d c in corresponding p of next wheel, ch 4, 1 d c in 4th st of ch 10, ch 6, work over two spokes of next wheel and repeat for length.

2nd row—1 d c in 1st st, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat.

Work both edges in the same way.

### Edging

Ch 7 for ring, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 5, 3 d c in ring, then 7 spokes same as in insertion. Break thread.

Begin in same way, join center picots of 1st and 2nd spokes to center picots of last two spokes of 1st wheel.

After completing last wheel, ch 14, sl st in ch 5, ch 14, sl st in 1st p of 1st spoke, ch 3, sl st in

2nd p, ch 7, sl st to 2nd p of 2nd wheel, ch 3, sl st to last p of 2nd wheel, ch 14, sl st to ch 5, repeat.

2nd row—3 s p, ch 5, 1 d c in side of last d c, 1 d c in ch, thus forming a sp, 2 s p, ch 5, 1 d c in side of d c, 1 d c in ch, repeat.

3rd row—Ch 12, 1 d c in ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c in same ch 5, ch 7, repeat.



PILLOW-SLIP INSERTION.

2nd p, ch 7, sl st to 2nd p of 2nd wheel, ch 3, sl st to last p of 2nd wheel, ch 14, sl st to ch 5, repeat.

2nd row—3 s p, ch 5, 1 d c in side of last d c, 1 d c in ch, thus forming a sp, 2 s p, ch 5, 1 d c in

same ch 5, ch 7, repeat.

4th row—All spaces.

### Three-Inch Towel Edge

This pattern worked of No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton gives five scallops which are just right for a 15-inch huck towel.

1st row—Ch 60 sts, turn, make 17 s p on ch, 5, turn.

2nd row—17 s p, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—14 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, increasing 1 s p.

4th row—3 s p, 5 blks, 10 s p.

5th row—9 s p, 7 blks, 3 s p, increasing 1 s p.

6th row—2 s p, 9 blks, 8 s p.

7th row—8 s p, 9 blks, 3 s p, increase (meaning 1 extra s p).

8th row—3 s p, 11 blks, 7 s p.

9th row—7 s p, 5 blks, 1 s p, 5 blks, 3 s p, increase.

10th row—3 s p, 6 blks, 1 s p, 4 blks, 7 s p.

11th row—7 s p, 4 blks, 1 s p, 6 blks, 4 s p, increase.

12th row—4 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 3 blks, 1 s p, 4 blks, 7 s p.

13th row—3 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 5 blks, 3 s p, 3 blks, 4 s p.

14th row—4 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 7 blks, 2 s p, 3 blks, 3 s p.

15th row—4 s p, 3 blks, 1 s p, 7 blks, 2 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p.

16th row—Decrease, then 6 s p, 7 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 2 s p.

17th row—3 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 6 s p.

18th row—Decrease, 2 s p, 9 blks, 1 s p, 5 blks, 3 s p.

19th row—4 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p.

20th row—Decrease, 4 s p, 10 blks, 5 s p.

21st row—6 s p, 8 blks, 5 s p.

### PILLOW-SLIP EDGING.

12th row—4 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 3 blks, 1 s p, 4 blks, 7 s p.

13th row—3 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 5 blks, 3 s p, 3 blks, 4 s p.

14th row—4 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 7 blks, 2 s p, 3 blks, 3 s p.

15th row—4 s p, 3 blks, 1 s p, 7 blks, 2 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p.

16th row—Decrease, then 6 s p, 7 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 2 s p.

17th row—3 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 6 s p.

18th row—Decrease, 2 s p, 9 blks, 1 s p, 5 blks, 3 s p.

19th row—4 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p.

20th row—Decrease, 4 s p, 10 blks, 5 s p.

21st row—6 s p, 8 blks, 5 s p.

22nd row—Decrease, 6 s p, 4 blks, 1 s p, 1 blk, 6 s p.

23rd—7 s p, 3 blks, 8 s p.

24th row—Decrease, 7 s p, 2 blks, 8 s p.

25th row and 26 rows—17 s p.

27th and 28th rows—18 s p.

29th and 30th rows—19 s p.

31st and 32nd rows—20 s p.

33rd and 34th rows—21 s p.

Next 3 rows—22 s p.

38th row—13 s p, 1 blk, 8 s p.

39th row—7 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 14 s p.

40th row—12 s p, 1 blk, 8 s p.

41st row—5 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p, 1 blk, 9 s p.

42nd row—Decrease, 7 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p.

43rd row—Same as last row.

44th row—Decrease, 7 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

45th row—4 s p, 1 blk, 7 s p, 1 blk, 6 s p.

36th row—Decrease, 4 s p, 1 blk, 9 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p.

47th row—2 s p, 1 blk, 11 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p.

48th row—Decrease 1 s p, 1 blk, 9 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p.

49th row—1 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 6 s p.

50th row—2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p.

51st row—8 s p, 2 blks, 7 s p.

52nd row—6 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

53rd row—6 s p, 1 blk, 12 s p.

54th row—13 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

55th row—20 s p.

56th row—3 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 6 s p.

57th row—5 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p.

58th row—4 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

59th row—6 s p, 5 blks, 5 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

60th row—5 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

61st row—16 s p, 2 blks, 4 s p.

62nd row—5 s p, 1 blk, 11 s p.

63rd row—9 s p, 2 blks, 5 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

64th row—Decrease, 4 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 2 blks, 7 s p.

65th row—5 s p, 2 blks, 2 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

66th row—Decrease, 3 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 2 blks, 7 s p.

67th row—9 s p, 2 blks, 9 s p.

68th row—Decrease, 7 s p, 1 blk, 11 s p.

69th row—19 s p.

70th row—Decrease, 7 s p, 2 blks, 1 s p, 2 blks, 6 s p.

71st row—5 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p.

72nd row—Decrease, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p.

73rd row—1 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p, 5 blks, 4 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p.

74th row—1 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p.

75th row—2 s p, 1 blk, 11 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p.

76th row—4 s p, 1 blk, 6 s p, 1 s p, 3 s p.

77th row—4 s p, 1 blk, 7 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p.

78th row—7 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 2 s p, 1 blk, 5 s p.

79th row—6 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 8 s p.

80th row—7 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 3 s p, 1 blk, 1 s p, 1 blk, 4 s p.

81st to 121st rows—Same as 41st, 40th, 39th back to the 1st row.

### The Wool Flower Fad

If it has a touch of wool it is smart this season, whether it be a dress, hat, bag or something purely for household use, for wool embroidery and little crocheted flowers are used to add a dash of color to almost everything for feminine use.

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An Alabama darky, who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he had heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a workmanlike manner.

It chanced that the minister came along. Going up to Moses, he demanded harshly: "Moses, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Moses scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said:

"Parson, jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars, and I'll have a try at it."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Uncle Jacob had gone to the great chapel with other interested friends, and watched the dear girl with glistening eyes while she so creditably performed the part assigned to her, feeling that she was an honor to her class, and in his eyes, at least, the gem of them all.

That evening there was to be a grand reunion in a commodious hall near by, where graduates of previous years were to meet the senior class of today, to offer their congratulations on their success and their good wishes for their future career.

Star had no fine clothes in which to make a show of herself, and was obliged to go clad in the same simple lace bunting that she had worn during the day; but she gave herself an air of elegance by substituting some bright flowers for the knots of blue ribbon, and excitement lending a rich color to her cheeks and light to her eyes, no one thought of criticizing her garments.

Jacob Roosevelt, too, dressed in a full new suit of handsome broadcloth, with a satin necktie and light kid gloves, did not look much like the bent, shabby old man who had arrived, dusty and travel stained, at Mr. Richards' mansion a little less than a year ago.

"Where did you get it?" Uncle Jacob?" Star exclaimed, as he came forth from his chamber and asked her if she thought he'd do.

He smiled mysteriously, then said:

"I told you that I was not quite a beggar, dear, when I left my niece Ellen's inhospitable roof, and so I've been saving up for this occasion, in order that I might do honor to you."

"You are just as fine as you can be," Star said, delightedly, as she went around and around him to examine the material and fashion of his new garments, "and I do not believe any one will be more proud of her escort tonight than I shall be; and yet," she thought, "Uncle Jacob must have been very saving indeed to have been able to buy such an expensive suit."

His eyes glowed with pleasure at her words; but when they entered the brilliantly lighted hall, and he saw the elegant toilets of some of the young ladies, he could not help regarding her with something of regret, although very many admiring eyes were fixed upon the arm of the stately, gray-haired gentleman, as they went forward to pay their respects to President Hunter and his corps of assistants.

"Miss Gladstone, I have a friend who desires to be presented to you," said one of Star's teachers, sending her out later in the evening.

She led her toward a lady who was sitting a little apart from them, and who appeared to be three or four years Star's senior, and introduced her as Miss Meredith.

It was the visitor who had inquired so particularly regarding our heroine during the graduating exercises.

She was drawn toward her at once, and they were soon chatting as sociably as if they had been acquaintances of long standing.

While thus engaged, a gentleman approached them, greeting both young ladies in the most cordial manner.

"I was hoping that you two would meet tonight," he said, bestowing a smiling face upon them both. "Miss Meredith is a graduate of two years ago, Miss Gladstone, and I am sure you will find her a congenial spirit."

"Thank you, Mr. Appleton," Miss Meredith responded, brightly; "but you should have put it the other way, for I have been very impatient to meet Miss Gladstone. I singled her out from her class today, and felt sure that we should be en rapport, as the spiritualists say, if we could only become acquainted."

"Well, I think it does not matter much which way you put it, now that you know each other," the gentleman returned, smiling; then turning to Star, he added:

"So, my young friend, you have really run the race, and finished the course"; and now do you remember the promise you made me several months ago?"

Star flushed vividly at this question.

"Did I make you a promise, Mr. Appleton?" she asked, evasively, adding, with an arch glance: "I thought it was you who made me a promise."

He laughed and shook his finger at her.

"You said that on your eighteenth birthday I might reveal a secret."

"And you promised you would not reveal it until I was eighteen," she retorted, brightly, although the color deepened in her cheeks as she continued: "I am not eighteen yet, Mr. Appleton."

"No, but you will be tomorrow. You see I have not forgotten the date. Now, let me take time by the forelock a little, and whisper to Miss Meredith who is the author of 'Chatsworth Pride' is. She has been on the qui vive to know her ever since the book was published," Mr. Appleton said, bending a roguish look upon Star, who now stood with dropping eyes and appearing somewhat confused.

"Oh, do you know? Is it some friend of yours, Miss Gladstone?" Miss Meredith said, eagerly, to her. "I think it is so tantalizing not to know the name of the author of a book," she went on, "particularly if it is one you happen to like very much; and here this provoking man who published this one only put on a great star where he should have printed the author's name. Do tell me, please, Miss Gladstone; I am, indeed, all curiosity."

Then remarking Star's embarrassment, she looked from her to Mr. Appleton, questioningly.

"Is it?" she went on, excitedly, as she smiled and glanced at the fair girl. "Can it be possible that it is Miss Gladstone herself? I believe it is," she said, with sparkling eyes, as she seized Star's hands: "and, oh! what can I say to you? It is a charming little book, and I have enjoyed it more than I can tell you. There! let me shake the hand that wrote it, and if I had a laurel wreath here I would put it on this golden head and make you wear it the remainder of the evening."

And she squeezed and shook that small, white-gloved hand until Star laughingly begged for mercy.

"See what you have subjected me to," she said, with a half-reproachful look at Mr. Appleton.

"You might just as well make the best of it, my modest little friend," that gentleman replied, laughing. "I have kept silence for a year under the most trying circumstances, for I have been unmercifully besieged to tell who the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride' is, and I could not stand the fire any longer. My time is too valuable to be spent in any such way; and I came here tonight not only to congratulate you upon your graduation, but also to introduce my fair young author to my friends. Yes, Miss Meredith, Miss Stella Gladstone is the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride.'"

"Miss Stella Gladstone?" Miss Meredith repeated.

"Yes; and, you perceive, I was not far from giving the name, after all. I was obliged to 'make her mark,' since I could not write her name," returned Mr. Appleton, jocosely.

"Ah, yes, I see. Stella means a star; and certainly," Miss Meredith said, turning to her new acquaintance again, "you bid fair to shine like one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

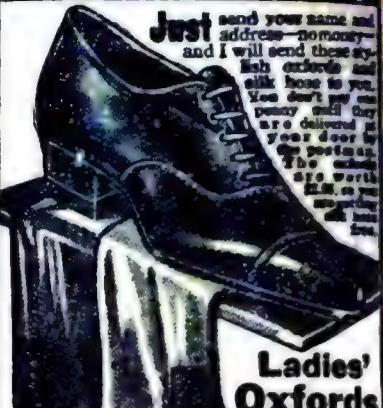
**Not to Be Beaten**

An Alabama darky, who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he had heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a workmanlike manner.

It chanced that the minister came along. Going up to Moses, he demanded harshly: "Moses, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Moses scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said:

"Parson, jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars, and I'll have a try at it."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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**Agents Wanted** DAVID WHITE, Dept. 60, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Missing Relatives and Friends**

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reserves the "Missing Relatives" and "Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will send only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50¢. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by enclosing only one new subscription at 50¢. If a longer notice is required send one 50¢ subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. D. A. Ryling, Hinton, W. Va., would appreciate information of her son, W. D. Ryling, last heard from at Akron, Ohio.

Wanted: Information of Jim Wade, last heard from at Lamar, Okla. Has one brother, John L. Richard. Inform J. N. Craig, Mancos, R. R. 2, Box 20, Colo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Alice Jackson, last heard of at Columbus, Ohio, formerly of Marietta, Ohio, please write Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Pine Grove, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Hollingsworth, age 35, tall, light complexion, please write in mother, Mrs. N. Tilson, Grangeville, Idaho.

Would any reader knowing the whereabouts of Jessie Wilbur Loomis, age 15, light hair, blue eyes, notify Mrs. Joe Van Pelt, Martinsville, Ohio.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Edward E. Mullins, missing since June, 1919, please notify Mrs. E. Mullins, Man, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Lee Gold (maiden name, Ola Parkhurst), formerly of Nenita, Mich., notify Rev. Ida Franklin, Sheboygan, Wis.

Anyone knowing Rudolph Adler, a barber, please notify Wm. Adler, 1085 Muscatine, New Hampshire.

Anyone knowing of James Calvin Cox, small, light complexion, or Troy Cox, cripple, age 13, write G. S. Cox, Commerce, Texas.

Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, South Haven, R. R. 2, Box 9, Minn., would like to find the whereabouts of her father, Thomas Lane, last heard of in Washington.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Knud Larsen (maiden name, Sophie Flamer), also Anna Mathilda Flamer, write Mrs. Odile Berg, Okla.

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## Farm Improvement

*Written for COMFORT*

**T**HE poor workman blames his tools," quickly when they are needed, and the breakdowns that occur to machines in use in the field during the rush season. You have "cussed" these things yourself and so have we. But in a majority of cases a good machine-shed would do away with the cause of both. If there is a place for things it is easier to keep everything in its place. And breakdowns in the field are often due to neglect or failure to shelter the working parts of complicated machinery from rain or melting snow. We know that rust increases drag, that depreciation, that it is a warning; but still we allow machinery to stand outside the year around then expect 100 per cent efficiency and no breaks or delays when it is next used. No, we don't all feel this way about it, but there is no farmer who can't give examples of neglect and the consequences.

Agricultural advancement can be measured by the rate or introduction of labor-saving implements to take the place of slow and tedious hand labor. More than ever before the farmer of today is taking advantage of the newer and more efficient farm machinery that is ever being perfected to

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wear and tear to any single machine. Therefore each implement would last every bit as long on the big farm as on the small. To our way of thinking, any machine that is worth having at all is well worth keeping in A-1 condition. This can be done only by having it under cover when not in use. There is no available data to show the relative life of machinery housed and not housed, but observation indicates that housed implements last longer, give less trouble and cause fewer delays in the field, and look decidedly better. This last point may strike the reader as being unimportant. It is far from that. Why? Well, in case a farmer is selling out, he usually has an auction sale, doesn't he? And the bidder judges the age and the value of any piece of machinery by its looks; an old, weather-beaten, rusty, paintless plow or hayrake will be discounted. Therefore, from the standpoint of sale value, it pays well in dollars and cents to "give your machinery a home."

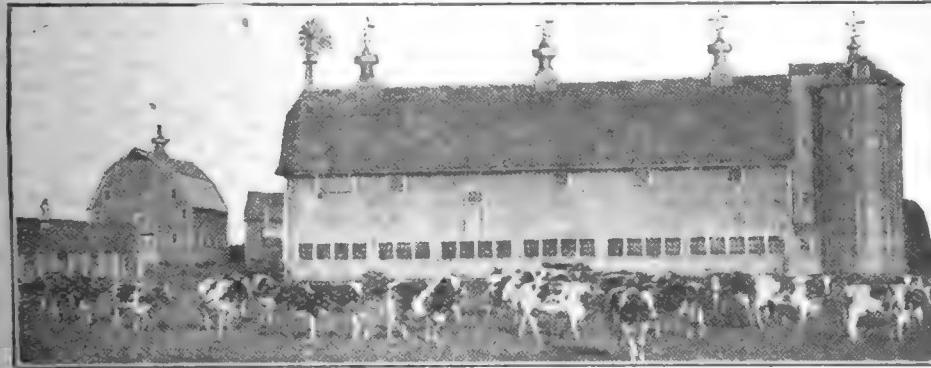
It is good business to reduce the cost of machinery storage when possible. To do this, barn

meet his changing and growing needs. There was a time when machinery was considered somewhat in the light of a luxury—something that could be got along without, and that really had a place only on the elaborate estates of the very wealthy. Not so today. Times have changed, indeed. Several new influences have made themselves felt on the farm. Labor has been scarce and expensive; money has been none too plentiful for hiring extra farm help; therefore we find that an increasing number of farmers are trying to do more of their own work themselves, are so planning their crops and their buildings that this can be accomplished—with the use of modern machinery as a necessary means to the end of getting the work done in less time and at a saving in man power.

Furthermore, new standards of living have made their way into the country as well as the city; old-fashioned dwellings, implements, barns and methods have everywhere given way to up-to-date ones. Farmers now want more comforts and conveniences in homes and buildings. They want better buildings in which to live, well-equipped

workshop with tools and forge and vise and work-bench. We have noticed that the man who has to take time to have repairs made when he is busiest in the field is the man who has no shop to work in. Shop work is, to our way of thinking, the best time saver on the well-regulated farm and there is no better way to spend rainy days or idle hours than with a file or hammer or emery-wheel "tinkering" on some machine in need of repairs. Preparedness was a word we heard often during wartime, but it also has a strong peacetime application on every farm. It is unusual to find a farmer who cannot make repairs and who is not handy with tools; his calling requires that of him. Therefore all that is needed is the place for him to work in, so let's see what is required.

A workshop need not be large or elaborate in any respect, nor need it represent any great outlay of money. Perhaps the commonest and handiest arrangement is simply to partition off one end of the machine-shed, leave a wide door between the two, and put in several double sash windows to supply sufficient light. A concrete floor serves as a secure base for fixed machines if mechanical power is to be used for running the



HERD OF PURE-BRED HOLSTEINS BACKED BY A PALATIAL SET OF BUILDINGS.—WOODLAWN FARM, MEDFORD, MINN.

buildings for their livestock, better machinery and equipment that will do more and better work in less time at a reduced cost, and a good place to keep the same. All these developments have not only given new opportunities to the farmer; they have placed new responsibilities upon his shoulders, and have made new demands of his own ability to keep pace with the times. The most successful farmers of today are not those who can chop the most wood in a day, milk the most cows before breakfast or pitch the most hay working side by side with the hired men. These things are necessary, of course, but they now take second place. The successful farmer of the present is the one who has the best cared for and most complete outfit of farm machinery to meet his needs, and who can arrange his own time and work and that of hired help as to utilize this equipment to the best advantage. In short, the modern farmer is a manager who makes both machinery and men serve as to accomplish big things for himself and his profession.

Any discussion of farm improvement, including farm machinery and modern conveniences as well as buildings, naturally divides itself into three parts. First we have certain implements that are already on the farm; we must consider their care, repairing and housing. Second, we have in mind a number of new and highly-improved machines that may not yet have come to the attention of the reader; of those we wish to say a word. Third, we cannot overlook the farm buildings and what they should hold in the line of labor-saving machinery and conveniences, nor do we think that the farmhouse should be overlooked in speaking of such improvements.

### A Machine Shed Saves Time and Money

Two of the commonest sources of annoyance on the farm are the inability to find smaller tools



THE LAST WORD IN DAIRY BARNs.

arrangement of doors, some contending that sliding doors along one side serve all their needs, and others insist that both sides should have doors to permit driving in on one side and out on the other. We are inclined to favor the latter arrangement, personally, but, as we have said before, tastes differ. The doors should be at least 10 feet wide to accommodate the widest machines; wider if larger implements are to be

housed. If an automobile is to be kept in the shed a portion should be partitioned off. Better still, build a small garage at some convenient point on one end of the shed, and reserve it solely for the car and its accessories. Too often we have seen the garage used for anything from an emergency chicken-house to a calving-pen, and though these makeshifts may have seemed to be necessary they could have been avoided somehow, it seems.

### The Farm Workshop

On any farm "a stitch in time saves nine" in any number of ways besides having the good wife mend a rip in your overalls. The farmer must be able to make minor repairs to machinery of all kinds, and there is no greater inducement to do such repairing right at the time they are noticed—for this is the time they should be done, before we forget them—than by having a well-



PORTABLE COLONY HOUSE FOR SOWS AND PIGS ON PASTURE.

equipped workshop with tools and forge and vise and work-bench. We have noticed that the man who has to take time to have repairs made when he is busiest in the field is the man who has no shop to work in. Shop work is, to our way of thinking, the best time saver on the well-regulated farm and there is no better way to spend rainy days or idle hours than with a file or hammer or emery-wheel "tinkering" on some machine in need of repairs. Preparedness was a word we heard often during wartime, but it also has a strong peacetime application on every farm. It is unusual to find a farmer who cannot make repairs and who is not handy with tools; his calling requires that of him. Therefore all that is needed is the place for him to work in, so let's see what is required.

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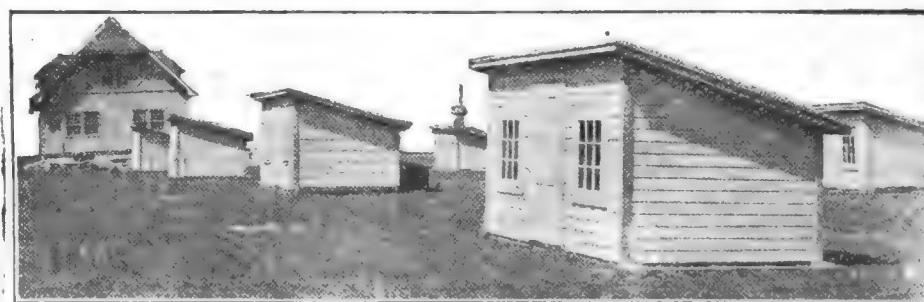
machinery. Get those that you noticed the other day in the office of your local machinery salesman; send to several of the big manufacturing companies you have noticed advertising in your farm papers, and write for machinery bulletins to your state agricultural college. When you get all this literature together, sit down by your reading lamp and go over it until you know just what's what in the machinery line. You may not be thinking of buying a complete new machinery outfit—few of us could stand the drain on our pocketbook all at once—but reading costs not one cent, remember that. If you are "posted" then you will know just what you want when the time does come, you will know the strong and weak points of each machine; in short, you will know the why and the wherefore and use this knowledge when it comes to paying out your money. Nor is it always real economy to postpone the date of buying as long as "we can make the old ones do." With so much to be done in a working day, and the sunmer over before a fellow can realize it, we feel that the sooner the new machine that works efficiently is put in the place of the old, worn-out one, the better for the farmer and his pocketbook.

Have you ever thought of making use of your county agent as an adviser regarding new machinery? And what about taking a week or so off each winter and running down to your state agricultural college for the farmers' short course? Remember that both the county agent and the trained staff of teachers and investigators at the college are hired by you, so don't feel a bit backward about making the most of their services. They can help you, and are only too glad of the chance to prove it. At the college you will see the latest and best in machinery; perhaps, if it is winter, you will see new machines at work in the field (in moving pictures). You will come home "just bustin'" with new ideas that have been tried out for you at no expense to yourself, and you are free to make them your own.

### New Machines and Farm Equipment

We are afraid that to enumerate all the recent advances in machinery would tire out even the reader of COMFORT; we are certain that before we finished the chore we would be suffering from writers' cramp. All that we can do in a limited space is to mention briefly a few of the most important ones that have a rather general usefulness on any farm, no matter what region of the country it happens to be located in. We make just this one reservation: that we will confine ourselves entirely to machines that have been carefully tried and that have proved their usefulness and dependability.

TRACTORS for almost every kind of farm work, whether on the large farm or the small, are now on the market and are rapidly coming into more general use. We are not of the opinion that they sound the death-knell of the farm draft horse. From our own observations and experience we are convinced that both horses and tractors will work harmoniously on the same farm, and this is the way it seems to be working out in actual practice. The "horseless age" is not yet at hand, but the mechanical age, in which efficient, economical, time- and labor-saving machines are indispensable, is at hand. Tractors of small size



POULTRY COLONY HOUSES.—SEPARATE RUNS FENCED WITH SIX-FOOT NETTING, ARE TO BE ADDED.

grindstone, drill-press, etc. It also lessens danger from fire if the shop contains a forge, and it should have one to be complete. Fire risk is a thing that few farmers give the thought it should receive.

Needs vary from farm to farm and the equipment that should be found in any workshop varies likewise, but certain things are indispensable in all. For instance, we have already mentioned the grindstone, emery-wheel, forge with bellows and work-bench. A small anvil may be made of an old piece of railroad iron a foot or so in length. Other blacksmithing tools may be made as they are needed by a handy workman; old files or pieces of scrap-iron or steel make pinchers or hooks or punches, etc. Assorted wrenches, drills and screw-drivers are needed, and should be kept in drawers or a visible rack. Pulleys are required with belts and shafting when electric power or the portable gasoline engine are to be called upon as a source of power.

We will not attempt to list the things that can be done in the workshop. That depends on the farmer himself. But it is certain that there will be disc blades and plowshares to sharpen, sickle bars for the mower or binder to repair and adjust, clevises to make—any number of rainy-day jobs that can be done in spare time. Then, too, if accidents happen to machines or small repairs are found necessary, it will frequently be found that a trip to town for replacements or repairs will be unnecessary when the vise and the forge and the drill and the tools are all there waiting to be put to work. Time is money, and much of these two can be saved by the handy workshop.

### Keeping Acreast of the Times

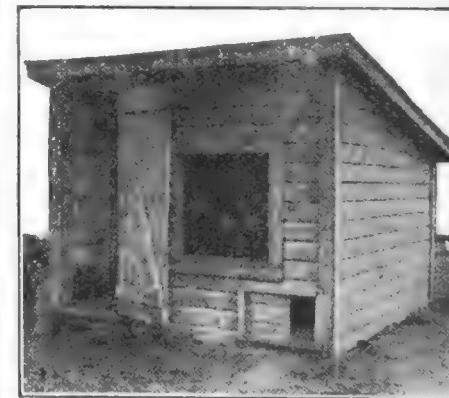
In farming as in every other line of work there is a constant change going on; old methods are pushed aside by new ones, and to keep in touch with this constant change is an important duty of the farmer. We have said that agricultural advancement may be measured in the rate and extent of improvement of agricultural machinery. But how can the farmer himself keep in touch with these constant changes? He has little time for reading, we admit, but if reading is considered rather in the light of a pleasant duty and not just as a pleasure he will find that he gets over a lot more ground beside the reading lamp each evening. That is just one way, however, though it overlaps a bit on some of the others.

There is no region so far away from town or so sadly isolated by bad roads that farmers cannot get into some county seat for the county fair once a year. We don't mean for recreation alone, though it is true that the missus and the kiddies like to make the trip, and deserve it, too. At state fairs, county fairs, even at conventions and farmers' meetings, exhibits of machinery have come to be regular fixtures. At these are displayed the newest and best in the line of both the old and well-known and the newer things in the line of farm machinery; better still, there is always a demonstrator on hand to point out the new features, and to explain carefully just how any complicated-looking piece of machinery works. There is no better way to find out what is going on in the realm of machinery improvement, what new "wrinkles" have been patented, than by slowly walking back and forth along the rows of exhibits at some fair. With several manufacturing companies exhibiting their wares in competition, and their demonstrators talking loud and long in competition also, no farmer can spend half a day to better advantage than right there with his eyes and ears open.

Then there are catalogues and bulletins on ma-

chinery and a number of makes are suited to general farm use, performing any job from pulling a wagon train to running the saw or silo filter or feed grinder. Larger and more powerful ones may, briefly, be said to do the same kinds of work, but more quickly. On the wide prairies of the Dakotas or Nebraska the 30 horse-power tractor that plows, discs, drags and seeds all at once, is an accepted reality. On the hilly farms of the New England States or in the frontier districts of northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota the smaller tractor, either wide-wheeled or caterpillar tread, is doing everything from ordinary field work to clearing land and plowing new breaking. As we watch the noisy little puffers at work we feel confidence in the ability of machinery to replace man power, but realize more strongly than ever that "headwork" on the part of the thinking farmer is essential to success.

PLOWS, discs, mowers, binders and packers all show several new features worthy of attention. There is a growing tendency to use the two-wheel truck to support pole weight and keep the implement "on an even keel" taking this load off the horses and distributing weight. Then there are special attachments that make possible the use of either horse or tractor power. Plows for break-



TYPE OF POULTRY COLONY HOUSE USED ON PASTURE STOCK FARMS, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

ing swamp land are now made in 24-inch bottoms for either horse or tractor. Also, an entirely new thing in the plow line is the new brush plow with a highly-arched beam or throat giving 24 inches or more clearance. These plows are pulled by tractor, and have given good results in standing brush up to 15 feet in height and three or four inches in thickness, turning them under the furrow in a satisfactory manner. Double discs and giant discs, as well as disc-packers and disc-drags, are now made for either horses or tractors, and are meeting with approval. More durable and friction-less bearings in mowers and binders are receiving attention on the part of manufacturers, and larger power binders and mowers that take a wide swath have made their appearance on the market.

HAY LOADERS, rakes and, in fact, a complete line of hay-making machinery features the idea of economy in time and labor, and does away to a great extent with the tedious and "sweat-pushing" hand work formerly necessary. A combined

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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## Farm Improvement

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

cylinder and push-bar loader puts the hay just where it is wanted on the rack, does not clog, and attaches to the wagon with a flexible tongue that prevents jolting and twisting on rough ground. The side delivery rake lays even windrows that the loader picks up nicely. In the machines used in the hayfield, as in a number of other fields of advancement, we notice that speed has been gained with no increase in tractive resistance, and speed often means the difference of hay of finest quality and hay damaged by rain and sun.

MANURE SPREADERS show several new features. Some have been dropped down lower between large wheels that lessen the pull; others have a solid box bottom instead of the slatted bottom. This is an asset when the spreader is used for the distribution of commercial fertilizer or lime, as it prevents the loss of any through the bottom slats. The solid bottom also retains the juices of barnyard manure until the spreader reaches the field. Distributors of several new styles have made their appearance, the object being to give more even distribution over a wider swath, to eliminate clogging or packing, and to break up clumps of manure. Gears or chain drives are in most cases housed in such a way that dirt is kept out. In short, a lot has been done to remove some of the more justifiable criticisms that have kept the manure spreader from becoming the universally popular and valuable machine it deserves to be.

POWER HOES and especially adapted power cultivators have been perfected for the gardener or the nurseryman and, in fact, for anyone who has formerly found use for a hand cultivator. They are found in varying sizes and styles, some having two wheels and some just one. A variety of shovels, etc., adapts them for an unlimited number of uses.

SILO FILLERS, corn shredders, etc., have been altered somewhat with the purpose of eliminating accidents. "Safety First" for the farmer has been the trend of development, and gears, blades and other dangerous parts have been covered or placed out of reach. Fillers having anywhere from three tons capacity per hour with a small gas engine to larger machines that will cut 15 tons or more cover the needs of the small farmer or the farmer who has several silos to fill as quickly as possible. Uniform cutting even when run at full capacity has been gained as a much-needed improvement.

### Improved Buildings and Equipment

During the war and for some two years thereafter little building was done on farms for the reason that building costs were so high and that labor was both scarce and expensive. Besides, the production of increased crops took precedence over all else. Now that times have changed, we see a marked increase in the tendency to replace old barns and even farmhouses with new and modern ones, made possible by sharp decline in cost of building materials and somewhat lower cost of labor. Also, most farmers have come to look at up-to-date buildings that are convenient in arrangement and that have the facilities for doing more and better work with less labor, as necessary, not a luxury. And they are right.

### Dairy Barns and Silos

With the rapid expansion of the dairy industry we find new barns and more silos in place of old. The balloon-framed barn with ample mow room for clover hay, a good ventilation system that works, plenty of light figured at the rate of 45 square feet for each animal, litter carriers and feed trucks, metal stanchions, and easily-cleaned concrete floors show the trend of the times.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUPS were laughed at a few years ago by dairymen, but now we find that they have won their way into all the best barns. And there is good reason for this. A good milker will drink 10 to 15 gallons of water each day, and heavier milkers will drink still more—if they get it. Furthermore, a cow drinks at least 10 per cent. more water at night than in the daytime—if she gets it. About two and one-half pounds of water are required for each pound of milk, but in cold winter weather no cow will drink this much as she stands out in the cold wind and shivers beside an ice-choked watering trough. Drinking cups quickly pay for themselves in increased milk production.

MILKING MACHINES in their present state of perfection are perhaps the greatest labor saver ever invented for the dairymen. They replace cheap labor with skilled and dependable labor at a reduced wage. Considered as an indispensable part of the barn equipment for some time now in all large dairies, they are coming to be considered in the same light in any number of smaller dairies with 10 to 15 cows, also as a solution of the milking problem. Proof that milking machines are a success is easily found by any dairymen who will try for himself or trust to the judgment of the leading dairy authorities of the country.

Silos are still built of a great variety of materials in several styles and sizes. Cement, cement stave, cement block, hollow tile, wood staves of dozens of types—all these are used as they have been for some time. But by this we do not mean that there has been no recent development in silo construction. There has. Little more can be done to improve the cement or the hollow-tile silo, but wood silos show several new features. A wooden hollow-tile silo that provides an air space within two layers of staves is a marked departure. New anchoring and hoop-tightening devices are notable advances. Easily adjusted, secure and wind-resisting tops also are worthy of notice. Doors that fit snugly without binding and effectively keep out the air and in the juice have added to the list of useful changes. See front cover illustration.

### Generally Useful Conveniences

FARM LIGHTING PLANTS, or the utilization of electricity brought in by wires from central power plants (see front cover illustration), deserves its growing popularity on the modern farm. In the barns as a substitute for the old-fashioned lantern, with which our parents and grandparents spent gloomy hours each morning and night, we now find the handy light-switch that brings a bright and safe light in a jiffy. In the granary, the machine-shed, the milk-house, the feed-room or even in the haymow, we have light ever at our beck and call. No danger from matches or from the tipped over lantern or lamp. Then there is the outside light beside the garage door, at the kitchen porch and at the windmill—all places where we formerly used to stumble and fumble in the dark.

In the house there are so many uses for electricity that we cannot mention all, but in addition to light (and that alone is sufficient to warrant the outlay) there is the power washing-machine, churn, cream separator, the electric flatiron, and power to operate the pressure water system (see front cover illustration). Speaking of electric power, we must not overlook the feed grinder, the fanning mill, or even the grindstone, etc., in the farm workshop. Then there is the small portable gasoline engine that serves various power purposes. We would like to go into greater detail relative to the cheap first cost of lighting or power plants, when the all-around use-

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fulness is considered, but we must find a good stopping place. And where could we find a better place to linger in comfort than in a modern, comfortable farmhouse where there is good light, running water and all the conveniences that the good wife and girls need and appreciate? As full working partners in up-to-date farming in which the maximum utilization of machinery of all kinds is the very keynote of the day, we cannot help but look to these needed things for the inside of the house; they should be ranked with the new farm machinery in importance, and to our way of thinking they should even be given precedence, for we only live once and our happiness is in a sense measured in the smiles on the happy faces of others for whom we do a good turn.

### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

ing you a drawing I made of my pony Topsy. I hope to see my letter in COMFORT.

Yours hopefully and sincerely,

REVA A. RALSTON.

Reva, in your very declarative letter you say, "I am a new friend." That is the best sort of a declaration and makes me happy to hear it. You may be sure, my dear, that I am an old friend of yours from now on.

I think your twenty-four scholars have picked out a most appropriate name for a school located in a Scotch Grove when you call it "The Timber." Of course an institution with that name must be run by a School Board, and I suppose you just pine to get to your maple desk every morning. Billy says that what I have just written wouldn't make anyone laugh, but I think it is rather funny myself and worth a grin from anyone but a nasty, bad-tempered game-legged old Goat.

I was sorry to hear you had a niece who died with the influenza, Aunt Reva. Probably I have a great great many more nieces than there are trees in Scotch Grove, but I know I would not want to lose the tiniest one of 'em. In New York last winter we had plenty of this mean and tricky flu, and one of my bestest friends was very ill indeed with it. Fortunately, he soon got so well that he could eat six meals a day and in twelve hours consumed seventy-eight cents' worth of store milk. I say store milk, Reva, for here in New York we never expect that any milk we buy ever saw a cow or was produced by anything more bovine than a pasteurizing outfit.

That was a most delightful sketch of a very handsome pony which you sent me, Reva, and your pet had a white stripe down her equine and aquiline nose just as you described. Why don't you have Topsy enter The Timber School, Reva,—if the Board will let her—and see if she can learn how many quarts of oats there are in three pecks?

GUNLOCK, UTAH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Just a few lines to let you know that there is a boy in Utah who has life enough to write to you. We have taken COMFORT for years and I certainly enjoy it—especially the cousins' letters.

As it is the custom, I will give my description: I have blue eyes, brown hair and a healthy tan. I am seventeen years old; five feet, seven inches high; and weigh 150 pounds. In fact I am rather handsome.

I live in the heart of the wild and woolly West. And yet, when I read Western stories, I can only wish I could see such places as they describe. Unlike most Western boys, the trade of hustling bronchos goes against my grain. In fact I would be afraid of getting busted myself if I tried it. I am not very enthusiastic, but you have got to show me if the beautiful scenery of Utah can be beat, or is beaten. Especially southern Utah. And as to agriculture, there is hardly a fruit or vegetable that cannot be raised here, and we have abundance of water. I am surprised at not seeing a cousin's letter describing my wonderful State.

Gunlock is an old-fashioned little town surrounded by hills. It is also a thriving little place and certainly worth living in.

I want the cousins to write to me, so I am sending a blank, well-saluted piece of paper for Billy—and thus hope my letter may pass unnoticed. Or at least I hope so. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will have to close.

Your nephew, FRANK NIELSEN.

All right, Frank, just as you say! We are willing to believe that Utah is beautiful just as long as you do not make us come out to the Great Salt Lake Desert and ask us to admire the view. However, I know that Gunlock is a considerable way from the big desert—say about a day and a half in an active Ford—and where lucky Gunlock is situated there must be plenty of water. I am sure of this, else how would there be beavers enough to build mountains? For I see you reside close to the Beaver Dam Range, Frank, and if the winds from the far-off Salt Desert make you thirsty, you can get plenty of Santa Clara River water to irrigate your lips. I think you have a right to brag—surrounded as you are by peaks and rivers. And if bucking bronchos are scarce, and movie bad men also, why you haven't missed much after all. One good thing about where you live, Frank, is that you have a sort of big corner lot. If you ever get sick of little Gunlock, you can just drop a boat into the Virgin River and soon be paying a poll tax in either Nevada or Arizona. I really imagine, Frank, as a West-ignorant Eastern dweller, that you must be living in one of the most beautiful parts of the wild and woolly country. Anyway, it is a good State that can raise every kind of a product—including "rather handsome" cousins. Billy looked with suspicion upon this remark of yours concerning your looks, Frank. He said that he thought your description, like the piece of paper you sent, must be taken with a grain of salt. "I notice he didn't send any photo for my album, Uncle," said Bill. Bill is a cynical old codger, Frank. Seeing is believing with him, and sometimes he won't even believe what he sees!

GOLDTHWAITE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

After reading this month's issue of COMFORT I could not resist the temptation to write. First, before going any further, I want to get Billy in a good way so he won't chew up my letter, so I am sending him a couple of pictures to put in his album. While he is very much engrossed with these, you can slip my letter up your sleeve. The masculine-looking person is my brother's wife. Here, hold on and don't look so shocked: she is just a kid, and of course the other smiling maiden is myself. The water is a view of Lake Merritt, but only a bird's eye.

Say, Uncle, I do hope you can talk Billy into letting you print my letter. You know this makes the third or fourth time I have tried. I once heard from one of the cousins I would like to hear from again. If he sees this in print I hope he will recognize it and come along with a nice letter. He was in Los Angeles, California, the last I heard of him.

Uncle, I am in high school. I have four teachers. I am in the tenth grade and expect to graduate next year and then for college. Well, Uncle, as this letter has already gone beyond its limit, I must close. I trust you have no objection to the tint of my stationery. If so, let me know and I will change it to your liking. Please, all you cousins, write to me and I'll answer every letter. Try me and see if I don't.

With much love to all of you,

Yours nice and cousin, LOIS SULLIVAN.

I was foxy enough to get your letter by Billy. Lois. The best way to fool Bill is to get him into an argument—and he is always ready to argue! I showed him your charming and smiling photo, and then I told him you said the other blank, watery-looking one was a picture of a bird's eye. Bill immediately snorted and cleaned his spectacles hastily by rubbing them along his left ear. After a close scrutiny, he declared: "Uncle Lisha, this photograph bears no resemblance whatsoever to the optic of any ornithological specimen I have ever encountered." It is awful, Lois, but Bill always uses language like this when he starts to argue, and it makes him very hard to talk to, at times. But this time I didn't want to argue with him. I just signed your pink letter (Billy is simply deaf on one note paper!) out of his reach and told him I had heard there were very strange birds in Texas and that I thought this bird's eye was from a raven known as the Goldthwaite Wonder. He looked very unconvinced, but didn't say anything more, for he was in doubt whether or not I was kidding him. And so your letter was safe.

Lols, you must not expect to hear often the any California cousin like the one you met. I very much fear. Lols, that this chap may be busy hanging around the Sunken Beauty of Hollywood and Universal City that he has time to write letters. But perhaps if he gets a bird's-eye view of your letter in COMFORT, he may write.

I hope your four teachers keep on cramming you just full of knowledge, Lois, so you graduate and commence writing us from your college dormitory. But if you want the legitimate letters to be really safe from Billy, I hope you now that they had best come on merchandise or heliotrope stationery. Billy, as I am, is simply death on pink!

BANCROFT, WEST VIRGINIA

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I write you once before but guess something may have happened to it. I am five feet, three inches and have brown eyes and light complexion.

Uncle, there is a soup house in our town.

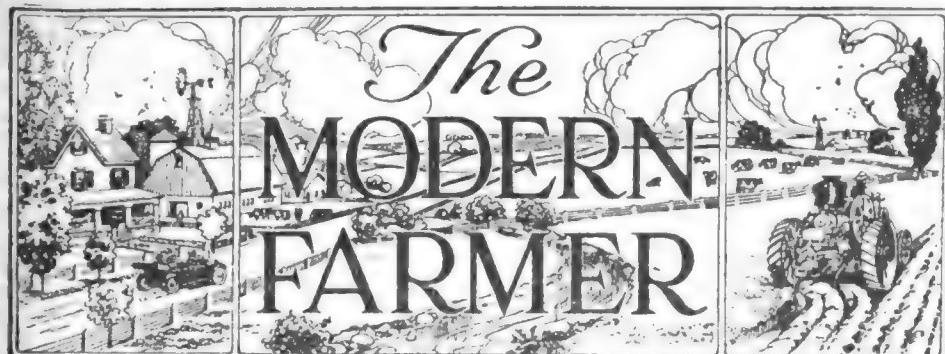
Say, Uncle, my birthday is in March, and I've to hear from all the cousins to send me a card. I would like to hear from some of the cousins.

Your loving niece, ETHEL CAMPBELL.

I'm sorry, Ethel, but you'll have to make your birthday on a month or two ahead, or else until next March to be buried under comical birthday cards. COMFORT has such a circulation that it has to be made ready for placing a considerable time in advance, and so it means that your birthday cake will be eaten and eaten—candles and all—before you read it. But I know all the cousins will join me in wishing you the best of birthday wishes, even if it comes a little late.

Ethel, that is a mysterious and disquieting absence of yours about having a "soup house" in your town. Why build a house out of soup, anyway? I'd much rather have one made out of something drier—say roast beef, with the meat thickly plastered with creamy mashed potato, and the windows shinily filled in with lemon or lime ice. And if the floors could be made out of soft gingerbread, laid in geometrical and decorative patterns, it would be all the better and make house command a much higher rent, I fancy.

Billy, always looking on the gloomy side of things, has been trying to make me believe that your soup house is only an unfortunate or unworthy institution where soup is given free to those too poor to buy anything better



## Improved Farming

**H**ARD times are truly the acid test of all industry; the weak and insecure perish, and only those builded upon the enduring rock of sane finances and common sense survive. During the past two years agriculture, in company with every other form of human enterprise, has been severely buffeted and tossed about on

be used as generally as brawn, that to meet successfully the problems good business management is at least as essential as hard work. Neither is sufficient alone; the two form a partnership which work together to make agriculture both permanent and prosperous. To many farmers the occupation of farming seemed to call for hard work, and hard work only. It may have been true when prices were high, when supply was smaller by far than demand, but under the conditions existing today and those likely to exist in the future farming is a strictly business proposition which requires thought and work together. The man who uses his head every waking hour or, in other words, the man who "farms from the ears up" instead of down, is the man who will make most rapid headway.

The farmer who farms well, breeds and feeds the right sort of good quality livestock economically, hires extra help for farm work only when he knows that every dollar so spent will bring back more than a dollar in return, will make a profit because he earns it. Economy is, or at any rate should be, a habit of thought and not a matter of enforced pinching. Lavish spending which became a habit in the days of more than plenty is an unwelcome heritage that has left its blot on the record of many a formerly prosperous farmer. Is it necessary for us to advise that only such things as are necessary, such things as will add to the efficiency of the farm or to its income, should be bought? By this we do not mean to eliminate comforts and conveniences; anything that adds to the welfare of the farm family and helps to lift the labor load will stand the test we mention. But there is a broad line between investing money in necessary things and wasting it for things not necessary. Be sure you need before you buy.

To stand still means to go back" is a business axiom that has direct application to the farmer. Physical growth ceases after a man reaches full manhood, but mental growth goes on and on if encouraged. And here lies the secret that has enabled the thinking farmer to survive hard times. Farming calls for the best there is in men who have prepared themselves for their business by constant study as well as by experience. We

can think of no other form of endeavor, requiring a strong heart and will to meet or which calls for such a diversity of knowledge as farming.

But the point is this: He has faced difficult to solve. Can they be solved by hard work alone? We think not, and a look at past experiences will prove the truth of our statement. Pioneer farming in the past century was mainly a matter of arduous manual labor, no

one may add the comment "as usual"—for is it not true that someone he has ever managed to cope with adversity and to "come out on top"?

In spite of the hard knocks of falling prices, extortionate freight rates, uncertain markets and lack of adequate credit to finance his business, the farmer has a number of things to be thankful for. In the first place, it is safe to say that for him the worst is past, that the bottom has been reached and passed, and that now he can confidently look ahead to better things in the future. He was hit first and hit hard, but now while many other industries are still groping about in the dark he sees the light ahead and is steering straight for it.

Then there is another point to be considered, a point many of us have overlooked in our reckoning. It is this: The past two years have been

doubt, but today it is mainly a matter of business. It demands the constant application of sound business principles just as much as manufacturing or banking or merchandising. To those

who realize the importance of the application of strict business methods to farming will go the reward for their work; the toiler who refuses to read the "handwriting on the wall" and who depends upon hard work alone will not keep pace with the man who uses his head as well as his hands.

### The Lead-Pencil Farmer

"The lead pencil is the most important implement on the farm," once said a farmer who spoke from years of experience. And the fact that he backed up his remark with a fine big farm free from debt, a herd of pure-bred cows any man would be proud of, fertile and well-tilled land that year after year returned a profit in crops, and a bank balance that enabled him to provide both education and comfort for his family, adds strength to his statement.

Where does the lead pencil figure as a farm im-



A SMALL BUT COMPLETE FARM OFFICE.

plement? In the first place it does much to take the guesswork out of farming, for figures don't lie. The farmer who keeps a pencil behind his ear will make close figuring a habit. He will know what everything costs him, whether it be the rations he feeds his stock or the time and

labor of raising a field of corn. It is the little losses from day to day that make a deficit at the end of the year, but the lead-pencil habit keeps the figures where they can be seen all the time.

Then there is the next step—farm accounting. Many farmers are "gun-shy" when bookkeeping is mentioned. They think of great ledgers in an office and an expert bookkeeper perched on a high stool laboring over them for hours on end. But in truth, bookkeeping, so far as farm needs are concerned, is not a nightmare. It is a necessary part of the business. For all practical needs of the farmer, simple books have been devised, and may be bought for small cost. A day book to show daily outlay and income will do much to keep finances straight and to take the guess out of farming. From this start it is only a short step, and a worth-while one, to a complete record of every farm transaction. The "lead-pencil farmer" we quoted above has a daughter who learned bookkeeping in high school; she gladly performs all the necessary work of this kind in her spare time. No doubt a large number of the readers of COMFORT also have sons or daughters who have had a similar training and who would be equally glad to help Dad keep his accounts. In this connection let us advise strongly in favor of keeping a farm inventory, for it is every bit as necessary to the successful management of a farm as spring housecleaning is to the farmhouse

produce. To this end it is even necessary to standardize methods of production to insure quality. Standardized methods of production in a measure forecast what the quality will be; yield per acre must not be allowed to overshadow the rate any given crop will command by reason of its quality. Excellence has a greater reward than amount, and with less drain on the land.

Extensive experiments conducted at the Iowa Experiment Station have shown conclusively that correct methods of fertilization, rotation, clean culture, use of good clean seed, and disease prevention will do much to improve the quality of any crop as well as the yield, and will to a large extent eliminate low-grade products.

The condition and appearance of produce as it appears on the market, as well as the quality of the same, are receiving greater attention, and increased returns show that the time and attention thus spent is well rewarded in dollars and cents. Careful grading, bundling and boxing or packing are the first things to consider. In doing this it is well to try to see through the eyes of the ultimate consumer, and to make things attractive from his viewpoint.

The advantages of carefully grading farm produce are too numerous to be listed completely here, but we can mention a few. In the first place, grading fixes a standard for the market.

In the second place, a standard grade can be stamped or labeled and advertised extensively, to

the farmer's advantage in that the public becomes acquainted with his "trade-mark." Third, the producer receives a premium for his properly graded produce of high quality, nor does he have to compete equally and to his own disadvantage with the farmer who places a low-grade or otherwise inferior article on the market to force down prices. Other things that careful grading does are: to make possible the advertising of a whole community as a source of any certain produce; to assure the success of community or cooperative marketing for a group or district; to improve the storing and handling qualities of an article; to save or eliminate loss through "dockage" when mixed or unsorted products are sold in bulk; to permit offering graded produce in storage as security for loans; and to increase the market for farm produce of all kinds by improving the shipping and keeping qualities by careful grading. These things the farmer can do himself toward securing better markets, for marketing is far less a "combine against the producer which makes him work for nothing" than was once generally believed.

### Cooperative Organizations and Others

Hard times in the recent past have driven home the moral that "In Unity Is Strength," and the American farmer has learned that pulling together is one of the surest ways to reach the goal. Many are still holding back for the reason that they have an entirely wrong notion of the sense and meaning of the word "cooperation" as applied to the farmer. No doubt there is some reasonable backing for this idea; in the past the word often signified an organization wherein he and his friends were left "holding the bag" for a group of clever and unscrupulous promoters who flew by night and left only debt and disgust in their wake. But times have changed, and again for the better. Now we realize that cooperation is more than a habit of thought, a willingness on the part of farmers to pull together toward some common end, rather than an empty name for a trade-restricting, narrow-thinking, dues-paying group. And in the same sense and measure that it means pulling together, it depends for complete success upon sticking together. An inclination "to stick to the ship" only when sailing is good on a quiet sea, but to abandon it when the storm clouds gather, has been the stumbling block that has tripped up many a cooperative society.

In this connection let us read what Mr. Sorenson, agricultural representative of the Danish Government, had to say on this point at the recent meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation, at Atlanta: "In Denmark we have learned that if farmers are to cooperate successfully they must loyally follow their leaders, even when those leaders make mistakes! We have learned that farmers must cooperate even when it



A MACHINE SHED IN KEEPING WITH THE SIZE OF THE FARM SAVES DEPRECIATION OF VALUABLE MACHINERY.

HARVESTING TEN-FOOT SWATH—ONE MAN CUTS 30 TO 35 ACRES IN A DAY.

(and if you doubt the need of the latter we refer you to the good wife).

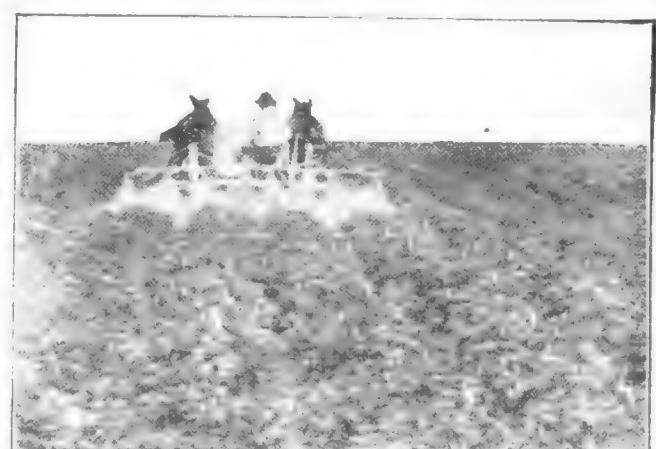
The lead-pencil farmer always knows just where he stands and how things are going. We might say that the man who makes his mark with the pencil makes his mark in the world, for it seems to turn out that way. No dairymen would try to run his herd without a milk sheet tacked up beside the milk scales in the dairy barn, but what use would the milk sheet be without a pencil? Again it is figures that talk. The same holds true in the feed room, where it is not a difficult matter, though one often overlooked, to keep an accurate account of the feed that goes to each cow, to the hogs and to the horses. How else can we know if stock is "paying for its board" if we do not use a pencil and paper? We cannot remember a single farmer who ever made a success of farming by guessing at things, but we can name any number (and so can you) who made a failure of it by guessing. To take the guesswork out of agriculture will mean to substitute the dollar sign for the question mark, and prosperity for proflanity. Use your pencil.

### Marketing: An Important Problem

In the past farmers and scientists alike gave much time and thought to increased production and relatively little consideration to the actual cost of production, to say nothing regarding the marketing of produce. To make two kernels of grain or two blades of grass grow where one grew before was the primary object. But times are changing. Today agricultural advancement is along a somewhat different line, and agricultural thought has taken a new trend. Hard times have recommended economy of production costs as well as other savings; the standardization of quality of farm produce is receiving more and more attention, and in a measure the control of markets through direct sales is working out in actual practice. Several agencies are at work on marketing problems and are getting results. Various bureaus, cooperative associations and the federal and state departments of agriculture are all pointing their efforts toward helping the farmer to get better markets for his crops, but we will speak more fully of their work later on. For the present let us look only at the things the farmer can do, and is doing, for himself, for the problems of marketing intimately concern the individual farmer. Someone once said that marketing crops is a double-ended saw with the farmer at one end and the investigational bodies we have mentioned at the other, both pulling in turn for the general welfare of agriculture. What can the farmer do to "hold up his end"?

**COST OF PRODUCTION** plays a big part in marketing crops at a profit. It is essentially a problem for the individual farmer and is more fully under his control than is the selling price. Therefore he can do much to insure a profit for his produce by reducing costs of production to a minimum. By this we do not mean that soil fertility should be allowed to decline through over-cropping and failure to use fertilizers; neither do we mean that the necessary work can safely be neglected. We have in mind the elimination of waste. The "lead-pencil" farmer we spoke of figures every cost from the time a crop goes into the ground until it is sold; therefore he knows just what each item costs, and knowing, leads to the rigid economy essential to success. Some of the most important items influencing the cost of production, and also the places where a little work with the lead pencil will be well rewarded, are: use of farm equipment and depreciation; labor of men and teams; value of land; amount of cultivation and care required from seeding to harvest; cost and amount of seed, manure and fertilizer; arrangement of crops, etc., on farm to save steps and time; selection of crops that do not all require attention at the same season, thus allowing the farmer himself to do more of his own work, and save wages; elimination of waste, whether it be caused by plant or animal diseases, insects, weeds, or natural spoilage. In general, it is safe to say that the more valuable the crop the more intensive may be the cultivation and the greater the outlay. But guesswork must be eliminated and a thorough understanding of every item of cost of production substituted in its stead in order to make profitable marketing possible.

**STANDARDIZATION OF PRODUCT** is more difficult for the farmer than for the manufacturer but it is every bit as necessary, but the farmer can greatly aid marketing by carefully grading farm



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does not pay, if they are to carry their desires and ambitions out to their entire satisfaction. Half-hearted support is not one bit better than no support at all." When we think what the farmers of his little country have done, we appreciate the truth of his statements, and know that experience backs his statements.

Space does not permit us to more than mention other organizations which are doing a wonderful work for farmers and for agriculture, but let it be understood that it is for want of space, not for lack of appreciation of the work being done, that we cannot go into greater detail. State and Federal Bureaus of Marketing; Farm Bureau Federations; Agricultural Experiment Stations throughout the country and in Washington; and the farm press itself with its millions of readers—all these agencies are pointed toward the end of first gaining the true facts, then passing this knowledge along to the farmer himself. Speaking purely from what we have seen accomplished in the recent past, is it not encouraging to think that we look for great and rapid advancement that will make for a better, more permanent agriculture in the near future?

Through these agencies the American people at large are being shown that their future prosperity and welfare, and that of the nation, as well as that of the farmer himself, is bound up in the future of American agriculture. To bring about this mutual feeling of need, and to break down age-old narrow-gauge prejudices, in itself will do much to assure agriculture its rightful place. Throughout the country people are coming

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)



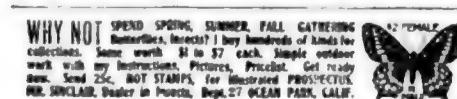
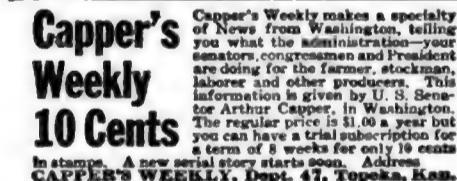
What does the lead pencil figure as a farm im-

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## Improved Farming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

to realize that the farmers' problems are the nation's problems; that the nation's problems are the farmers' problems. And out of understanding shall grow faith.

It is to these organizations and agencies that the farmer may look for the fulfillment of his needs and desires. With the reduction of armaments a reality, he may confidently look for increased interest in "farmaments." When we think that in 1920 our Government spent four and a quarter billions of dollars, or ninety-two and a half per cent. of the total Federal budget, for armaments and wars of the past and future, and that only three hundred and forty-four millions, or about seven and a half per cent., went for the maintenance of Civil Departments, Public Works, and for everything else, is it not reasonable to look for more attention and financial assistance for the many things needed in agriculture, now that peace-time enterprises are coming into their heritage? We confidently hope that the good work so well started will be continued; that the interests of agriculture, including all needed facilities to promote the material prosperity, educational advancement and social well-being and contentment of the farmers and their families, will receive the fostering care and assistance that their importance and intimate relation to the national welfare demand and deserve.

### Increase of the Daily Horizon

Diversified farming, in which the dairy cow and the farmer have worked so successfully as partners, learned much and suffered little even in hard times. Perhaps that is why the dairy frontiers are so steadily expanding, for it is in the former one-crop regions that we see the new trend to adopt the cow as a partner. Throughout the South and Southwest there is a marked demand for high-grade and pure-bred cows; the same holds true in North Dakota which so long has been considered as a wheat country pure and simple. Not so now. Permanent agriculture decrees that crops cannot be sold forever in the wagon-box. Something must be returned to the soil to prevent depletion of soil fertility. Whether the dairy cow is found, and where crops are fed to her and then marketed in the milkman, we have seen that farmers have been in better shape financially during the last two years. Soil is more fertile, yields are better and mortgages are fewer. Moreover, there has never been a complete failure of the dairy crop, for in a sense milk is just as much a crop as corn or wheat or fruit or cotton. The fact that this is realized, and that diversified farming is encroaching on the domain of former one-crop regions, is a move in the right direction.

Nor has improvement in dairy cattle failed to keep pace with the increase in area where cows are depended on by farmers for their daily bread and butter. For instance, the 43rd Holstein cow to make over 1,000 pounds of butterfat in a year was recently announced. Naturally, the cows that do this are the exceptions, but the general average of production and quality of cattle is also improving. Though only some three per cent. of all the cattle in the United States are purebreds, the once common unprofitable "scrubs" are diminishing in number. It is purely a matter of dollars and cents that has seen the "boarder" discarded for the cow that will pay a profit, and for the most part we find that cows are being steadily and surely graded up.

### New Lines of Work in Agriculture

To enumerate all the recent work done for the betterment of agriculture, and the various lines of research now under way in the State experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture, would fill volumes. But thanks to the free bulletins issued, and to the cooperation of the farm press which strives to bring these new things to the attention of farm readers, we will not be held to the task. Suffice it to say that new plants are being introduced and tried by the greatest and best trained staff of agricultural scientists in the whole world; that new strains of the plants we already have are being developed for special purposes such as disease or frost or drought resistance; that economical new rations for feeding livestock are taking the place of old ones; that labor-saving devices and the increased use of machinery instead of hand power follow experimental work done for us; and that soil management, fertility conservation, prevention of animal diseases and the marketing of farm crops are all receiving due consideration.

Among the important problems engaging the attention of experiment stations is the study of vitamins, with the result that many formerly held theories on nutrition and the respective values of feeds are being modified. Results of the greatest importance have already been obtained relative to the influence of the various vitamins on growth, maintenance, reproduction, and the preservation of health of both animals and mankind. Along this line it may be well to mention recent legislation passed for the purpose of protecting unsuspecting customers from buying and using "filled milk," in which coconut oil is substituted for butterfat. Not only does this guarantee the rightful preference for the pure and unadulterated whole milk over an inferior article through the education of the ultimate consumer, and thus assure a market for our dairy produce, but it tends to protect above all else our growing children—the best and dearest crop of all—from being denied the growth-stimulating, health-insuring food supplied in the pure milk of the cow that has been so aptly termed "the Nation's foster-mother."

Among the new crops introduced or popularized and the old ones that have in some way or other been changed to meet some special requirement there is much of interest to farmers. Hemp is now grown on a large scale in Wisconsin, and its popularity is fast spreading to other regions of similar climate (see front cover illustration of new hemp binder at work). A new frost-resistant corn which germinates at low temperatures, yields well and matures early is meeting a great need for Northern States and the seed is even being sought by a number of foreign countries. Sunflowers specially adapted for silage are being grown under varying conditions from the cooler North to the semi-arid West with satisfaction and profit. Disease-resistant strains of oats, wheat and barley have been developed to meet special needs by a number of stations, and work along this line is being carried on unceasingly in the constant endeavor to improve farm crops. Growing flax for fiber has passed the experimental stage in Michigan as well as in some other more Eastern states; with Russia not in a condition to supply this product as formerly there is fair likelihood that flax fiber will become an important crop, especially in the more Northern states. Soybeans, cowpeas and velvet beans, though not new crops, are coming in for more attention due to the results attained by their use on sandy land as builders of soil fertility.

Injurious insects, though still a constant menace to growing crops, seldom get "out of hand" due to better methods of prevention and control, and to an increasing willingness for farmers to make the most of the work that is being done for them. Quarantine methods are also getting results, especially in the case of the corn-ear worm, which has so far been kept within bounds in certain restricted areas. The cotton boll weevil is responding to crop rotation in quarantined areas to an extent that has already permitted the release of some formerly infested districts from quarantine. In animal diseases the close relationship between physical condition and disease infection has been shown, weak or poorly nourished

animals being more susceptible to contagion and less able to withstand the ravages of disease than well-nourished, healthy ones. Contagious abortion of cattle is receiving much study and many experiments and attempts at its cure or control are under way. It has been shown that a large proportion of the sterility of cows may be blamed to this disease, the Wyoming experiment station stating that of the cows studied 50 per cent. of those that aborted became sterile.

We should like to say a word about the use of explosives for land clearing, about crop rotations and soil management to increase returns, about any number of things that we have not touched on, for that matter, but space is limited and must be saved for what is to follow.

### The Farm Family at Work

We have spoken of the agencies that are helping the farmer by placing at his disposal the results of extensive experiments. In a measure this is merely an attempt to save him the time and expense and discouragement of learning many things by personal experience, for experience is ever a dear teacher. But in no sense should it be thought that this work is done for the farmer whether or no; the controlling idea is to help the farmer help himself. We have mentioned the thinking farmer, the lead-pencil farmer, who uses his head as well as his hands. We know that to work efficiently a man, and a woman too for that matter, must work contentedly. In congenial surroundings where labor-saving machinery helps lighten the load we find the men folks whistling at their chores and the "missus" singing as she works with the girls in the well-equipped kitchen.

By no means all of the changes for the better on the farm have been brought about by the men alone, nor are all the farm improvements to be found from the back-door of the dwelling out. The modern housewife is taking advantage of the new ideas in cooking, in feeding and caring for the growing children, the short cuts that save herself steps and time, in fact any number of things that are placed within her reach by her papers, bulletins, and the home demonstration agent that is trained in the work of helping the farmer's wife. A pressure system to provide running water is lightening housework and brightening every working day on a steadily increasing number of farms. Add to that the convenience of running water at the kitchen sink, the comforts of a well-equipped bathroom and the joys of the up-to-date laundry. The pressure system kills two birds with one stone, in a way, for it also supplies running water for the barns, the watering trough, for fire protection for the farm buildings and even lawn sprinklers for the lawn and kitchen garden.

We have said that the very keynote of farming today and tomorrow is knowledge, ever-increasing knowledge. In congenial surroundings we are more likely to study—and study and knowledge go hand in hand. Therefore a study corner for the farmer is a necessity, and more and more the small farm office is coming to supply this need. By an office we do not mean an elaborate and extensive room such as the city office. All that is necessary is the quiet corner of some spare room, or a pantry-sized alcove, for that matter. As regards equipment, that is a matter to be left to the individual to choose in keeping with his own needs and what he feels he can afford. A desk of some kind, a small bookcase or rack, a place to keep bulletins and farm papers where they can be quickly located when needed, fills the average needs. The typewriter is rapidly coming into its own on a growing number of farms, for, though not every farmer feels like attempting the job himself, with stenography taught in high schools the country over the children are only too glad to help out with farm correspondence in the evening. In dollars and cents the typewritten letter will soon pay for the cost of the machine on a farm where there is any amount of writing to be done.

The mention of the farm office makes us think of lights in the farmhouse. The kerosene lamp, with its smells and wick-trimming needs, is fast giving way to electric lights in both houses and barns. As for electric lights, the hour or two saved each day by the use of modern machinery on the farm, if spent in comfort beside a good reading light, will be the best paying hours of the whole working day. Farming is really developing with a book or paper in the farmer's hand, for the man or woman who does not read, and thus take advantage of the new things that can be turned into cash on the farm, soon falls behind. And good light is the greatest inducement to read. Light and life have ever been congenial bedfellows, age-old and inseparable; darkness and discouragement and discomfort likewise go together. Good light on the farm illuminates the happy faces of father and mother and kiddies and old folks; the little tots with their toys, the young folks off in a corner looking ahead perhaps to homes of their own, and old age with its knitting or sewing and a smile for everybody. Ease, refinement, comfort, happiness—these are all enjoyed at home by the modern farmer, and the pervading atmosphere of congeniality is even measured in a willingness of the young folks to stay at home, too. If a better light will help keep the family together, and resist the attraction of farm boys and girls to the cities, this strikes us as the very biggest farm improvement of all—and it seems to be working out in just that way on the farms of the looking-ahead class of farmers the country over.

### April Garden Work

"A PRIL showers bring May flowers," and we welcome them as a proof of the coming summer, along with swelling buds and running sap. But April showers bring other things as well; they often bring delays in garden work, and in the garden-making month time once lost cannot be easily regained. For that reason we must make the most of each day when skies are smiling and sunny; tomorrow may be a day of weeping skies, lowering clouds and winds that are strongly reminiscent of March so shortly past.

Transplanting from cold frames to the garden varies with the locality and also with the season. When the season is favorable and the soil as well as the weather has warmed up planting may be done, if young plants are well hardened, without much danger of having their growth checked. Cabbage is seldom injured by cold nights and can therefore be set out earlier than tomatoes or other more tender plants that suffer from cold. What may now be planted in light soil with fair assurance of success had often better be delayed until a later date on cold, heavy soil, nor can plowing or spading be done while the latter is too moist.

As soon as time and weather have permitted thorough preparation of a mellow, friable seedbed, planting may be begun. Radishes, peas, spinach, lettuce, turnips, beets, onions, etc., should be planted in a succession where space permits, thus providing garden truck for a longer period than if all of each crop is planted at once. But we spoke of this some time ago when we told how to plan a garden.

### Amount of Seed to Plant

One of the commonest mistakes in gardening is to use too much seed. The unavoidable result is crowding of the struggling young plants, weakness, and usually a severe setback which, even when thinned, cannot be completely overcome. The following table, prepared by the Kansas Experiment Station, will prevent mistakes if it is cut out and kept in a handy place and referred to when garden work is being done. The amount

of seed indicated in each case is for 100 feet of row.

Asparagus	1 pt.
Beans, bush	1 pt.
Beans, pole	1 pt.
Beans, bush lima	1 pt.
Beans, pole lima	1 pt.
Beets	1 pt.
Brussel Sprout	1 pt.
Cabbage	1 pt.
Collards	1 pt.
Cauliflower	1 pt.
Celery	1 pt.
Cucumbers	1 pt.
Cantaloupe	1 pt.
Egg Plant	1 pt.
Kale	1 pt.
Lettuce	1 pt.
Mustard	1 pt.
Okra	1 pt.
Onion seed	1 pt.
Onion sets	1 pt.
Parsley	1 pt.
Peppers	1 pt.
Potatoes	1 pt.
Radishes	1 pt.
Salsify	1 pt.
Spinach	1 pt.
Squash	1 pt.
Sweet Potatoes	1 pt.
Sweet Corn	1 pt.
Swiss Chard	1 pt.
Tomatoes	1 pt.
Turnips	1 pt.

### How to Grow Lettuce

Lettuce, to be at its best, should be grown as rapidly as possible. Therefore the soil intended for this crop should be made both rich and moist by liberal applications of stable manure, then thoroughly worked to put in a high state of tilth. The general crop which is grown outside and not started under glass, should be sown as early as possible as the ground can be put in the condition we have described. Drills should be eighteen inches apart. Thin the young plants to four inches apart in the row, then as the plants grow and begin to crowd, thin them out and use as required. By doing this a much longer succession may be had from the same ground. For the cabbage or "head" varieties the plants should finally be thinned to twelve inches apart in the row to assure large heads.

### Sanitation Keeps Pigs Free of Worms

It has recently been found that simple sanitation, requiring nothing more than a little extra labor and care, is a successful means of raising pigs free from worms.

Just before the farrowing season clean the farrowing pens thoroughly with hot water and lye. Wash each sow to remove all dirt from the skin before being allowed into the clean pens. Within two weeks after farrowing move sows and pigs to a clean pasture which has not held pigs since it was cultivated last; up to this time do not allow sows and litters out of their pens. Keep young pigs on clean pastures away from worn, hogs or other sources of infection for at least four months, after which time there is less danger from worms. By carrying out this sanitary plan, and supplying the necessary feed, water and shelter, it is possible to raise worm-free pigs to market age, thus avoiding a common cause of loss.

There are four reasons why this swine-sanitary plan means dollars and cents to the farmer. In the first place, pigs without worms gain greater size and make more gain for the same quantity of feed than those that must eat a part of their feed to "board" an army of worms. It has been shown also that when those parasites are kept under control fewer young pigs are lost from thumb-sucking.

Pigs that are not weakened by the thumb-sucking are less susceptible to the common pig diseases than are those whose vitality has been sapped by worms. The quality of pork produced by clean, healthy pigs is better than that from thin, wormy and unthrifty pigs.

Veterinarians state that pigs infected with worms seem to be more susceptible to mange, necrobacillosis, and possibly to other diseases than are those that have been kept worm free. Even when the latter are infected with mange mice they seem to be highly resistant to their attacks, the mites causing them much less worry or inconvenience than in the case of wormy pigs.

All swine raisers in the Corn Belt, or in any region which has suffered from the harmful effects of worms in young pigs, for that matter, should find it profitable to adopt this system of swine sanitation.

Breeders of pure-bred hogs should find it particularly advantageous, for a little gain in size and weight, and the marked improvement in appearance resulting from rapid growth uninhibited by worms, makes a big difference in either the show ring or sales ring. In the end this advantage is measured in better prices received for stock sold.

### Home-Grown Dairy Feeds Best

"So far as possible utilize home-grown crops as feeds for dairy cows. Add only enough purchased feed to balance the ration when necessary, for nishing ingredients that may be lacking in feeds grown on the farm, and adding to the variety. Do not buy feeds that are the cheapest in price just because they are cheapest. Buy those that will give the best results at the lowest price. This is the advice of Prof. R. S. Hulce, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

If corn silage and alfalfa hay are available, one of the best and cheapest dairy rations obtainable is 30 pounds of corn silage and all the alfalfa hay that the cows will clean up. A mixture consisting of equal parts by weight of ground corn and oats, or of two parts of ground corn and one of wheat bran, may be used to supplement the alfalfa. Feed about one pound of this mixture for each three and one-half pounds of average-testing milk produced. A pound or two of cottonseed or linseed meal, if it can be bought at a reasonable price, can be fed each day to high producing cows, but this is unnecessary for cows of average production. The above grain ration is sufficient only when legume hay of the best grade is used; it is not sufficient if hay of low grade is used.

Supply milking cows with plenty of fresh, clean water. Keep them in clean, warm, well-ventilated stables. Though the mention of these two points hardly seems to have place in a brief discussion of feeding rations, the best of feed is wasted if they are overlooked. Keep them ever in mind.

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## Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

**A**LTHOUGH true manners have their base in the heart and really consist of unselfish thought for the enjoyment and welfare of those in whose company we may be, yet there have necessarily become established a large mass of well-tried customs and forms which constitute the "etiquette of good society." It is this we all wish to know, yet it can be no reflection upon a boy or girl to be ignorant of these mysteries of manner if youth has prevented the goings and coming in the world where these things are acquired. In this column of COMFORT it is a pleasure for me to help young readers whose doubts concerning the right thing to do or say might really spoil for them the enjoyment of some friendly party or other gathering, and wish to learn the little things that will give them sureness and ease so that they may get the most fun out of social life. I wish to add also those older readers whose secluded lives, perhaps along quiet paths, have kept them out of touch with the forms of society. These subscribers may, upon occasion, wish to know some certain right thing to say or do which will not leave them feeling strangely "out" when in the company of those more experienced in the little big things that make up modern etiquette. In addition to replying in this column to specific inquiries, I am going to begin the brief handling each month of some point or branch of etiquette which time has taught me may be of most value to readers. Thus I hope this department may grow more broadly helpful—in the way that COMFORT wishes all of its service to readers to become.—Editor of Manners and Looks.

B. F. Weinert, Texas.—One would not ordinarily indicate or "point out" any person by the use of finger or thumb. A few words of description are much better, such as: "That man to the right of you with the brown hat on," or some such explanatory phrase. This ruling holds good generally in so far as it regards objects, also; but there would be nothing incorrect in indicating a certain direction by the motion of the hand in a case where the gesture would add clearness to the words used.

Mrs. G. C. Lowman, N. Y.—Some dining cars serve table d'hôte meals—which means that a certain list of courses of food constituting a complete meal are served for one fixed sum, regardless of how much or how little of the foods presented for choice is consumed. It is "food by the lot," so to speak. In such a case you would simply select your preferred dishes from the menu given you—which will be found to offer a slight variety as to soups, meats, desserts, etc. The second method of dining-car service is called à la carte and might be designated "food by the piece." Each dish on the list of foods is separately priced, and the cost of a meal varies according to the number and prices of the foods chosen by the individual. It is usually customary on dining cars for the waiter to present a small pad to the diner who writes upon this the selected dishes—generally leaving the prices to be filled in by the management. The waiter in a dining car is tipped at the end of a meal—the customary amount given being at least ten per cent. of the check. (2) A porter in a parlor or sleeping car is tipped at the completion of his services when the journey is ended. This tip may vary according to the amount of service given, the length of the trip and the number in the party.

Miss A. W., Mississippi.—It makes absolutely no difference who is the first to say a word of greeting when a man and woman pass upon the street. (2) In serving as an escort a man does not take his companion's arm or offer his own, unless some danger or difficulty in the path should make this aid needful.

Mrs. R. T., Ohio.—Any entertainment which you might wish to give for your second wedding anniversary—the so-called "paper wedding"—may be made most interesting and amusing without much expense. Send your invitations at least a week ahead in the shape of paper dolls. Each doll should have pasted to hold in her hand a card on which you have written something like this: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank J. Dash request the pleasure of your company at the celebration of their second wedding anniversary, 234 Dash Avenue, Comfortville, Ohio, on April 29th, at eight in the evening." You will, of course, change names, date and time to suit your occasion. You may have your rooms decorated with wreaths, strips and flowers made of crepe paper of your favorite color combined with white. Have all your lighting effects shaded in this manner. Button-hole bouquets of white paper carnations might be given to arriving men guests, and pink paper roses to the women. You may have dancing if you wish, and also play any games in which paper plays the chief part. A home paper chase in which a trail of tiny squares of colored tissue paper leads to hidden prizes is a well-planned and easily arranged fun-maker. Use different colored papers for your trail—for the men, for instance, and white for the women. The prizes should be paper articles of some sort—either home-made or purchased at small expense. Have your refreshments grouped on a table covered with the colored crepe paper on which you have placed paper doilies of white. From this table your refreshments can be served buffet fashion to your guests who may eat and group themselves anywhere about your rooms. As a centerpiece for your refreshment table have two paper dolls representing a bridal couple standing under a paper arch with a paper bell swinging above their heads. Two kinds of sandwiches, coffee, cake and ice cream will make simple and sufficient refreshments. You can add to this a salad if you wish. Serve everything in paper dishes, plates, cups, spoons, etc. With a little thought and time expended upon your preparations, you can make your friends long remember your paper anniversary.

Comfort Sisters' Corner  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

VIRGINIA.

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for nearly twelve years. I want to thank Ever Cheerful of Tennessee for her advice on neighbor's children. It worked fine. I have four children of my own and a neighbor's little girl used to come here every day and stay nearly all day. I tried your method of having her sit down and keep perfectly quiet and it worked like magic. She was soon ready to go home.

How many believe in handing over your and your children's outgrown clothing to mothers less fortunate than yourself to make over for their children? Of course you have to understand the woman before doing this as it might offend her. So many people fill their attics with clothing rather than give it to the needy. I made shirts for my boys out of wornout skirts. I made underwear for my oldest boy, thirteen, of worn-out underwear of his father's. They could be cut down and the good portions used to advantage. They lasted all winter. I made shirts for my youngest boy from the shirts of the oldest that were worn so he couldn't wear them any more. The families around here have

had a hard time this year. Taxes are high and so is everything we have to buy and everything we have to sell brings a low price. We own our home, which is one great advantage as we don't have to move around.

I was married when very young and feel that God has been with me. I married a good man and one who is devoted to me. He is good to his children. We have only one pocketbook, his and mine, though I do most of the spending. I sometimes wish he would do the buying so he would know how much it takes and how it goes, although he never complains. I try to buy as wisely as I can though I often make mistakes but when I do my best, I say, what is the use to worry. It doesn't bring it back.

I was the oldest of a large family and we were very poor. My father and mother are living and I try to make up to them for the joys they have lost. Mother has worked hard all her life, as father's health was poor.

I hope to see this in COMFORT.

Much love to you all.

BROWN EYES.

WARREN, OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading the inspiring letter by the Strugger, I could no longer keep silent. When one finds in this busy, grumbling world of ours, a soul as sweet and pure as that of the Strugger's, 'tis time we grumblers sat up and took notice! We go on day after day, year after year, treading the hard paths of life, some of us growing into hardened cynics or chronic pessimists, and others of us losing our soul and individuality in the daily grind for bread.

If we would but take a moment's reflection on lives of our fellow-men around us, we can always find those whose lot is worse than ours, whose struggles are harder than ours, whose life holds just a third of the joy and sunshine of ours. Yet, they can look into our faces with a smile, and grasp our hand warmly in friendship and talk about daily matters with a free and easy grace!

You, dear Strugger, opened my eyes in time. I am yet young, not quite twenty. But I have started on the long path of Life and have gone but a little way. Yet I've been wearing smoked glasses and have been looking at Life with a darkened vision, for I thought that there could be no "hidden pot of gold at the end of the rainbow" for me! As everything seemed so opposed and contrary to what were my highest ideals; folks I thought were true friends were but "wolves in sheep's clothing," and that I could not trust in man with that simple faith that is a part of me. In sooth, the "rose-colored" spectacles Divine Providence has endowed to all youth, had to be cast away too soon!

But perhaps I can put them on again; for with renewed courage and experience as my teacher, I shall start anew, and as Excelior of old, hold my torch high and aspire to greater things.

I would enjoy corresponding with any of the sisters and especially those interested in poetry, religion, or me. I shall leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson.

"DREAMER."

RIVESVILLE, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been reader of COMFORT and think more of it than any other magazine we take. I get much help from the sisters' letters.

I have been married two years and have one baby, George Donald, five months old. He weighs nineteen and one-half pounds and has always been a strong,

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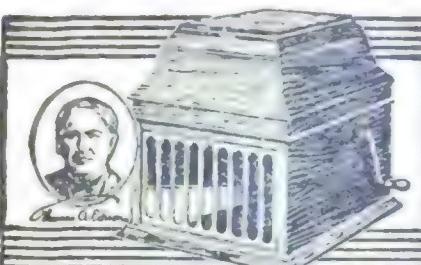
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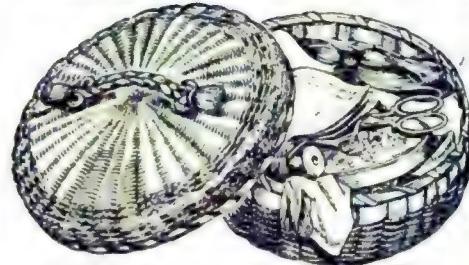
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## Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. A. L. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow.

COMFORT READER, Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that the remarriage, during the lifetime of the husband or wife, of any married person would be a bigamous and illegal marriage under the laws of any state of the Union, unless, of course, such person had a valid divorce from such former husband or wife.

MRS. I. G., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would descend to his surviving widow.

MRS. E. A., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the cemetery lot you mention belongs to the man who purchased and paid for same, and it will be necessary for you to purchase same from him or his estate, in case he is dead, if you desire to acquire good title to the same.

N. T. K., Wyoming.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the land you mention stands in the husband's name, and is occupied by the family as a homestead, the husband cannot dispose of same without the signature of the wife to the deed of conveyance; we think that upon his death, without a will, the widow, if she survives him and he leaves also children, would, in addition to her homestead rights and certain other small allowances, be entitled to receive one-half of his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

L. W., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the woman you mention can dispose of such interest, in the property you mention, as is vested in her, but we can form no opinion as to the amount of this interest without an examination of the will through which she derives her title.

MRS. E. R. J., Georgia.—As we understand from your communication, your parents' interest in the property you mention was limited to a life estate, we think it would die with them and that such property would not descend as an asset of either of their estates; we think an examination of the instrument, under which they derive their life estate, would be necessary to determine where the remainder interest in the property is vested.

MRS. F. B., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, his widow, in addition to certain allowances, would receive one-third of his estate, after payments of debts and expenses; we think it is necessary for the widow to survive him in order to become vested with her share in the property, except that he is liable for her support during his lifetime, unless she abandons him without good cause.

H. J. W., Maine.—We think you can foreclose your mortgage as soon as there is a default in the payment of either principle or interest as provided in the terms thereof.

C. F. P., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against actions brought for the foreclosure of a mortgage within 10 years, unless such mortgage has been kept alive by payments of interest or principal or some other evidence of indebtedness.

F. N., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the mortgage upon your property is properly recorded it will remain a prior lien upon the property until same is paid, and that you cannot have same subordinate to later mortgage without the consent of the holder thereof.

MRS. J. S., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the holder of the mortgage you mention can collect any deficiency due him from any property the mortgagor may own, not exempt by law under any execution.

MRS. V. E. S., Tennessee.—We do not think you can now set aside the deed of the property you mention if the same was executed and delivered by your father in 1881; we think an examination of the records of the county in the state where the property is situated would be necessary to determine where the title to the property is now vested.

MRS. D. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances, is entitled, after payment of debts and expenses, to receive one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate, absolutely, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left.

MRS. L. M., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the consent of the wife is necessary for the sale of the livestock belonging to the husband.

MRS. M. J., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive all of his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, provided same consisted only of property acquired by him, and none of which came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift.

MRS. G. H., Iowa.—We think the woman whose husband beats her should make her complaint against him to a justice of the peace or some local magistrate, so that he may be punished for his offence.

MRS. J. A. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, the widow, after payment of debts and expenses, is entitled to receive absolutely all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage, and also one-half of the real and personal estate of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she makes a written election to take such property subject to the payment of the husband's debts, but this election must be in writing, acknowledged as in the case of a deed, filed in the probate court within six months, and recorded in the county where letters of administration was granted within nine months after the grant of such letters.

MRS. T. K., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property both real and personal owned or claimed by the husband before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent, and also the increase of all such real estate, is the separate property of the husband, and forms no part of the community property of his marriage.

MRS. E. E., North Carolina.—If the contract of sale signed by you is in proper form, we think the purchaser under such contract can compel you to carry out the provisions of such contract.

MRS. S. J., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man is liable for the support of his wife, unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless her conduct is such as to justify him in leaving her, or unless she has sufficient means to provide for her own support.

MRS. M. H. J., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we think women attain their majority at 18 years.

MRS. D. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the widow of the man who died can convey no greater interest in the property, she received under his will, than she herself possesses therein, and if she is limited to an estate to be terminated upon her death or remarriage, her deed to the

property would only convey such an estate, and the purchaser's right in the property would expire upon her death or remarriage; we think the signature of those entitled to the remainder interest in the property would be necessary to convey absolute titles.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

Diana, I like Charlie Chaplin Just as much as you do. I never miss seeing a picture in which he appears and I believe that much of his work will become screen classics. I hope you saw him in "Easy Street." Charlie is in New York at this writing, staying at the Ritz Carlton hotel, and the other night a worshipping crowd almost crushed him to death in signifying their admiration.

Send me a copy of the "Hawaii Herald," Diana, and tell us about Oahu, Kauai and Maui—and about how good ripe pineapples and bananas taste!

ST. MARIES, Box 385, Idaho.

As I have nothing else to do I will take my pencil in hand and write to you. The last time I wrote to was to Uncle Charlie but I guess you will have to answer the purpose at present. I am a young man eighteen years of age. I work every day. Last fall I was getting from \$5.50 to \$7.50 per day, but now I, and everybody else, is getting \$3.60 to \$4.00. Uncle, what is going to come next? But I am not so bad off: I own a five-room house and lot and an acre of orchard here in Idaho which I bought with money I saved up. I think I will buy a car—or rather an automobile. Uncle, do you think this is a good thing to do, or would it be a big expense? Maybe you know; I think you have had one. If I buy one, I am going to Lodi, California, where one of the COMFORT cousins is living. I correspond with her and her name is Alvina Zieman. She joined the League of Cousins about two years ago—at the time I did and I am proud of it, too, as every cousin ought to be. I would like to hear from any of the cousins and would also like a favor from one of them. I would like the words of the song, "Three Leaves of Shamrock," and "The Gypsy's Warning." I will return any favor that is possible. Uncle, do you think we are going to have a harder time this year than last year?

I quite agree with Augustus Trick, but as far as the girls using powder puffs, that is their business and not the boys'. They do not interfere with the boys' doings. The powder is not any worse for them than it is for the boys to smoke cigarettes. But let me tell you and all others that there are some mighty good girls behind powder and paint. And some mighty poor ones. I don't believe when he handed so many good girls such a wallop. I know I've seen good ones both at a distance and close up, too. Well, Uncle, I'll close my letter as it is getting too long and I am anxious to see it published. I want Augustus and the other cousins to see it—especially a certain one. So don't let Billy the Goat get this until after it has been in COMFORT. Good by, with best wishes from A COMFORT Cousin, ARCHIE GILLARD.

Archie, you want to know what is going to come next? This is a large order for any prophet and I would rather have the contract landed on Billy—who is always ready to make dogmatic assertions and predictions, without regard for facts or for the feelings of his audience. But I imagine all your question means is how many less silvery salary cartwheels you may be going to receive six months from now at the rate your rich wage scale has been descending. Well, Archibald, old chap, what I've seen of you so far I like, and I hope you won't be getting one red Indian Jess, and the chances look bad to me just now. It is going to be a difficult year for wage-earners—in the big cities at least, where prices of rent and foodstuffs are still high enough to take too large chunks out of depleted pay envelopes, or to be paid from past savings of workers who have lost their jobs. The unemployment situation in New York City is a desperate one. Over half a million men are out of work and are swamping the various aid organizations which are attempting to care for these industrial derelicts. There is nothing which is more of an indictment of modern life than the fact that an able-bodied man, willing to work, can be forced to go without food or shelter that he is capable of earning, and, jobless and helpless, must take the aid which can be only sparingly doled out by charitable organizations. For labor is wealth, and the more men who are working, the more wealth is being produced and the happier and better off we can all be. A hungry man, sleeping on a park bench, is a liability, not an asset, to society. He is a living problem for civilization. He is a sore showing the unhealthy circulation of our nation's industrial blood. As a part of the present problem, as a penalty we cannot avoid, is the fact that we must all face the assumption of a lower standard of living—which means lower wages—until the immense destruction of wealth which the great war brought on has been mostly made up. It cannot fail that the brunt of this "making up" must fall upon labor—the creating spirit of all wealth which exists or can exist. Yet, with all this gloomy prospect, think, Archie, what a lucky exhibit you are for wage-earners of other struggling countries: At eighteen you have a house, lot and orchard purchased with money saved from your labor, and now you are even contemplating the purchase of a gasoline chariot, once considered only as a plaything of the idle rich. As to the financial policy involved in buying an automobile, Archie, it depends entirely upon capital and earning capacity of the prospective buyer. Personally, I do not think a man earning four dollars a day should own a car. You earn your money with too much difficulty to have it wasted in the constant consumption of gasoline, oil and tires which goes on each day a car is used. Autos have dropped heavily in price and many good low-cost cars are on the market, but as you would be using your car only for pleasure purposes, I think you would be wise to leave even the low-priced cars alone and seek your fun in ways costing less money. Archibald, there are railroads running to Lodi, California, and you do not have to own an automobile just "to get to see" cousin Alvina Zieman. Buy a ticket, Archie, and keep the rest of your change in your inside pocket until you get to Lodi.

MRS. D. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances, is entitled, after payment of debts and expenses, to receive one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate, absolutely, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left.

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MRS. D. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the widow of the man who died can convey no greater interest in the property, she received under his will, than she herself possesses therein, and if she is limited to an estate to be terminated upon her death or remarriage, her deed to the

## The Remarkable Story of "Eva Dean"

NOTE—This is a story of "Eva Dean." In its brief way it presents the story of hundreds of other women, etc., in the fascinating manner described, has been able to provide themselves with the extra money which slender incomes so often cannot afford. It shall have shown the way to happiness to but ONE woman, instead of hundreds who will respond, it will have served its purpose.

## How One Woman Solved the Money Problem

Was this Eva Dean? I could scarcely believe my eyes. A miracle had happened in only a few short months. The prosperous looking, handsomely gowned woman before me was indeed my friend, Eva Dean. But what a transformation!

I knew that she had been very hard up and with only her husband's limited earnings on which to depend. Then, too, I had heard about some serious financial trouble the Deans had while I was away. Yet, here she was, at a time when work was scarce and wages getting lower and lower,



## 54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

### Full Opera Length

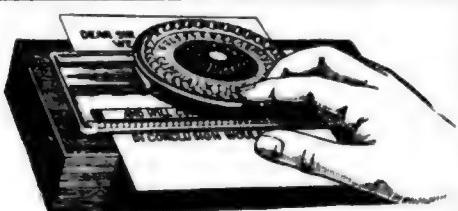
THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size— $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

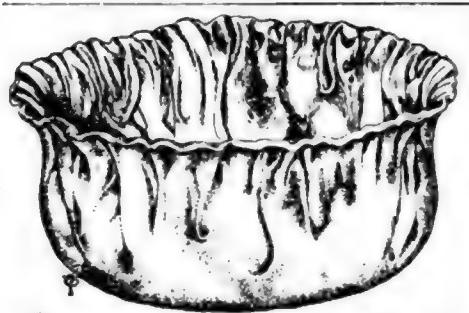


### Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it, after a little practice.

**Given To You!** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



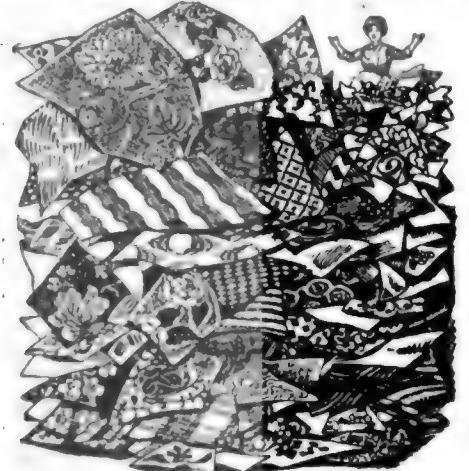
### Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9942.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tildies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Oatline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chevillle Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard!

For A Club Of Only Two We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Tree Grafts, Berry Bushes And Grape Vines!

LAST season we sent out nearly twenty-five thousand of these Orchard Collections to COMFORT readers. So far as we know, not one of them failed to grow. This season we expect to give away fifty thousand. We buy these Collections from a nursery man who has been in business for years and who has the reputation of producing some of the finest nursery stock to be obtained anywhere. He personally selects the different varieties that make up these Collections and forwards them direct to our readers by prepaid parcel post. He Guarantees Every Collection. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to grow satisfactorily they will be replaced for you free of all charge.

### Here Is What You Get!

ONE Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four Apple and Pear Tree grafts are one foot high, grafted from bearing trees with good records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous healthy trees.

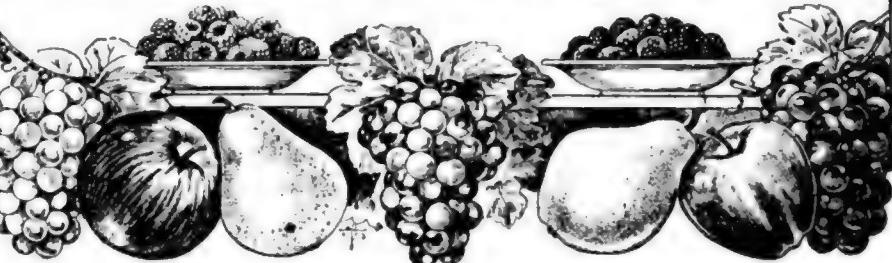
The nine Grape Vines are a product of Southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner. They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes almost as soon as large vines have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

### All Will Bear Soon!

THIS Fine Fruit Orchard will prove an ever-increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. In two years the Raspberry and Dewberry bushes will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes. The Apple and Pear Trees will begin to bear in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

### Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



### 2-Piece Toilet Set

#### Toilet Set

THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern, and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all three ferns free on this offer.

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of three beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8581.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Full Planting Instructions!

WITH this Orchard Collection you will also receive instructions for planting. These directions are illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you just what to do and when and how to do it. By following these simple directions you should in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

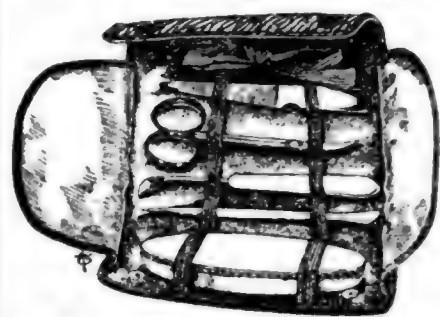
### They Are Sure To Grow!

REMEMBER, everything in this Collection is absolutely guaranteed to grow. We stand behind every Collection sent out and the grower in turn stands behind us. You may rest assured that this splendid Collection will reach you in good condition and grow to your entire satisfaction. The directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them absolutely without charge. You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

### Our Free Offer!

FOR a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will give you this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection free—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully wrapped and sent to you prepaid by parcel post, direct from the grower at the proper time for planting in your locality. Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for Reward No. 9342.

## French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



### Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined genuine leather case, measuring  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 2$  inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9312.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She is Looking For A Mother

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find a little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

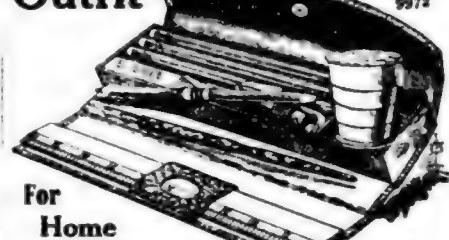
Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8821.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Writing And Drawing Outfit



For Home And School

In A Fine Leathereett Case

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-asserstion of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9312.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory  
In A Roll-Up

Page

## COMFORT

31



**WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.**

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetylcidester of Salicylicacid

Given For A Child  
A PAIN-LESS and  
WELL-TEMPERED  
Child can make  
the world a better  
place. Give your  
child the gift of  
health and happiness  
with the help of  
the Bayer Company.  
It's the best gift you  
can give.

Given To You!  
For  
5¢ cents each, we will  
send French Ivory  
Manufacture of  
Monacetylcidester of  
Salicylicacid

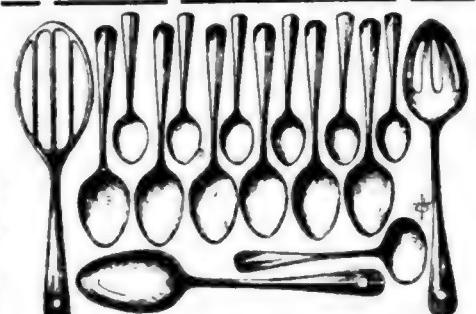
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a New York manufacturer  
busy during the  
about second  
we are sending  
almost nothing.

iven To You!  
For  
5¢ cents each, we will  
send you this genuine  
Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by  
Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7615.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Dr  
utfit  
or Home  
And School  
! A Fine Leather



### 16-Piece Aluminum Set



### For A Club Of Only Five

To describe the many virtues of this splendid Aluminum Set seems unnecessary. Every good housewife knows what it means to have her kitchen utensils made of this bright, handsome, light-weight, sanitary metal that is so easy to keep clean that never "peels," rusts or corrodes and never wears out.

As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces: all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is full standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result, we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

**Given To You!** For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50¢ each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7615.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

We want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

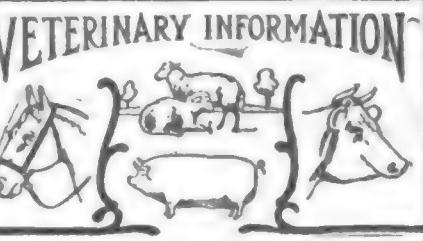
Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass also free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Reward No. 8863).

Or for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you either the Pickle Dish (Reward No. 8402) or the Spoon Tray (Reward No. 9412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Reward No. 7457).



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

### Worm Medicine for Pigs

When pigs are well fed fail to thrive, have harsh, "staring" coats of hair, "pot bellies," depraved appetite and a tendency to diarrhea, worms are usually the cause. Intestinal parasites may also cause fits. It is best, so far as possible, to prevent pigs from becoming infested with worms. This may be managed by riddling sows of parasites as soon as their pigs are strong enough to run outdoors and then allowing the sow and her litter a clean colony house and a succession of fresh, green grazing crops from early spring until late autumn. Such crops may consist of clover, alfalfa, soy beans, rape, peas and oats or any other green food relished by swine and suitable for growth in the district where the pigs are raised. It is also necessary to keep the young pigs out of houses, yards, fields and wallows used by adult hogs and at all times to provide pure drinking water and to keep the feeding utensils scrupulously clean.

When pigs are known to be infested with worms withhold feed for 18 hours or more and then give the following medicines, in a very little slop or water, for each 50 pounds of body weight of pigs: Two and one-half grains each of santonin and calomel; one dram of freshly powdered areca nut, and one-half dram of bicarbonate of soda. Repeat the treatment in two weeks. It is a mistake to give concentrated lye to hogs and copperas (sulphate of copper) is liable to cause a pregnant sow to abort. When such a sow needs worm medicine she may safely be given one or two teaspoonsfuls of flowers of sulphur, according to age and size, in feed for three consecutive days, for two weeks. As santonin is expensive, some breeders prefer to give turpentine in slop or milk. Pure medicinal turpentine should be used. The dose is one teaspoonful for each 80 pounds of body weight of pig, to be given in slop once daily for three days a week, for two weeks. Commercial worm capsules are also effective but may cause choking or gangrene unless very carefully administered.

**Given To You!** For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7615.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it free of charge.

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

**Club Offers.** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Reward No. 8863). Or for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you either the Pickle Dish (Reward No. 8402) or the Spoon Tray (Reward No. 9412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Reward No. 7457).

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**MOON BLINDNESS.** Both of my horses have had sore eyes and now there is a white scum forming over the sight of the eye. Is there any remedy that will remove the scum and restore the sight?

H. F. L.—The disease present is periodic or recurrent ophthalmia, commonly called "moon blindness." It is practically incurable and after repeated attacks causes cataract and blindness of one or both eyes. Tendons to the disease is considered hereditary but many consider the disease to be caused by germs. Veterinarians are now experimenting with a bacterin against the disease. Blindness may be retarded somewhat by isolating the mare in a practically darkened stable, giving her one dram of iodine of potash twice daily in drinking water for week or 10 days at time of attack and twice daily putting a little bit of one per cent. yellow oxide of mercury ointment in the inner corner of the affected eye and also smearing some on the eyelid. Bathe the eye with a saturated solution of boric acid frequently at time of attack.

**RINGBONE.** Can you tell me what causes my two-year-old horse to be so lame in his right front leg? Some tell me it is ringbone. Is there a cure for it?

A.—A personal examination is of course necessary for the determination of the seat and cause of a mysterious lameness. If you are sure that a ringbone is causing the lameness, the only certain way of giving relief would be to have high unnerving done by a trained veterinarian. Point-firing and blistering followed by a prolonged rest may suffice when a hind pastern is the seat of the ringbone, but it rarely helps the condition on a fore pastern. If you cannot employ a veterinarian clip off the hair and repeatedly blister the ringbone and hoof-head.

**PRECOOKED LACTATION.** I have a heifer, two years old, that will be fresh in the summer. There is a six-months-old calf sucking her and she gives lots of milk. Will this hurt her?

J. W. W.—When calves such as the teats of a heifer that has not had a calf, milk commonly forms and the tendency, as a result, is for the udder to become ruinously affected with garget at freshening time. The calf should be weaned at once and the milk secretion of the heifer gradually dried off by increasing the intervals between milkings, rubbing in warm camphorated oil or lard twice daily and feeding a dry ration.

**DISEASE OF SWINE.** Will you tell me what is the matter with my hogs? They were in good shape the first of last November, and all at once they stopped eating corn, but would drink water or slop, until the day before they died. Some of them are down in the back and some have swollen joints. They have blisters and sores on them and finally the hair drops off. I feed mostly corn, some skim-milk, buttermilk and slop. They haven't had much green stuff since the last of October. I keep wood ashes in their pens.

Mrs. A. M. T.—A.—The hogs, no doubt, are dying of cholera or swine plague or necrotic stomachitis. You should at once have a qualified veterinarian make the necessary investigation and post-mortem examination to determine what is wrong. Vaccination will be in order as a preventive if it is cholera or swine plague, and new, clean quarters should be provided if it is the other disease. Medicinal treatment rarely does any good.

**LAMPAS.**—I have a six-year-old horse that I bought a year ago. He had the "lamper" or what people said were lampers. His upper gums are swollen and he can hardly bite corn off the cob. Please tell me what to do for it and what causes it.

H. E. H.—A lampas is not a disease but merely a swollen condition of the bars of the hard palate just behind the upper incisor teeth. It usually comes in sympathy with swelling of the gums and cheeks or tongue, caused by sharp or irregular molar teeth or by teething. Have the teeth put in order by a veterinarian, and if then necessary paint the swelling with tincture of iodin once a week, but do not cut or burn the part.

**WEAK STIFLE.**—I have a colt, 18 months old, that is staled. The stifle flies out when he trots but not when he walks. I would like to know what I can do for him.

Mrs. H. E. D. A.—The patella or kneecap of the stifle joint at the flank slips out of place. This is due to weakness of the ligaments and muscles of the joint. To remedy the condition, tie the colt up short in a narrow stall, and from a collar around his neck run a padded rope or strap between the forelegs and tie it to a strap buckled around the pastern of the affected leg to keep that foot somewhat advanced. A high-heeled shoe also helps. Clip the hair from the stifle joint and around it and apply a blister when the colt has been tied up. Repeat the blister when the skin has recovered. Obtain the blister from a veterinarian.

**KICKING IN STABLE.**—I have a mare eight years old that has the habit of kicking the partition with her left hind foot. She does it more at night than in the daytime. Can you tell me what I can do to stop it?

J. A. M. K.—Rats or mice in the stable often cause a nervous horse to kick at night. Do away with that cause. She may not kick if you can allow her a box-stall at night. If she persists, buckle a piece of trace-chain to the pastern of the leg with which she does the kicking.

**INFLAMED EYES.**—My boy has a pet dog and there is something wrong with his eyes. A formation gathers around them and they appear to itch, for he scratches all the time and his hair comes out. What is good for him? I have taken COMFORT seventeen years.

Mrs. B.—Bathe the eye twice daily with warm water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. If that does not suffice and there is a discharge from the eyes, put a drop or so of 25 per cent. argyrol solution in each eye at intervals of six hours, or oftener if necessary, until the discharge subsides. If there are sores on the skin, clip off the hair, scrub clean and then rub in some compound sulphur ointment every three days.

**WORMS IN CAT.**—Will you prescribe something for my cat? After taking the kittens away from her, her bowels became very loose and the membrane in the corner of the eye is nearly half out of the eye.

Mrs. N. D. S.—We suspect that intestinal worms are causing the irritation. Possibly you can find them in the droppings. They may be destroyed by withholding food for 24 hours and then giving the cat one to three grains of santonin, according to age and size, and following in an hour with a dose of castor oil in milk. A very large cat may also have five drops of turpentine added to the dose of oil. Repeat the treatment in two weeks. Diarrhea in cats may be stopped by giving a dose of castor oil and then five to 10 grains of subnitrate of bismuth in milk two or three times daily.

**FITS.**—Will you tell me what ails my eight-week-old pigs? They look all right, but when they eat or drink they sometimes fall and have spasms or fits. Is it worms?

Mrs. F. I. B.—A.—Too fast drinking of milk or slops by hungry pigs sometimes induces spasm of the gullet which results in fit. Indigestion is usually present in such cases. Worms are not the likely cause. Feed slop that will just pour and allow milk twice daily. In addition, do not feed oats or unscratched ground oats and do not cool the feed. Have the pigs take active outdoor exercise every day. If constipated, physic the pigs with castor oil or epsom salt.

According to recent figures, there are 9,245,195 passenger cars, trucks and commercial motor vehicles registered in the United States.

Automobiles are found on more than 30 per cent. of all the farms in the United States, the number of cars totaling 2,140,512.

## 3 Special Bargains Send NO MONEY

Any of these amazing bargains will be sent on approval. Simply mail the coupon below—your choice will come at once, direct to your door. You are the judge. We guarantee to satisfy you—or no

**Mens Single-Breasted U.S. Army Raincoat**  
made of Tan Gabardine  
Cloth, guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Sizes:  
S to 2X. Only \$4.45,  
plus postage.

**Two splendid Shirts for the price of one!** Made of splendid quality Officers Silk Poplin. Will give wonderful service and wear. All sizes. Two for \$3.45, plus postage.

\$2.85 buys this tremendous bargain in Work Shoes of finest Boiled Leather. Munson last. Soles of best quality oak and inner soles of solid leather. Sizes: 6 to 11, all widths. \$2.85, plus postage.



INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL HOUSE, Inc.  
210 Second Avenue, New York Dept. 401

Please send me the articles checked below. I will pay for the goods and postage on arrival. My money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

Raincoat at \$4.45 Two Shirts at \$3.49 Shoes at \$2.85 Size

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, 11 inches wide, 12 inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable as we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following Club Offer.

For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this hand-painted Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7833.

some and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7832.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



27 Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains eleven regular colors in pans and sixteen moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violets, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Any one who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfit because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7994.

**Ladies' Wrist Watch**

With Silk Ribbon  
Bracelet



For A  
Club Of  
Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

**Given To You!** For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 75110. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Gold Birthstone Rings**

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8111, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstones of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

**Given To You!** For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Sugar, Creamer And Tray**

MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

**CLUB OFFER.** We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen**

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds, by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8673.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Five One-Year Old ROSE BUSHES**

HERE is the offer you have been waiting for—our new 1922 offer of beautiful Rose bushes free to all COMFORT readers. This year we shall give you what we believe to be five of the finest varieties yet produced. They come from the most famous rose grower in the United States—an expert who has done nothing but cultivate roses all his life. Each bush is one year old and in a growing condition when delivered to you. No matter where you live, you will receive the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them for you free of all cost. Following is a brief description of each of the five different varieties. Please read carefully—and send in your order today.

**For One Subscription You Get These Five Prize Beauties!**

**Alexander Hill Grey** A magnificent giant yellow rose, standing head and shoulders above all others of its color, ranking with the American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. The color is a deep golden yellow with the edge of the petal a little lighter.

**Columbia** A very large Rose, the open flower measuring six inches across. The color is a true pink, deepening as it opens to a glowing pink. The shades become more and more intense until the full maturity of the flower is reached, and this color is enduring.

**Lady Gay** One of the most wonderful of all climbing roses, noted for its sweet and lasting fragrance, and immense clusters of double, light pink blossoms—as many as thirty to forty in a single cluster. It has none of the defects of the Rambler but remains free from disease in all climates.

**Bessie Brown** A splendid new rose introduced here from Europe and beautiful beyond comparison.

It bears large, full, double blossoms on strong, erect stems, is very hardy and fragrant, blooming profusely all through the summer. The color is almost pure white, flushed with pink.

**Our Free Offer** For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you the above described five Rose Bushes, free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you at the proper time for planting in your locality and we guarantee they will reach you in perfect condition. Reward No. 661.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

**What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!**

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy

When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is

All Her Own!

YES, we will send this big lifelike doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!

**She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.**

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands nearly a foot and a half tall. The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically indestructible. The head is unbreakable and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, falling far below her waist. Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

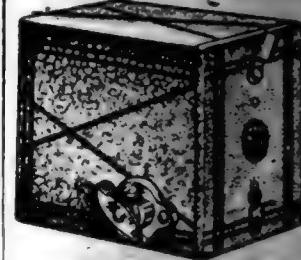
Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

**FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!**

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in



Nearly  
One Foot  
And A  
Half  
Tall

**Premo Camera**

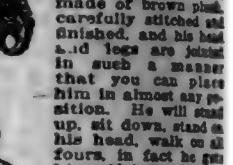
April  
1922  
Films And  
Instruction  
Book Free

This is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 1/2 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this may be put in the camera and taken again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., etc. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Premo Camera with the Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book, Reward No. 784. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 16 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are joined in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 962. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Shaggy Teddy Bear**

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 16 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are joined in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

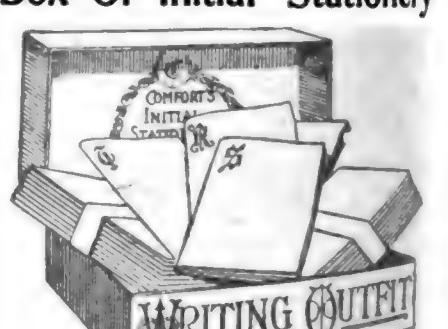
**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 962. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Two Turkish Towels**

Good Size  
Soft And  
Fleecy

AT THE bottom there is nothing quite so nice as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb water much more readily than the towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for babies' bottoms as they will not hurt them. They are 15 inches wide and 33 inches long which is a good general size for all-round family use, and are of good weight and made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 962. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

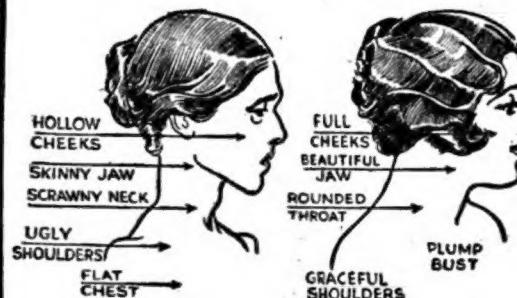
**Box Of Initial Stationery****Latest Style Monogram**

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white fine stationery 10 1/4 x 6 1/4 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

**Given To You!** For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 942. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# To Round Out Face and Figure Take Mastin's Vitamon Tablets

**Clear Skin, Increase Energy and Beautify the Complexion.**  
**All Three Vitamines Combined with True Organic Iron**  
**and the Necessary Lime Salts in Concentrated Form**  
**—Easy to Take and Economical—Results Quick.**



lime salts, all of which Science says you must have to be strong, well and fully developed. They help to banish pimples, boils and skin eruptions as if by magic, strengthen the nerves, build up the body with firm flesh and tissue and often completely rejuvenate the whole system. By getting the precious yeast vitamins in this concentrated tablet form you run no risk of causing gas or upsetting the stomach and can be sure of quick, gratifying results.

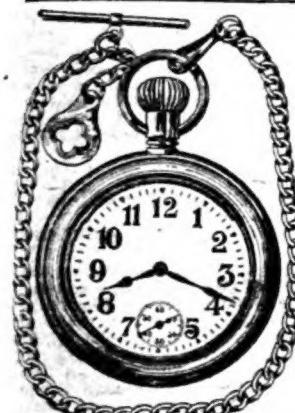
If you are thin, pale, haggard, drawn looking or lack energy and endurance you should find it well worth while to make this simple test: First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next take Mastin's VITAMON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking Mastin's VITAMON regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy. It is not only a question of how much better you look and feel, or what your friends say and think—the scales and tape measure will tell their own story.

**WARNING:** Your safety and protection depend upon getting MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS—if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't the Original and Genuine VITAMON—the World's Standard—now used by millions. Beware of imitations, cheap substitutes or so-called "yeast vitamin tablets." Insist upon MASTIN'S. At all good druggists.



**MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS**  
**Are Fully Guaranteed In Every Respect Or Your Money Will Be Promptly Refunded.**

**If it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON**  
**The World's Standard Used by Millions**



## Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

### For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that a man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



**Crystal Beads**

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

### Given For A Club Of Two!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches and the smallest  $\frac{1}{4}$  inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

**Given To You!** For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1052. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

band. Second-hand clothes would be welcomed by this poor couple. Mrs. B. F. Tyson, Entwistle, N. C. Almost helpless and with six small children ranging from 12 years to 15 months. This struggling family's only chance of support is a husband with one hand. Send second-hand clothes and money which will buy food for these many hungry mouths.

Winter may be over, but the pain and sorrow of the unfortunate whose names appear this month cannot pass away as does the cold and snow. Their dark days and chill remain. Give of your own to all these who find life a constant burden and struggle that no seasons alter. They need so much. Grant them ready and real aid, cousins, and your own hearts will be happier and more April-like.

Lovingly,

*Uncle Lisha*

**Comfort's League of Cousins**

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is to keep in good standing to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

### How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

### To The Point

Lovers are not necessarily alike because they correspond.

The most of the slips occur after the cup has been to the lip.

The woman who is a good talker is apt to be a good auditor.

No jeweler has ever been able to improve on the setting of the sun.

The fortune hunter chooses a handsome figure rather than a pretty face.

Spiritualists tip the table, but the man who tips the waiter fares better.

When instinct governs some men's actions instinct is only another name for a wife.

If one's faults showed on the surface most people would look as if they had the measles.

A divorce suit is often included in the wardrobe of an actress for advertising purposes.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. H. B., Hammond, La.—The new Ku Klux Klan, the Southern organization that has been the subject of so much recent discussion in Congress and in the newspapers, has its headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia. For the information you require you should address Imperial Wizard Joseph W. Simmons in that city. (2) We know of no Louisiana law that would prevent the formation of a branch of the Ku Klux Klan in your locality.

H. L. B., Richey, Miss.—Your California gold half-dollar of 1852, with thirteen stars, commands a small premium. Coins of this issue are worth about \$1.10 each, if in good condition.

Mrs. C. C. J., Oregon.—Applications for patents are made to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. The Patent Office itself states that "it is advised that in every case the services of a competent registered patent attorney be secured, as the value of patents depends largely upon the skillful preparation of the specifications and claims. The patent office cannot recommend any particular attorney or firm." Upon the filing of an application and the payment of the required fees, a patent will be granted you if it appears to the office, after examination of your claims, that you are justly entitled to a patent under the law, and that your invention is sufficiently useful and important to be so protected. Fees are payable in advance, and are as follows: on filing each original application, \$20. On issuing each patent, \$15. (2) Trade-marks are registered at the Patent Office by the issuing of a certificate, the fee of which is \$10. There are various details relating to the law governing the registration of trade-marks which are too lengthy for publication here. The Commissioner of Patents will, upon request, supply you with a copy of this law.

T. L. B., Lowdon, Wash.—Although Australia is a big country which, with its sparse population and undeveloped lands, must offer more opportunities than more settled regions, yet a considerable part of the interior of the great island continent is practically a desert because of insufficient rain, while the northern portion has a hot climate due to its tropical situation. For more particulars than we have space for here, write to the Australian Trade Commissioner, 61 Broadway, New York City. Remember it is a long way to go—if you should not like it when you arrive.

W. H., Valley, Nebr.—Thomas Alva Edison, the celebrated inventor, was born February 11th, 1847. Mr. Edison is not blind.

H. S. W., Ala.—Necessarily the securing of the privileges granted by a patent requires some expense. The fees of the Patent Office amount to \$35. See reply to Mrs. C. C. J., Oregon, in this issue.

J. L., Virginia.—As a child must creep before it can walk, so you cannot expect to market your work as a writer until you have conquered the grammar of our language. Tackle this first before you enter competition with those trained and experienced. You have plenty of time; Joseph Conrad did not turn to authorship until he had reached the age of forty. We write this because you ask "to whom" you may sell your stories, when "to whom" would fit an editor's notions much better.

E. C., Washington.—Common sense as well as law declares that it was the girl who was married and not her name. If this ceremony was legally performed, and the ages of the couple were within those prescribed by the marriage laws of the state, the fact that the name of the girl was incorrectly given would not void the marriage nor affect the legitimacy of children born in wedlock.

Mrs. J. H. D., Kentucky.—There is no premium on the coins you describe save on the silver three-cent pieces of 1867. This is worth from twenty to forty cents, according to condition of the coin.

F. S., Ariel, Pa.—People believe all sorts of things that are not so—some that the earth is flat and that there is a big hole at the North Pole, for instance. Many persons win amusement and interest out of the device known as a "ouija" board, but the secrets discovered and the events predicted by this little fireside prophet may be believed or not—just as you may elect. We think "ouija" is being taken a little too seriously in your vicinity. Ouija is in the divining-rod class of much better.

Mrs. C. S., Bluefield, W. Va.—None of your listed coins command a premium except your large copper U. S. cent of 1814. This might be worth anywhere from five cents to a dollar—and this variation in price will show you how much the condition of a coin affects its market value.

E. V. T., South Carolina.—An author may continue to conceal his or her identity behind pen name, but in these days such secrets are difficult to keep. It is the custom for manuscripts to be submitted typed. Many bond typewriter paper of size 8½ by 11. Always mail a manuscript flat or folded, and enclose stamps for return postage.

Mrs. C. F., Texas.—No editorial offices have quoted rates which are paid for serials, and COMFORT is not an exception to this rule. Such prices vary with the length and character of the story and according to the fame of the author. See reply to E. V. T. (2) We cannot attempt the identification of quotations in this department, or we would be forced to crowd out more important inquiries.

A LONELY WIFE, Minnesota.—As the soil in your flower pots is already so badly attacked by white worms, you should remove the diseased earth at once and replace with leaf-mold obtained from the woods. We mean by this the fine "woodsy" top-soil which exists in damp rich forest land, directly under the old layers of fallen leaves. Sift this carefully, see that it is free from insects, and use it in the repotting of your suffering flowers. We imagine you may have been watering your house plants too much—which is often as common an error as letting them go too long without moisture. A south window is much better than one facing east, for without a certain measure of direct sunlight, and a sufficiently high and even temperature, no indoor plants can be expected to thrive. Watch out for all these things, and we can promise you that your fading plants will eventually flower again.

A. B. D., Kansas.—For you—and all COMFORT readers—we state here that buffalo nickels and Lincoln pennies are worth exactly their face value and no more.

Mrs. J. M., Oklahoma.—The so-called "state flowers" are as follows: Ala., Goldenrod; Ariz., Sarsaparilla; Ark., Apple Blossom; Cal., Golden Poppy; Col., Columbine; Conn., Mountain Laurel; Del., Peach Blossom; Fla., Orange Blossom; Ga., Cherokee Rose; Idaho, Syringa; Ill., Violet; Ind., Carnation; Iow., Wild Rose; Kansas, Sunflower; Kentucky, Trumpet Vine; La., Magnolia; Maine, Pine Cone; Md., Blackeyed Susan; Mass., Mayflower; Mich., Apple Blossom; Minn., Moccasin Flower; Miss., Magnolia; Mont., Bitter Root; Nebr., Goldenrod; Nev., Sagebrush; N. H., Purple Lilac; N. J., Violet; N. Mex., Cactus; N. Y., Rose; N. C., Daisy; N. Dak., Wild Prairie Rose; Ohio, Scarlet Carnation; Okla., Mistletoe; Ore., Oregon Grape; R. I., Violet; S. Dak., Pasque Flower; Tenn., Passion Flower; Texas, Bluebonnet; Utah, Sego Lily; Vt., Red Clover; Va., Dogwood; Wash., Rhododendron; W. Va., Rhododendron; Wisc., Violet; and Wyoming, Indian Paintbrush.

Missouri, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and the district of Columbia remain flowerless in so far as any communal choice has not been made. Congress has often

## Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

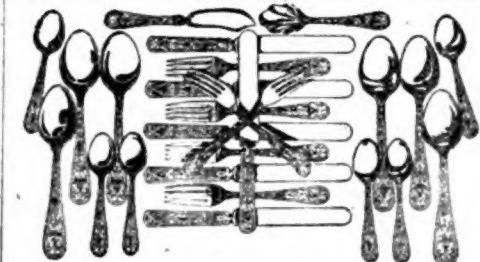
Order Musterole today from your druggist. He has it in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



## 26-Piece Table Set

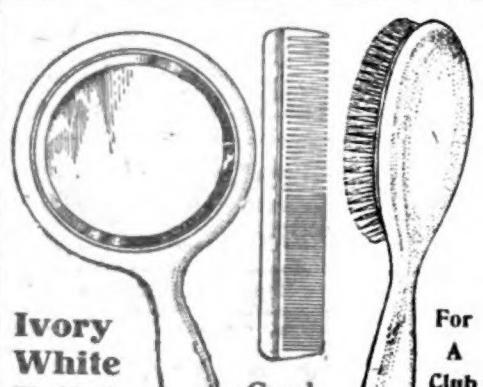


**Given For A Club Of Only Five**

We have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7625.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Ivory White Toilet Set

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

**Given To You!** For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50¢ each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7796.

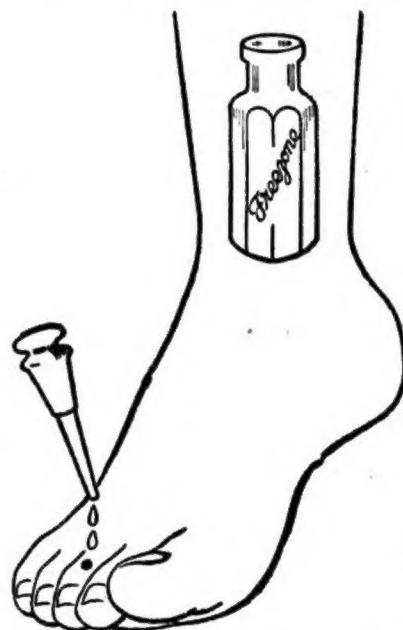
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

been urged to adopt a national flower, but this has still to be done by that busy body of legislators who have more than blossoms on their minds at this time.

F. S., Oakland, Md.—The temperature of the regions about the South Pole are colder in summer, and perhaps warmer in winter than those of the Arctic polar region. Nobody will probably ever care to remain long enough to keep a full year's records. During the voyage of the ship Discovery in May, 1903, a temperature of 67 below zero was registered in the South polar region. But perhaps the North Pole could beat this if tested.

# Corns

## Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.  
Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

**MISS A. C., Waverly, Iowa.**—Diet and exercise are the sheet-anchors in flesh reduction. On alternate days, for food and drink, use only one quart of skimmed-milk in divided doses, or amounts. To "the sore on leg," apply white precipitate ointment, and also wear during the day an elastic bandage. Remove the bandage at night and apply the first thing in the morning. In this way you will cure the varicose ulcer.

**Mrs. C. T., Comstock, N. Y.**—"Night-horrors" are due to indigestion. Have the boy's bowels kept open and give him at night a five-grain tablet of bromide of sodium.

**Mrs. J. L., St. Louis, Mo.**—Take, for the rheumatism, after meals some five-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium.

**Miss B. H., Pilot Mountain, N. C.**—There is no simple remedy for wrinkles in face or forehead. If they are marked and very deep, especially under the eyes, an operation is indicated which will draw up and smooth out the excessive amount of skin. On the other hand, if the condition is not too marked, massage of the forehead and face daily with cocoa butter will help the condition.

**Mrs. C. E. B., St. Francis, Kansas.**—From symptoms given, you seem to have a nervous indigestion. Take, after meals, five-grain pills of asafoetida and avoid eating sweets of all kinds.

**Mrs. H. S. J., Wadena, Minn.**—Probably you have a chronic catarrh due to enlarged tonsils and adenoids. Be operated on for this condition, and the morning and daily discharge of mucus-purulent matter will clear up as you recover from the operation. Of course, as you can imagine, swallowing tainted mucus of this kind would destroy your appetite and lead up to a chronic dyspepsia as well as mal-nutrition.

**Mrs. M. W., Bronson, Mich.**—You can remedy the chronic constipation by using cascara sagrada pills at night. Take one or two, as indicated. Bicarbonate of soda tablets will help the gas also. Take ten-grain tablets after meals. Of course, avoid starchy foods of all kinds and drink plenty of water. The soda tablets will also help your muscular rheumatism.

**Mrs. A. H. H., Terra Bella, Calif.**—Your brother has a mild form of epilepsy. He should eat sparingly at all times, take plenty of exercise in the open, avoid excitement of all kinds and probably will be benefited with an outdoor life on some farm where the temperature is not too high. He should also take ten-grain tablets of bromide of potassium after meals, and keep his bowels free. Regimen, care and exercise are indicated in all cases of this kind.

**Miss M. W., Nevada, Mo.**—You probably have nasal polyps, which should be removed, and also may have adenoids as well as enlarged tonsils. Have the polyps removed and also the throat and tonsils operated on at once and all of your symptoms will be remedied in a short time. You will not have tuberculosis in any case as there is no relation between polyps, adenoids, etc., to tuberculosis. Have the operations done at once, this is the only sure way to remove or cure your condition.

**Mrs. M. C. D., Lucile, Idaho.**—Bunions, if severe and of long standing, must be operated on and the joint and toe straightened. If only a slight and recent condition, apply, at night, a thirty per cent. ointment of Ichthyol. Also have your shoes made to order, so that pressure may be removed from the joint. The superfluous hair can only be cured by having the hairs removed by use of the electric cautery or electric needle.

**Miss K. J., Anniston, Ala.**—Your "joint creaks" because the joints do not have a sufficient fluid in them. Massage the joints with cocoa butter. The wrinkles can be removed by operation or massage.

**Mrs. N. L. A., Westerport, Md.**—Your husband may have Bright's disease. Have the urine examined and find out just the condition of his kidneys. Milk diet is indicated in any case of this kind.

**Mrs. C. I. B., Longmont, Colo.**—Maybe you have a tapeworm. Watch the stools and see if you pass any links of the worm. If so, advise us and we will prescribe a cure for you.

**Mrs. S. M. R., Gering, Nebr.**—Chewing ground coffee is very harmful. Chew, instead, any good chewing gum.

**Mr. J. W., Gemmell, Minn.**—Your son must and should go to school. By going to school he may get rid of the stuttering and nervousness due to his defective speech.

**Mrs. C. H. B., Medford, Wis.**—Your trouble is probably due to malarial poisoning. Try a teaspoonful of modified Warburg's tincture after meals.

**Mrs. J. W. T., Sulphur Springs, Ark.**—Your husband should take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals. Better get the modified tincture as it contains aloes and will keep the bowels regular as well as counteract any malarial influence that may be causing the chills and fever."

**Mrs. M. M. S., Stratford, Okla.**—Be examined for correcting lenses. Also apply at night to the inflamed lids a one per cent. yellow oxide of mercury ointment.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

water in the room and close the doors and windows. The steam softens the paper so that it can be removed easily.

When the linings of boots or shoes are worn through at the heels, cover with adhesive plaster. Adhesive plaster is also useful for mending overshoes and rubbers.

A hot shovel held over white spots on varnished furniture will remove them.—**Mrs. J. E. N., Canton, N. C.**

Put a large Turkish towel in bottom of bathtub and there will be less danger of slipping.

Discarded window shades make excellent covering for ironing board. Boil until all stiffening and color have been removed, dry and tack onto board.—**DIXIE SISTER.**

Quilts for children's beds become soiled so quickly that it is advisable to have them made of wash material. I found it a great saver of time and labor to enclose the batting in a mosquito netting cover, before covering with whatever material used for outside. When soiled it is an easy matter to remove cover while the batting remains soft. It could be put on line and aired thoroughly. Have never tried this idea for making pillows but should think it could be carried out successfully.—**Mrs. MYRTLE M., Baltimore, Md.**

### Requests

How to pickle small onions.

How to care for crested fern.

Poem: "My Daddy is a Gentleman."

How to remove perfume spots from silk dress.

How to make old-fashioned French chewing candy.

How to remove red calico stains from blue and white silk shirt.

Mrs. Ruby Richardson, Westpoint, Maine, would like reading matter.

How to put up horseradish in bottles for trade. What kind of top to use.

How to tell fortunes by cards.—**E. Brown, Rockville, Brewster St., Conn.**

Quilt pattern called "Grandfather's Clock."—**Mrs. E. T. LIDTKA, Grinnell, Iowa.**

Poem: "The Bairns Cuddle Doon at Nicht."—**ANREW S. CUNNINGHAM, Eldorado, Ill.**

How to make ginger cookies, not rolled but spread in tin like cake and frosted when cool.

Song: "Your Mother Is Praying for You, Jack."—**MRS. CLEMENT SMITH, Elizabethtown, R. R. 2, Ky.**

To hear from someone who has copy of book, "American Song and Chorus Collection."—**MAUD L. HAM, York Beach, Maine.**

I am making velvet quilt and would like to have the sisters send me pieces of velvet, six inches long by four and one-half inches wide. Will return favor.—**MRS. MILES JONES, Mt. Auburn, Iowa.**

Will the sisters kindly send me squares of unbleached muslin, ten by ten inches, with name and address embroidered thereon, also favorite flower. Will return favor in any way I can.—**PEARL L. McDOWELL, Eastport, Box 36, Florida.**

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. In every case, write before sending paper or papers, as only one of each kind is desired. Miss Rena Purvis, Crestwood, R. R. 1, Ky., May, 1921. Mrs. Walter Wright, Isley P. O., South Alberta, Canada, July and August, 1921. Mrs. Ava Gaskins, Nashville, Ga., May, 1921. Mrs. W. C. Hogue, Monticello, care Box 122, Ark., July, August, 1920. Mrs. W. B. Edision, Macksville, Box 117, N. C., Oct., Nov., Dec., 1920. Mrs. Samuel S. Musser, Amboy, Lock Box 108, Ill., July, Sept., 1921. Luella Ward, Copeland, Kans., October, 1920. Mrs. Anna Schmoll, Spring Valley, P. O. Box 129, N. Y., October, 1920. Esther Whitley, Rocky Mountain, 546 Sunset Ave., N. C., Feb., 1917.

### Remedies

**BURNS.**—Dip or hold burned part in gasoline.—**Mrs. NELLIE VAIL, Byron, Wyo.**

Iodine put in tooth on absorbent cotton, stops ache. Is not harmful.—**Mrs. MAUD M., Bismarck, N. D.**

**WORMS.**—Make a tea of dry sage, sweeten to taste and give a drink of this, half a cupful, before breakfast, three mornings in succession.—**MRS. JOHN T. HEADLEY, Fleming, R. R. 2, Colo.**

**SRAINS.**—Use hot water and Epsom salts for sprains, one tablespoonful of salts to two quarts of water.

**LIME-WATER.**—Put one cup of unsaked lime in large bottle, add one-half gallon of water, cork well and shake several times during day. Next morning pour off most of water and throw away. Fill again with water, shake well and when settled decant into smaller bottles to be kept on toilet stand. As long as lime remains, water may be added. This can be used for the teeth and I use it in my baby's milk.—**Mrs. JOHN A. WAX, Argyle, N. Y.**

**LEMON CURE FOR LUNG TROUBLE.**—Put one dozen whole lemons in cold water and then boil until soft. Roll and squeeze until all the juice is extracted. Sweeten juice enough to make it palatable and drink. Use as many as a dozen lemons a day. Should they cause pain, lessen the quantity to half, increase gradually until a dozen a day can be taken. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and appetite.—**Mrs. MAUDE MORGAN, Marietta, Mississippi.**

### Contributors to Sisters' Corner

The following list contains names of those who have written for the Sisters' Corner. Lack of space prevents printing the letters.

Mrs. Olga Wenner, Minn. Mrs. G. J. Miller, Texas. Agnes Shambarger, Texas. Miss Margaret McFarland, Ind. Mrs. Katherine G. Perego, Texas. Bessie Collier, Va. Mrs. Sylvia Gaither, Mo. Naomi Holland, Fla. Mrs. Laura Wills, Ark. Mrs. F. D. Barickman, W. Va. Julia Anderson, Colo. Nora Ferguson, W. Va. Mrs. W. D. Nahles, Ala. Mrs. John A. Wyre, N. Y. Mrs. Jessie Sharp, Tenn. Mrs. Minnie Vick, N. C. Miss L. Brown, Okla. Maggie Mathews, Tenn. Florence Gaines, Ga. Mrs. Walter McDonald, Mich. Mrs. G. B. Parris, Ga. Mrs. Estel Cox, Ill. Mrs. Raymond Witten, Wash. Mrs. Pearl Rushing, Ariz. Minnie Strain, Miss. Mrs. C. G. Wilson, Okla. Mrs. Archie Hume, Ky. Mrs. John Rushford, Ill. Mrs. Ruby Sutton, Okla. Mrs. Mary A. Rhudy, Va. Mrs. Walter Friend, Kans. Inez Donnabue, Texas. Myrtle Moyer, Mo. Mrs. Valrie Sexton, Ky. Presente Fulton, Mo. Mrs. W. R. Knight, Texas. Mrs. Hubert Knight, Iowa. Mrs. Esther McDowell, Tenn. Mrs. B. A. Vermillion, Kans. Mrs. Bettie Isaacs, Tenn. Marguerite Niblock, Iowa. Mrs. Anna V. Kissell, Calif. Mrs. W. McGuire, Wisc. Mrs. B. Buck, Colo. Miss Relva Spriggs, Idaho. Mrs. Estella M. Lambert, Minn. Lomis Moncrief, Ala. Mrs. Chris Sellers, Tenn. Mrs. Walter Vinson, S. C. Mrs. Marguerite P. Schlegel, Ala. Louise M. Spencer, Kans. Mrs. Louise Reed, Mich. Ruth Little, S. C. Mrs. Burle Whitworth, S. Car. Mrs. J. A. Austin, N. Mex. Mrs. E. S. DeLozier, Tenn. Mrs. Annie E. Clements, Fla. Mrs. Edward Fagan, Ark. Miss Emma Blaeholder, Calif. Mrs. Nelson L. Gage, Vt. Nellie Garvey, Wisc. Mrs. W. E. Blocher, Ill. Mrs. G. V. Lewis, Mo. Mrs. Kathrin Lusson, Calif. Mrs. W. A. Healy, Texas. Garnett Hodge, Pa. Mrs. Etta F. Harris, Mo. Pansy Arbuckle, Tenn. Mrs. Cora Hartup, Okla. Mrs. Sam Crews, Miss. Mrs. Lola Adolph, Okla. Mollie Barker, W. Va. Mrs. E. B. Beatty, Texas. Mrs. Alice Sayles, Calif. Mrs. M. A. McCullin, Ark. Mrs. Clay Abel, Ore. Mrs. Ada Cornelison, Mo. Mrs. A. O. Francis, Okla. Peggy Van Hoofstadt, Colo. Mrs. Patrice Quesenberry, Va. Miss Willie Payne, Ark. Julia Pulien, Texas. Mrs. R. A. De Fee, Okla. Mrs. Owen Sechrist, Va. Mrs. Ethel Levy, Ohio. Mrs. Maud Davis, Miami, Ariz. Mrs. Chas. Barrigen, Mich. Flossie Sager, Ill. Mrs. Betty Houghlin, Ky. Sidney Chandler, N. Y. Mrs. Wm. D. Edwards, N. J. Mrs. Geo. F. Borchart, Texas. Mary E. Smith, Miss. Crissie Hadaway, Mich. Mrs. C. Holt, Ill. Mrs. E. D. Baxter, Oregon. Mrs. Emily Porter, Mich. Mrs. Margaret East, Va. Myrtle Bolin, N. C. Miss Nora E. Bates, Ga. Mrs. May Favrow, Okla. George Wahl, Ky. Miss Ethel Huff, Ohio. Mrs. W. W. Stewart, Tenn. Mrs. J. W. Pitts, Ala. Mrs. Frank D. Talbert, La. Mrs. Lula Burt, Ala. Mrs. Sheidyan Pettry, W. Va. Miss Clara O. Reiersgard, Minn. Mrs. M. S. Lynch, S. C. Mrs. Sam Albro, Okla. Mrs. Annie Bissell, Ark. Mrs. Dell Chase, Mich. Elizabeth Bridwell, S. C. Mattie Wilson, Ala. Minnie Mullis, Ga. Mrs. Nora M. Newman, Tenn. Margie Hender, Ark. Mrs. Mary A. Rugh, Mo. Mrs. Tina Daniel, Tenn. Birdie Kolman, Wisc. Mrs. Blanch Tobias, Mich. Irene Kemmer, N. Dak. Mrs. C. B. Warden, Kans. Mrs. Minnia A. Lawless, Va.

### The Bright Side

There is many a rest on the road of life.  
If we only would stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust never falleth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,  
Nor an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,  
Is just before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filigree,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing.

Than to snap the delicate silver threads  
Of our curious lives uncurled,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit to grieve and wonder.

Sent by Rena Forren, Smoot, W. Va.

### Three Wheel Chairs in March

#### 633 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three March wheel chairs go to Monroe Franklin White, Lonoke, Ark., 83; Clydes Lorraine Peacock, Slocomb, Ala., 72; Clovis Colvin, Vienna, La., 58. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Monroe Franklin White age 7, has been afflicted with hydrocephalus (dropsy of the brain) since early infancy which has caused partial paralysis of his left side and deprived him of the use of his left hand, and resulted in the enlargement of his head so that he cannot sit up much because of inability to hold his head up. His father is dead, and he is dependent on his grandparents.

Clydes Lorraine Peacock, age about 5, has been crippled from her hips down since September, 1920, as the result of infantile paralysis. She is a bright and cheerful little girl, and her mother



THOMAS HELLER ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

writes the wheel chair will be "a lot of pleasure" to the child and a great help to herself in caring for her.

Clovis Colvin, age 8, is unable to walk and has no use of her left hand. Although thus afflicted since birth she is very intelligent and will greatly appreciate and enjoy her wheel chair.

Three sad cases, these, of children that have never known the joys of active childhood and have not even had the relief and comfort of a much needed wheel chair.

On this page I am reproducing the interesting pictures of two more of the many crippled children that have been made happy by receiving a COMFORT wheel chair. The photograph of little Thomas Heller, Camden, Delaware, was sent in by Mrs. Wm. T. Jensen who did so much in getting the subscriptions for this boy's chair. The picture of Miss Edna Pierce came some time ago in a letter of thanks from her and her niece which also appears on this page.

Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT,  
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who desire that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premium to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled child-in and pay for freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for the number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little more each month than you do yours.

### Comfort Wheel Chair a Great Help

Three Wheel Chair

633 is COMFORT'S

The three March vis-  
Franklin White, Leland, 12;  
Peacock, Slocum, 14; T. C.  
La., 58. The first names  
names indicate the number  
in them or by their last  
Monroe Franklin White, 12;  
with hydrocephalus (from  
early infancy who has lost  
of his left hand, and deformed  
his head so that he can't  
of inability to hold his head  
dead, and he is dependent on  
Clydes Louise, Farnsworth, 12;  
crippled from her hip, 1920,  
as the result of tubercular  
a bright and cheerful life.

Agents WANTED

Agents—Sell Necessities like Tea, Coffee,  
Baking Powder, Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes  
and other Products. Used every day in the  
year. Repeat over and over again. Every home  
is a customer and regular user. The smart and  
Experienced agents handle this line, why not  
you. Write today for Money-Making Plan.  
Don't delay. Territory going fast. American  
Products Co., 3818 American Bldg., Cincinnati,  
Ohio.We Start You In Business, furnishing  
everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100  
weekly operating our "New System Candy  
Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W.  
Hilliard Ragdale, Drawer 6, East Orange, N. J.Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick  
Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ho-Co, 131  
Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex-  
tracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience un-  
necessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell  
Mendels, a patent patch for instantly mending  
leaks in all utensils. Sample package free.  
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and  
buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared  
\$800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free.  
Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents  
to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer.  
Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples.  
Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York.Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition  
for men, women and children. Must wear 12  
months or replaced free. All styles, colors  
and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than  
store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg.  
Co., Class 612, Dayton, Ohio.Agents: 1922's Greatest Sensation.  
11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at  
\$1.50 with \$1.00 dreamcatcher sheet free to  
each customer. Line up with Davis for  
1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 565, Chicago.350% Profit: Easy Seller. Cleanse. Washes  
Clothes without rubbing. Sample Free. Best  
ever Prod. Co., 1947-V Irving Park, Chicago.Agents: \$100 Weekly. Automobile  
driven with enthusiasm. Marvelous in-  
vention doubles power, mileage, efficiency.  
Saves cost first day. Sensational sales every-  
where. Territory going like wildfire. \$28 sam-  
ple outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick.  
Ovee Co., Dept. 111, Louisville, Ky.Men and women make \$100 upwards  
weekly selling greatest labor and money sav-  
ing household necessity. Big repeater. Good  
Cross Manager proposition. Free sample and  
particulars. Rolly Co., D-1, Hastings, Nebraska.Agents—Steady Income. Large man-  
ufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods,  
etc., wishes representative in each locality.  
Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spar-  
tine. Credit given. Send for particulars. Free-  
port Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.Agents: A sale in every home for our beau-  
tiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard  
Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book  
of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write  
today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept.  
24X, 673 Broadway, New York.Sell Pudding Powders—delicious des-  
serts. Fast sellers, quickly repeaters big profits.  
Send for terms and free samples. C.H. Stuart &  
Co., 71 Broadway, Newark, New York.Agents: Reversible Raincoat. Two coats  
in one. One side dress coat, other side storm  
overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money  
back. Not sold in stores. Big commission.  
Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Rue  
St., Dayton, Ohio.Agents: Steel Safety Pins. 100% profit. Send  
stamp for samples. Steel Safety Pin Co.,  
12 Linden Street, Yonkers, N. Y.Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand every-  
where. Make \$15.00 daily. Underwear stores, com-  
plete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago  
Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Faculty 106, Chicago.Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner  
buys Gold Thread for his ad. You charge  
\$1.50; make \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write  
for particulars and free samples. American  
Monogram Co., Dept. 61, East Orange, N. J.Make \$2 a hour with new article that  
removes stains: other products. Write for  
free demonstrating outfit and start making  
orders at once. Christy, 6 Union, Newark, New York.Men or Women—Enormous Profits  
selling Duo Guaranteed Products. Easy Sales  
at every house. All or spare time. Big repeat-  
ers. Write Quick. Duo Co., Dept. Y1, Attica, N.Y.Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing  
Cleva Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct  
from mill for men, women, children. Every  
pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book  
"How to Start" tells the story. George Cleva  
Company, Dept. 14, Philadelphia, Pa.Men—Women \$50 to \$75 Weekly. Every  
Housewife needs. Positive. Repeaters. Sample  
10c. Utility Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.55 to \$15 daily introducing new style  
guaranteed hosiery must wear or replace free;  
no capital or experience required; just show  
samples; write orders. Your pay in advance;  
we deliver and collect elegant outfit furnished,  
all colors and grades including silks. Mac-  
O-Chee Mills Co., Dept. 4, Cincinnati, Ohio.Turn Your Spare Time Into Dollars.  
We start you free selling Washing Tablets.  
New Premium plan gets the money. Send for  
free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight  
Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



## AGENTS WANTED

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## PATENT ATTORNEYS

## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

**Agents—**Sell Necessities like Tea, Coffee,  
Baking Powder, Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes  
and other Products. Used every day in the  
year. Repeat over and over again. Every home  
is a customer and regular user. The smart and  
Experienced agents handle this line, why not  
you. Write today for Money-Making Plan.

**Polishing Cloth—**great seller—big profit.  
Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 12 Main  
St., Newark, New York

**Agents—New Invention.** Harper's  
New-Era brush set and fibre broom. It  
sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows,  
scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things.  
Big profits; big seller. Free trial offer. Har-  
per Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

**Sale Agents.** Year-round employment.  
Nolayoffs. Newest hosiery. Written guar-  
antee of satisfaction or new home free. Liberal  
pay. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co.,  
Dept. 633, Dayton, Ohio.

**Wonderful Seller.** 96c profit every dollar  
sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary.  
Sample Free. Mission Head Factory C, 2421  
Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

**Agents—**A sale in every house. Handsome  
Shopping bag. Big capacity when  
opened up. Quick seller—Good Profit—Honest  
goods—Woman can't do without them and  
when seen in use Agents find ready sale. Ma-  
terial sample free. Territory going fast.  
Wright Cover Mfg. Co., 1412 Michigan Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

**Agents:** Here is something you can sell to  
every housewife. Most useful household  
article made. Indispensable in every kitchen,  
restaurants or hotels. Tyler's Ideal Fibre  
Cutter tenders meat, chops vegetables, shaves  
ice, cleaves bones, scales fish, all in one. Low  
price, quick sales, big profit. Address now—  
M. H. Tyler Mfg. Co., Dept. A-1, Muncie, Ind.

**A Business, Of Your Own—**Make  
sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checker-  
boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated  
book. Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, Ohio.

**Soap Agents:** Free Sample Morgan's Hy-  
gienic Vegetable Oil Soap and selling scheme.  
Morgan Supply Co., B-10, St. Louis, Mo.

**Agents—**\$7 a day. Take orders for Liberty  
Raincoats. Guaranteed. No capital needed.  
We pay you daily. Write quick for outfit.  
Liberty Coat Co., 2420 Liberty Bldg., Dayton,

**Agents—**We pay \$9 a day taking orders  
for Inside Tyres. Best and easiest seller ever  
put on the market. Guaranteed to give double  
tire mileage. Any tire. No punctures or  
blowouts. Every auto owner buys on account  
of low price. Enormous demand. Write quick  
for agency. American Accessories Co., B 620,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Agents—**Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair  
for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization  
at a saving of over 800 per cent; put it on  
cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is  
guaranteed to last the life of the tire or  
tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory  
dealer. For particulars how to make big  
money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber  
Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

**Agents:** A sale in every home for our beau-  
tiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard  
Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book  
of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write  
today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept.  
24X, 673 Broadway, New York.

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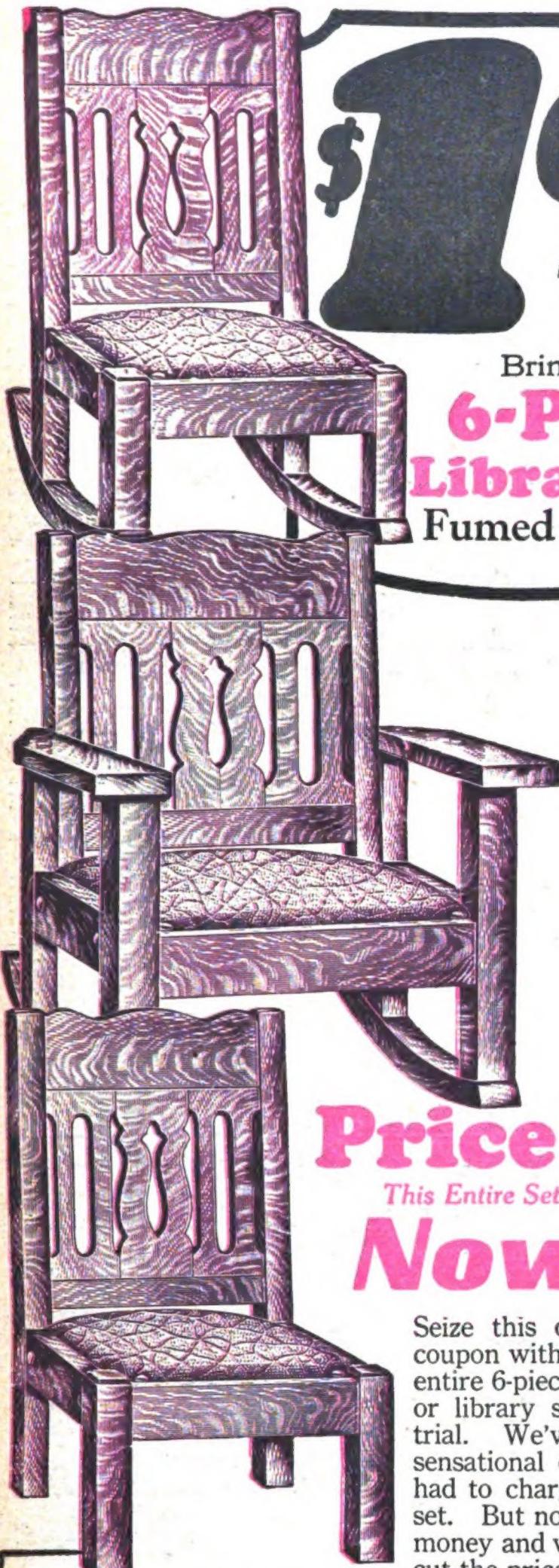
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**\$100**  
Down

Brings This  
**6-Piece  
Library Set**  
Fumed Solid Oak



**Price Slashed**  
This Entire Set of Furniture—6 Pieces—  
**Now \$22<sup>85</sup>**

Seize this opportunity now. Send the coupon with only \$1.00 and we'll ship this entire 6-piece fumed solid oak living room or library set to your home on 30 days trial. We've smashed the price on this sensational offer. A few months ago we had to charge \$35.90 for this very same set. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to cut the price on this roomful of furniture

way down to \$22.85! And you get this rock bottom price on easy monthly payments of only \$2.50 a month! Where can you match this bargain—anywhere? Only \$1.00 brings the entire set on approval—we take the risk.

**30 Days Trial!**

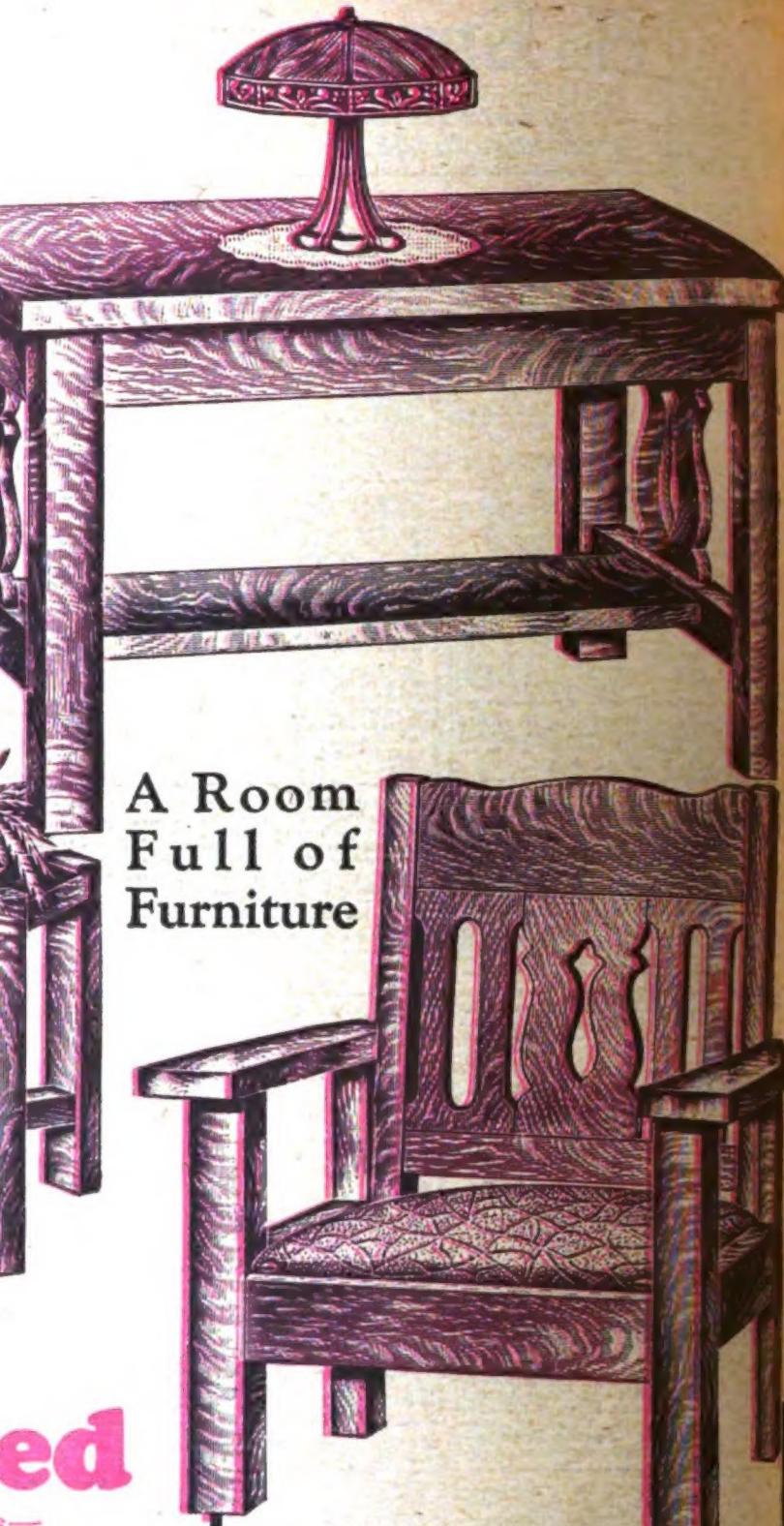
When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction—the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter and more beautiful. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain—you alone to judge—return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

**Straus & Schram, Reg 3044** W. 35th St.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you \$2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.  
 6-Piece Library Set No. B6943A, \$22.85.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street, R. F. D.  
or Box No. \_\_\_\_\_

Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_  
 If you only want catalog put X in box below:  
 Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry     Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing



A Room  
Full of  
Furniture

**6-Piece Set**  
**Fumed Solid Oak**

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All the four pieces are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

**Arm Chair** is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

**Arm Rocker** is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19x17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

**Sewing Rocker** is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17x17 in., height 35 in.

**Reception Chair** has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17x17 in., height 35 in.

**Library Table**—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut off 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23 1-4x34 in.

**Jardiniere Stand** matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17 1-2 in. high; the top 12x12 inches.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight, about 175 pounds.

Order by No. B6943A. \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.50 a month, price \$22.85.

**Only \$2<sup>50</sup> a Month**

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only \$2.50 a month until you have paid \$22.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them while you enjoy the proud ownership of so magnificent a set of furniture. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritters away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets which we reserve for this acquaintance offer to new customers. We send our complete catalog when we ship the set. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

**Get This Offer—Send Now!**

 Don't delay. Just send \$1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied—no obligation. Send coupon today—NOW!

**Straus & Schram, Reg. 3044 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.**

**Free Bargain Catalog**

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Sent upon request, with or without order.